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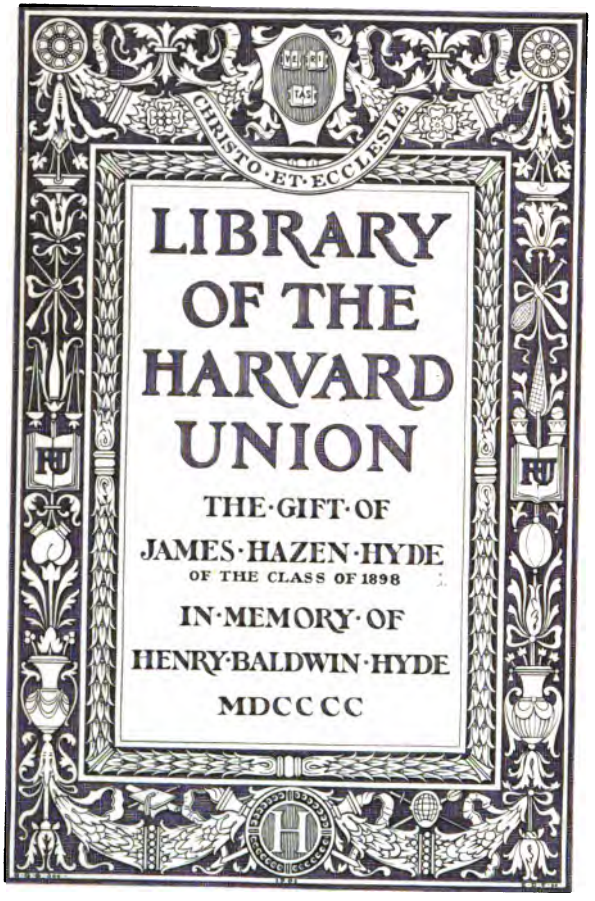

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THE WORKS OF

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Library Edition

Volume IX

SYBARIS

HOW THEY LIVED IN HAMPTON

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South Congregational Church, Boston

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Sybaris
And Other Homes

TO WHICH IS ADDED

How they Lived in Hampton

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1900

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PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1900.

THE sympathetic reader will at once see that the essays in this volume belong together, however different in form; and that they follow out the same line of opinion and of hope. With some hesitation, I have resisted the temptation, natural enough, to recast them so far as to substitute the statistics of the year 1900, or in any way the point of view of to-day, for those which belong to the time when the papers were printed. "What is written, is written."

The date of the Sybaris papers, which are the earliest, is 1869; the date of the Hampton book, which is the latest, is 1886; so that nearly twenty years parts the two.

It is with some pride that in the year 1900 I call the reader's attention to the fulfilment in thirty-one years of some prophecies of 1869. Cable cars have proved workable in that time; but I have letters of that date from civil engineers who wished to prove to me that they were impossible. Mr. Ingham found the automobiles in successful use in Sybaris, and doubtless to-day he would find them in Naples.

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My distinguished friend, the late Josiah Quincy, used to flatter me by telling me that he owed to the suggestions made in the Naguadavick paper the interest with which he embarked in the creation of Wollaston, now one of the most interesting and beautiful villages built up near Boston. To his energy and forethought the people of Boston owe the improvements in legislation which have made possible the building up of such towns by the combined effort of the persons who are to inhabit them.

The paper on Boston must be read as belonging to the year 1869. With the energy of a Board of Health which is not afraid to do its duty, the terrible grievances there described have been largely abated. The sad mortality of children spoken of in this paper was checked by the impulse given in the creation of the Sea Shore Home, and maintained by the admirable efficiency of the Floating Hospital. But the population of Boston is still terribly overcrowded, and we must still do everything possible to relieve the congestion.

When the earlier papers of this series were written, the Mayor of Boston was chosen for one year only, and he had next to no power. Under a new charter he has a term of two years, and his power and responsibility are considerably enlarged.

Writing in the year 1900, thirty years after the first of these papers were written, I think I ought

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to say that the friends of decent government in cities should not be wholly dissatisfied with the improvements made in a generation.

To any American reader, Mr. Shaw's studies will easily show how great has been the improvement achieved in the cities of Europe. To speak of our affairs here, the machinery of Boston, of New York, and of other cities, is certainly better than it was then. And there is hardly one of the western cities of America which, in some detail at least, has not an object lesson worthy of careful study. Sensible men no longer faint nor sneer at the suggestion that a city may own a tramway or a gas pipe. The health of children in the large cities is much more sure than it was then. Contagious diseases, the disgrace of what is called civilization, are checked to a perceptible degree. And the next generation has reason to hope that democracy may find out how to manage cities as well as they were managed two thousand years ago.

Between the date of the paper relative to the housing of the people of Boston and the study of co-operation which is made at length under the title "How They Lived in Hampton," a period of twenty years passed. But the studies for the Hampton book were made as early as 1873. At page 208 of this volume the reader will find an account, not only of that book and its origin, but of some progress which has been made in carry-

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ing out in practice the principles and theories on which it is founded.

I dedicated the first edition of Sybaris to the Suffolk Union for Christian Work. This Union formed a regular meeting of gentlemen and ladies interested in plans where each lives for all and all for each. Its name and organization ceased with the organization of the Associated Charities, the Municipal Club, the Twentieth Century Club, and some other similar societies; but I like to recall here its efficiency in endeavors for "The Possible Boston."

EDWARD E. HALE.

ROXBURY, June 19, 1900.

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SYBARIS
AND OTHER HOMES

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DEDICATION

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

TO THE

SUFFOLK UNION FOR CHRISTIAN WORK

At the meeting which formed that Society the provision for better homes in cities was publicly declared to be the first work of Christian reform. At every meeting since some person has enforced the same necessity.

EDWARD E. HALE

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BOSTON,
September 18, 1869.

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PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1869

THE reader will see that the papers in this book have a single object, whether cast in the form of fiction, or whether statistical narratives of fact. If I should classify them as the papers were classified in an earlier volume of this little series, the account of Naguadavick is the account of what ought to be; the account of Vineland is the account of what is; and the account of Boston is the account of what ought not to be. In the narrative of Sybaris the reader will find something of "if," something of "yes," something of "perhaps;" some possibility, much fact, and some exaggeration.

I have, perhaps, a right to explain the earnestness with which I try to enforce the necessity of better homes for laboring men by stating a single circumstance in my own history. For nearly twenty-five years I have been constantly engaged in the Christian ministry. About half that time was spent in Worcester, Massachusetts; about half of it in Boston. When I went to Worcester it was a town of about eight thousand people; when I left it, it had three times that number.

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Boston is a crowded town of a quarter-million inhabitants. It is impossible for me not to notice, in every hour of my life, the contrast between the homes of the working people in these two places. I might almost say that there is no other difference of importance between the social opportunities of the two places. They are not far apart; both are active places of business, employing in about equal proportions people of enterprise and energy in the varied work of manufacture, commerce, and transportation. But in one of these places almost every man can own his house, and half the men do. In the other hardly any man can own his house, and half the people are crowded into quarters where no man should be compelled to live.

To watch over and improve the charities of any town is the special duty of a Christian minister in it, — to feed its hungry and clothe its naked, to open the eyes of its blind and the ears of its deaf, to make its lame walk, to cleanse its lepers, and to preach good tidings to its poor. Will the reader imagine to himself the position of the man engaged in that duty, when he finds his sick in such tenements as they must live in, in our present system, — his blind, for instance, born so, perhaps, in rooms with no window, and all his poor in such homes that the only truly good tidings are tidings which send them away from him? Where a considerable part of the people live in such homes, our best-devised charities, either for moral culture

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or physical relief, work at terrible odds. Your City Missions, your Ministry at Large, your Industrial Aid Society, or your Overseers of the Poor are all working against the steady dead weight which, as we all know, presses down and holds down the man who is in an unhealthy or unhappy home.

The contrast in my own life between life in a small manufacturing and commercial town and life in a large one makes me feel the bitterness of these odds the more. I am sure that the suffering thus involved is unnecessary, as I am sure the labor which tries to relieve its symptoms must be in large measure thrown away. With an intense personal interest, therefore, have I attempted to show in this book how these evils may be remedied.

I do not know but Colonel Ingham's suggestions as to his imagined Sybaris may be thought too roseate and ideal for our Western longitudes. They have been already published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and, in his absence in Siberia, I have been once and again favored with criticisms upon them. It is but fair to him to say that, so far as the paper refers to ancient Sybaris or Thurii, it is a very careful study of the best authorities regarding that interesting state, — a study which I wish might be pushed further by somebody. And I incorporate the paper in this volume because it seems to me that we have a great deal to learn from the ancient cities and

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from their methods of government, were it only the great lesson of the value of training in administration.

There is a very odd habit of speech about republican government, which, like most careless habits of speech, hurts our practice. When the theory of a republic is discussed, everybody says that it worked admirably in cities of compact territory, but that it failed when it had to be extended over wider regions. This is really a commonplace in the old-fashioned sturdy books on political institutions. But when you come to talk politics with practical people to-day, the chances are nine in ten that they say, "Ah, republican institutions are admirable for the country at large; they work perfectly for a scattered population; but when you come to compact cities you want something very different. Must have one head there, one head there," &c., &c., &c. Now, certainly this is very odd, that just as we have all learned to repeat one of these lessons from old Greek and Roman history, illustrated in the history of Greek and Roman colonies, we should all have to turn round and say exactly the other thing. Is it not probable that there is some misunderstanding?

I believe that a careful study of the history of the Greek and Roman cities shows that their success is largely due to their attention to the science of administration. The men who discharged specific functions were trained to those functions and

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knew how to discharge them. In the Roman cities no man could be a candidate for the higher grades of service unless he had served so many years in the lower. Any old Roman, asked to vote in our city elections, would take it for granted that no man could be an alderman who had not been a common councilman for a certain number of years, nor a mayor unless he had been an alderman for a certain number. In Athens they were even more careful, and all officers were as distinctly trained to their duties as with us civil engineers are or architects. What followed was, that when the right man got into place, there was a reasonable probability that he stayed in.

In our elective city governments, on the other hand, with a great deal of good feeling and a great deal of public spirit, we find uncertainty, hurry sometimes, and delay in others, frequent changes in system, shyness about responsibility, and, in consequence, a great deal of discomfort and grumbling. I once asked a very able and pure man, Alexander A. Rice, then Mayor of Boston, why the city did not undertake a duty which seemed important. "How should I know?" said he, with a sigh. "I was chosen to this place eight months ago, with no experience in city affairs. If I am chosen again in December, I may have heart to start on some such proposal as you name. But really, the first year of a man's service as mayor must be given to learning where he stands." This is perfectly true.

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Now, at the end of the first year who determines whether such a man shall or shall not go on? Almost always, five hundred men, united, can settle that thing one way or another. If he have wounded the feelings of the policemen, — if he have made a change in the management of the fire companies, — if in any way he have crossed the track of any compact organization, he is put out and some other new man is put in, for his apprenticeship. I do not believe that this system of neophyte mayors is necessary. And I believe that whenever the public is roused to study it, it will be changed.

It does not make so much difference in Boston, however, because the Mayor has no great power, after all. He is not much more than a chairman of selectmen. The same difficulty, as it seems to me, comes in, in the choice of the aldermen, who have, collectively, some power. I read a great deal of insulting language and bitter sneering about aldermen. I suppose there are bad aldermen, as I know there are bad ministers, bad painters, and bad bootblacks. But, in my experience, the aldermen with whom I have had to confer on the affairs of the city have been hardworking, upright, intelligent, public-spirited men, doing a great deal of work, for which they got no pay and no thanks; and doing it, under our lumbering system, very well. But they were all doing it by instinct, and not after training. They had happened upon the situation which made them a directory of twelve, governing, in nice details of administra-

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tion, a city of a quarter-million people. They had never been trained in advance to do that duty. And by the time they had learned it, in presence of the enemy, they were heartily sick of it, and were glad to resign.

It seems to me, that as long as we govern cities in that way, we shall have bad horse-cars, bad tenement-houses, bad streets, bad theatres, bad liquor-shops, and a great many other bad things, which, in a city where administration was a science, and no man chosen to office until he had been trained to it, Colonel Ingham did not find in Sybaris.

I observe that the newspapers are a good deal exercised when a committee of the city government, or when any city officers, go to study the systems of some other cities. For my part, I wish they went a great deal oftener than they do, and studied such systems a great deal more. I believe the city of Boston could make no wiser expenditure than it would make in sending to Europe, once in five years, an intelligent officer from each great department to study French, English, German, Italian, and Russian administration of streets; of hackney-coaches, omnibuses, and railroad stations; of prisons; of the detective and general police; of health; of markets; and of education. There is hardly a large city in the civilized world which has not some hints of value which it could give to every other city.

Colonel Ingham has received many protests against the arbitrary and unprincipled action of

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the government of Sybaris in compelling marriage among its people. He had already made his own protest, as he could, in his journal. Nor would he wish to be understood as desiring to enforce anywhere statutes so tyrannical. But, as I understand him, he is convinced, by what he has seen in Sybaris and in the rest of the world, that every artificial obstacle to marriage is so much multiplication of all other evil in the world, and whether that obstacle come in the form of fashion, of custom, of sentiment, of gossip, of political economy, or of law, it is to be deprecated and set aside.

I may add that I do not know why such views have not a larger place than they have in the current discussions of female suffrage. The married woman and the married man being one, she now has suffrage. How would it answer to withdraw suffrage from the unmarried men? This would put them on an equality with the unmarried women; and there would be a possibility, if they are troubled by the loss, of their regaining the privilege.

But I will not, in a preface, discuss the details of any of the experiments in city administration here suggested. My chief wish is accomplished, if I can call attention to the delicacy and difficulty of these questions, and to the necessity of studying them with scientific and conscientious precision. When our best men study the details of local administration with the care with which Themistocles, Aristides, and Pericles studied them in Athens,—

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with which Metellus, the Catos, Pompey the Great, and Julius Cæsar were willing to study them in Rome, — we shall find, as I believe, no difficulty in the republican government of cities.

The shorter essays in this book are devoted to the single subject of the homes of laborers at work in large cities, and, as I trust, require no further explanation.

As the last sheets of this book leave my hands, the watchful kindness of a friend enables me to add the last word regarding Sybaris.

Under the title "De Paris à Sybaris" (Paris: A. Lemerre, 1868) M. Léon Palustre de Montifaut publishes his studies of art and literature in Rome and Southern Italy. And here is his record of what he saw of Sybaris. He speaks first of Cassano, the last Italian town which looks down upon the valley of ancient Sybaris.

"Cassano, with its beautiful gardens, its tranquil aspect, and its gray mountains, reminds one of the ancient Sichem. It has its freshness and its poetry, if it has not the same reminiscences.

"Still, I hastened my departure, for I was eager to cross before night those broad and marshy expanses over which the eye travelled without an obstacle, — a vast semicircle cut into the thickness of the Apennine, or fertile intervals left by the sea.

"And what was I going to see? Not so much as a ruin, — an uncertain region over which lay loose the voluptuous name of Sybaris. And I had

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made a long journey. I had undergone incredible fatigue to give myself this empty satisfaction. How the inhabitants of this easy city would have laughed at me! They could not understand, says Athenæus, why one should quit his country. For themselves they gloried in growing old where they first saw the light. Yet this people practised the broadest hospitality, and, contrary to the policy of most of the Greek states, they readily admitted the colonists of other nations to the rank of citizens. May not this liberal spirit and the astonishing fertility of the soil explain the prosperity of this prosperous town, which is so strangely kept in obscurity by all antiquity? Varro tells us that wheat produced a hundredfold on the whole territory of Sybaris. At the present time the uplands produce the richest harvests."

And this, I am sorry to say, is the only contribution to the history or topography of Sybaris made since the date of Mr. Ingham's voyage. Monsieur Montifaut, alas! like all the others, hurried across the upland six miles back from the sea. It is as if a traveller from Providence, coming up to Readville, should cross to Watertown and Waltham, and then, going through the Notch of the White Mountains to Montreal, should publish his observations on Boston.

And these notes, alas! as late as 1867, are dated like Colonel Ingham's, on the 1st of April!

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MY VISIT TO SYBARIS

FROM REV. FREDERIC INGHAM'S PAPERS

IT is a great while since I first took an interest in Sybaris. Sybarites have a bad name. But before I had heard of them anywhere else, I had painfully looked out the words in the three or four precious anecdotes about Sybaris in the old Greek Reader; and I had made up my boy's mind about the Sybarites. When I came to know the name they had got elsewhere, I could not but say that the world had been very unjust to them!

Oh, dear! I can see it now, — the old Latin School room where we used to sit and hammer over that Greek, after the small boys had gone. They went at eleven; we — because we were twelve or more — stayed till twelve. From eleven to twelve we sat, with only those small boys who had been "kept" for their sins, and Mr. Dillaway. The room was long and narrow; how long and how narrow you may see, if you will go and examine M. Duchesne's model of "Boston as it was," and pay twenty-five cents to the Richmond schools. For all this is of the past; and in the same spot in space where once a month the Examiner Club now

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meets at Parker's and discusses the difference between religion and superstition, the folly of copyright, and the origin of things, the boys who did not then belong to the Examiner Club, say Fox and Clarke and Furness and Waldo Emerson, thumbed their Græca Minora or their Greek Readers in "Boston as it was," and learned the truth about Sybaris! A long, narrow room, I say, whose walls, when I knew them first, were of that tawny orange wash which is appropriated to kitchens. But, by a master stroke of Mr. Dillaway's, these walls were made lilac or purple one summer vacation. We sat, to recite, on long settees, pea-green in color, which would teeter slightly on the well-worn floor. There, for an hour daily, while brighter boys than I recited, I sat an hour musing, looking at the immense Jacobs's Greek Reader, and waiting my turn to come. If you did not look off your book much, no harm came to you. So, in the hour, you got fifty-three minutes and a few odd seconds of day-dream, for six minutes and two-thirds of reciting, unless, which was unusual, some fellow above you broke down, and a question, passed along of a sudden, recalled you to modern life. I have been sitting on that old green settee, and at the same time riding on horseback in Virginia, through an open wooded country, with one of Lord Fairfax's grandsons and two pretty cousins of his, and a fallow deer has just appeared in the distance, when, by the failure of Hutchinson or Wheeler, just above me, poor Mr. Dillaway has had

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to ask me, "Ingham, what verbs omit the reduplication?" Talk of war! Where is versatility, otherwise called presence of mind, so needed as in recitation at a public school?

Well, there, I say, I made acquaintance with Sybaris. Nay, strictly speaking, my first visits to Sybaris were made there and then. What the Greek Reader tells of Sybaris is in three or four anecdotes, woven into that strange, incoherent patchwork of "Geography." In that place are patched together a statement of Strabo and one of Athenæus about two things in Sybaris which may have belonged some eight hundred years apart. But what of that to a school-boy! Will your descendants, dear reader, in the year 3579 A. D., be much troubled if, in the English Reader of their day, Queen Victoria shall be made to drink Spartan black broth with William the Conqueror out of a conch-shell in New Zealand?

With regard to Sybaris, then, the old Jacobs's Greek Reader tells the following stories: "The Sybarites were distinguished for luxury. They did not permit the trades which made a loud noise, such as those of brass-workers, carpenters, and the like, to be carried on in the heart of the city, so that their sleep might be wholly undisturbed by noise. . . . And a Sybarite who had gone to Lacedæmon, and had been invited to the public meal, after he had sat on their wooden benches and partaken of their fare, said that he had been astonished at the fearlessness of the Lacedæmo-

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nians when he knew it only by report; but now that he had seen them, he thought that they did not excel other men, for he thought that any brave man had much rather die than be obliged to live such a life as they did." Then there is another story, among the "miscellaneous anecdotes," of a Sybarite who was asked if he had slept well. He said, No, that he believed he had a crumpled rose-leaf under him in the night. And there is yet another, of one of them who said that it made his back ache to see another man digging.

I have asked Polly, as I write, to look in Mark Lemon's Jest-Book for these stories. They are not in the index there. But I dare say they are in Cotton Mather and Jeremy Taylor. Anyway, they are bits of very cheap Greek. Now, it is on such stories that the reputation of the Sybarites in modern times appears to depend.

Now look at them. This Sybarite at Sparta said, that in war death was often easier than the hardships of life. Well, is not that true? Have not thousands of brave men said it? When the English and French got themselves established on the wrong side of Sebastopol, what did that engineer officer of the French say to somebody who came to inspect his works? He was talking of St. Arnaud, their first commander. "Cunning dog," said he, "he went and died." Death was easier than life. But nobody ever said he was a coward or effeminate because he said this. Why, if our purpose would permit an excursus of two

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hundred pages here, on this theme, we would defer Sybaris to the 1st of April, 1870, while we illustrated the Sybarite's manly epigram, which these stupid Spartans could only gape at, but could not understand.

Then take the rose-leaf story. Suppose by good luck you were breakfasting with General Grant, or Pélissier, or the Duke of Wellington. Suppose you said, "I hope you slept well," and the great soldier said, "No, I did not; I think a rose-leaf must have stood up edgewise under me." Would you go off and say in your book of travels that the Americans, or the French, or the English are all effeminate pleasure-seekers, because one of them made this nice little joke? Would you like to have the name "American" go down to all time, defined as Webster[1] defines Sybarite?

A-MĔR'I-CAN, *n.* [Fr. *Américain*, Lat. *Americanus*, from Lat. *America*, a continent noted for the effeminacy and voluptuousness of its inhabitants.] A person devoted to luxury and pleasure.

Should you think that was quite fair for your great-grandson's grandson's descendant in the twenty-seventh remove to read, who is going to be instructed about Queen Victoria and William the Conqueror?

Worst of all, and most frequently quoted, is the

[1] I am writing in Westerly's snuggery, and in Providence they believe in Webster's dictionary. I dare say it is worse in Worcester's. A good many things are.

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story of the coppersmiths. The Sybarites, it is said, ordered that the coppersmiths and brass-founders should all reside in one part of the city, and bang their respective metals where the neighbors had voluntarily chosen to listening to banging. What if they did? Does not every manufacturing city practically do the same thing? What did Nicholas Tillinghast use to say to the boys and girls at Bridgewater? "The tendency of cities is to resolve themselves into order."

Is not Wall Street at this hour a street of bankers? Is not the Boston Pearl Street a street of leather men? Is not the bridge at Florence given over to jewellers? Was not my valise, there, bought in Rome at the street of trunk-makers? Do not all booksellers like to huddle together as long as they can? And when Ticknor and Fields move a few inches from Washington Street to Tremont Street, do not Russell and Bates and Childs and Jenks, and De Vries and Ibarra follow them as soon as the shops can be got ready?

"But it is the motive," pipes up the old gray ghost of propriety, who started this abuse of the Sybarites in some stupid Spartan black-broth shop (English that for *café*), two thousand two hundred and twenty-two years ago, — which ghost I am now belaboring, — "it is the motive. The Sybarites moved the brass-founders, because they wanted to sleep after the brass-founders got up in the morning." What if they did, you old rat in the arras? Is there any law, human or divine, which

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says that at one and the same hour all men shall rise from bed in this world? My excellent milkman, Mr. Whit, rises from bed daily at two o'clock. If he does not, my family, including Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Acts, will not have their fresh milk at 7.37, at which time we breakfast or pretend to. But because he rises at two, must we all rise at two, and sit wretchedly whining on our respective campstools, waiting for Mr. Whit to arrive with the grateful beverage? Many is the time, when I have been watching with a sick child at five in a summer morning, when the little fellow had just dropped into a grateful morning doze, that I have listened and waited, dreading the arrival of the Providence morning express. For I knew that a mile and a half out of Boston, the engine would begin to blow its shrill whistle, for the purpose, I believe, of calling the Boston station-men to their duty. Three or four minutes of that *skre-e-e-e* must there be, as that train swept by our end of the town. And hoping and wishing never did any good; the train would come, and the child would wake. Is not that a magnificent power for one engine-man to have over the morning rest of fifty thousand sleeping people, because you, old Spartan croaker, who can't sleep easy underground, it seems, want to have everybody waked up at the same hour in the morning? When I hear that whistle, and the fifty other whistles of the factories that have since followed its wayward and unlicensed example, I have wished more than

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once that we had in Boston a little more of the firm government of Sybaris.

For if, as it would appear from these instances, Sybaris were a city which grew to wealth and strength by the recognition of the personal rights of each individual in the state, — if Sybaris were a republic, where the individual was respected, had his rights, and was not left to the average chances of the majority of men, — then Sybaris had found out something which no modern city has found out, and which it is a pity we have all forgotten.

I do not say that I went through all this speculation at the Latin School. I got no further there than to see that the Sybarites had got a very bad name, and that the causes did not appear in the Greek Reader. I supposed there were causes somewhere which it was not proper to put into the Greek Reader. Perhaps there were. But if there were, I have never found them since, — not being indeed very well acquainted with the lines of reading in which those who wanted to find them should look for them.

What I did find of Sybaris, when I could read Greek rather more easily, and could get access to some decent atlases, was briefly this.

Well forward in the hollow of the arched foot of the boot of Italy, two little rivers run into the Gulf of Tarentum. One was once named Crathis; one was named Sybaris. Here stood the ancient city of Sybaris, founded about the time of Romulus or

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Numa Pompilius, by a colony from Greece. For two hundred years and more — almost as long, dear Atlantic, as your beloved Boston has subsisted — Sybaris flourished, and was the Rome of that region, ruling it from sea to sea.

It was the capital of four states, — a sort of New England, if you will observe, — and could send three hundred thousand armed men into the field, more, I will observe in passing, than New England has as yet ever had occasion to send at one moment. The walls of the city were six miles in circumference, while the suburbs covered the banks of the Crathis for a space of seven miles. At last the neighboring state of Crotona, under the lead of Milon the Athlete (he of the calf and ox and split log), the Heenan or John Morrissey of his day, vanquished the more refined Sybarites, turned the waters of the Crathis upon their prosperous city, and destroyed it. But the Sybarites had had that thing happen too often to be discouraged. Five times, say the historians, had Sybaris been destroyed, and five times they built it up. This time (444 B.C.) the Athenians sent ten vessels, with men to help them, under Lampon and Xenocritus. And they, with those who stood by the wreck, gave their new city the name of Thurii. Among the new colonists were Herodotus and Lysias the orator, who was then a boy. The spirit that had given Sybaris its comfort and its immense population appeared in the legislation of the new state. It received its laws from CHARON-

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DAS, one of the noblest legislators of the world. Study these laws and you will see that in the young Sybaris the individual had his rights, which the public preserved for him, though he were wholly in a minority. There is an evident determination that a man shall live while he lives, and that, too, in no sensual interpretation of the words.

Of the laws made by Charondas for the new Sybaris a few are preserved.

1. A calumniator was marched round the city in disgrace, crowned with tamarisk. "In consequence," says the Scholiast, "they all left the city." Oh for such a result, from whatever legislation, in our modern Pedlingtons, great or little!

2. All persons were forbidden to associate with the bad.

3. "He made another law, better than these, and neglected by the older legislators. For he enacted that all the sons of the citizens should be instructed in letters, the city paying the salaries of the teachers. For he held that the poor, not being able to pay their teachers from their own property, would be deprived of the most valuable discipline." There is FREE EDUCATION for you, two thousand and seventy-six years before the date of your first Massachusetts free school; and the theory of free education completely stated.

4. Deserters or cowards in battle had to sit in women's dresses in the Forum three days.

5. With regard to the amendment of laws, any man or woman who moved one did it with a noose

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round his neck, and was hanged if the people refused it. Only three laws were ever amended, therefore, all of which are recorded in the history. Observe that the women might move amendments, — and think of the simplicity of legislation!

6. The law provided for cash payments, and the government gave no protection for those who sold on credit.

7. Their communication with other nations was perfectly free.

I might give more instances. I should like to tell some of the curious stories which illustrate this simple legislation. Poor Charondas himself fell a victim to it. One of the laws provided that no man should wear a sword into the public assembly. No Cromwells there! Unfortunately, by accident, Charondas wore his own there one day. Brave fellow! when the fault was pointed out, he killed himself with it.

Now, do you wonder that a city, where there were no calumniators, no long credit, no bills at the grocers, no fighting at town-meetings, no amendments to the laws, no intentional and open association with profligates, and where everybody was educated by the state to letters, proved a comfortable place to live in? It is of the old Sybaris that the coppersmith and the rose-leaf stories are told; and it was the new Sybaris that made the laws. But do you not see that there is one spirit in the whole? Here was a nation which believed that the highest work of a nation was to train its

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people. It did not believe in fight, like Milon or Heenan or the old Spartans; it did not believe in legislation, like Massachusetts and New York; it did not believe in commerce, like Carthage and England. It believed in men and women. It respected men and women. It educated men and women. It gave their rights to men and women. And so the Spartans called them effeminate. And the Greek Reader made fun of them. But perhaps the people who lived there were indifferent to the opinions of the Spartans and of the Greek Reader. Herodotus lived there till he died; wrote his history there, among other things. Lysias, the orator, took part in the administration. It is not from them, you may be sure, that you get the anecdotes which ridicule the old city of Sybaris!

You and I would probably be satisfied with such company as that of Herodotus and Charondas and Lysias. So we hunt the history down to see if there may be lodgings to let there this summer, but only to find that it all pales out in the ignorance of our modern days. The name gets changed into Lupiæ; but there it turns out that Pausanias made a "strange mistake," and should have written Copia, — which was perhaps Cossa, or sometimes Cosa. Pyrrhus appears, and Hadrian rebuilds something, and the "Oltramontani," whoever they may have been, ravage it, and finally the Saracens fire and sack it; and so, in the latest Italian itinerary you can find, there is no post-road

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goes near it, only a *strada rotabile* (wheel-track) upon the hills; and, alas! even the *rotabile* gives way at last, and all the map will own to is a *strada pedonale*, or footpath. But the map is of the less consequence when you find that the man who edited it had no later dates than the beginning of the last century, when the family of Serra had transferred the title to Sybaris to a Genoese family without a name, who received from it forty thousand ducats yearly, and would have received more, if their agents had been more faithful. There the place fades out of history, and you find in your Swinburne "that the locality has *never* been thoroughly examined;" in your Smith's Dictionary, that "the whole subject is very obscure, and a careful examination still much needed;" in the Cyclopedia, that the site of Sybaris is lost. Craven saw the rivers Crathis and Sybaris. He seems not to have seen the wall of Sybaris, which he supposed to be under water. He does say of Cassano, the nearest town he came to, that "no other spot can boast of such advantages." In short, no man living who has written any book about it dares say that anybody has looked upon the certain site of Sybaris for more than a hundred years.[1] If a man wanted to write a mythical story, where could he find a better scene?

[1] The reader who cares to follow the detail is referred to Diodorus Siculus, xii. 9 et seq.; Strabo, vi.; Ælian, *v.* H. 9, c. 24; Athenæus, xii. 518-520; Plutarch in Pelopidas; Herodotus, v. and vi. Compare Laurent's Geographical Notes, and Wheeler

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Now is not this a very remarkable thing? Here was a city which, under its two names of Sybaris or of Thurii, was for centuries the regnant city of all that part of the world. It could call into the field three hundred thousand men, — an army enough larger than Athens ever furnished, or Sparta. It was a far more populous and powerful state than ever Athens was, or Sparta, or the whole of Hellas. It invented and carried into effect free popular education, — a gift to the administration of free government larger than ever Rome rendered. It received and honored Charondas, the great practical legislator, from whose laws no man shall say how much has trickled down into the Code Napoleon or the Revised Statutes of New York, through the humble studies of the Roman jurists. It maintained in peace, prosperity, happiness, and, as its maligners say, in comfort, an immense population. If they had not been as

and Gainsford; Pliny, iii. 15; vii. 22; xvi. 33; viii. 64; xxxi. 9, 10; Aristotle, Polit. iv. 12; v. 3; Heyne's Opuscula, ii. 74; Bentley's Phalaris, 367; Solinus, 2, § 10, "luxuries grossly exaggerated;" Scymnus, 337–360; Aristophanes, Vesp. 1427, 1436; Lycophron, Alex. 1079; Pausanias at Lupias; Polybius, Gen. Hist. ii. 3, on the confederation of Sybaris, Kroton, and Kaulonia, — "a perplexing statement," says Grote, "showing that he must have conceived the history of Sybaris in a very different form from that in which it is commonly represented;" third volume of De Non, who disagrees with Magnan as to the site of Sybaris, and says the seashore is uninhabitable! Tuccagni Orlandini, vol. xi., Supplement, p. 294; besides the dictionaries and books of travels, including Murray. I have availed myself, without other reference, of most of these authorities.

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comfortable as they were, — if a tenth part of them had received alms every year, and a tenth part were flogged in the public schools every year, and one in forty had been sent to prison every year, as in the happy city which publishes these humble studies, — then Sybaris, perhaps, would never have got its bad name for luxury. Such a city lived, flourished, ruled, for hundreds of years. Of such a city all that you know now with certainty is, that its coin is "the most beautifully finished in the cabinets of ancient coinage;" and that no traveller pretends to be sure that he has been to the site of it for more than a hundred years. That speaks well for your nineteenth century.

Now the reader who has come thus far will understand that I, having come thus far, in twenty odd years since those days of teetering on the pea-green settee, had always kept Sybaris in the background of my head, as a problem to be solved, and an inquiry to be followed to its completion. There could hardly have been a man in the world better satisfied than I to be the hero of the adventure which I am now about to describe.

If the reader remembers anything about Garibaldi's triumphal entry into Porto Cavallo in Sicily in the spring of 1859, he will remember that, between the months of March and April in that year, the great chieftain made, in that wretched little fishing haven, a long pause, which was not at the time understood by the journals or by their

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military critics, and which, indeed, to this hour has never been publicly explained. I suppose I know as much about it as any man now living. But I am not writing Garibaldi's memoirs, nor indeed, my own, excepting so far as they relate to Sybaris; and it is strictly nobody's business to inquire as to that detention, unless it interest the ex-king of Naples, who may write to me, if he chooses, addressing Frederic Ingham, Esq., Waterville, N. H. Nor is it anybody's business how long I had then been on Garibaldi's staff. From the number of his staff officers who have since visited me in America, very much in want of a pair of pantaloons, or a ticket to New York, or something with which they might buy a glass of whiskey, I should think that his staff alone must have made up a much more considerable army than Naples, or even Sybaris, ever brought into the field. But where these men were when I was with him, I do not know. I only know that there was but a handful of us then, hardworked fellows, good-natured, and not above our duty. Of its military details we knew wretchedly little. But as we had no artillery, ignorance was less dangerous in the chief of artillery; as we had no maps to draw, poor draftsmanship did not much embarrass the engineer in chief. For me, I was nothing but an aid, and I was glad to do anything that fell to me as well as I knew how. And, as usual in human life, I found that a cool head, a steady resolve, a concentrated purpose, and an unselfish readiness to obey carried

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me a great way. I listened instead of talking, and thus got a reputation for knowing a great deal. When the time to act came, I acted without waiting for the wave to recede; and thus I sprang into many a boat dry-shod, while people who believed in what is popularly called prudence missed their chance, and either lost the boat or fell into the water.

This is by the way. It was under these circumstances that I received my orders, wholly secret and unexpected, to take a boat at once, pass the straits, and cross the Bay of Tarentum, to communicate at Gallipoli with — no matter whom. Perhaps I was going to the "Castle of Otranto." A hundred years hence anybody who chooses will know. Meanwhile, if there should be a reaction in Otranto, I do not choose to shorten anybody's neck for him.

Well, it was five in the afternoon, — near sundown at that season. I went to dear old Frank Chaney, — the jolliest of jolly Englishmen, who was acting quartermaster-general, — and told him I must have transportation. I can see him and hear him now, — as he sat on his barrel-head, and smoked his vile Tunisian tobacco in his beloved short meerschaum, which was left to him ever since he was at Bonn, a student with Prince Albert as he pretended. He did not swear, — I don't think he ever did. But he looked perplexed enough to swear. And very droll was the twinkle of his eye.

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The truth was, that every sort of a thing that would sail, and every wretch of a fisherman that could sail her, had been, as he knew, and as I knew, sent off that very morning to rendezvous at Carrara, for the contingent which we were hoping had slipped through Cavour's pretended neutrality. And here was an order for him to furnish me "transportation" in exactly the opposite direction.

"Do you know of anything, yourself, Fred?" said he.

"Not a coffin," said I.

"Did the chief suggest anything?"

"Not a nutshell," said I.

"Could not you go by telegraph?" said Frank, pointing up to the dumb old semaphore in whose tower he had established himself. "Or has not the chief got a wishing carpet? Or can't you ride to Gallipoli? Here are some excellent white-tailed mules, good enough for Pindar, whom Colvocoressis has just brought in from the monastery. 'Transportation for one!' Is there anything to be brought back? Nitre, powder, lead, junk, hard-tack, mules, horses, pigs, *polenta* or *olla podrida*, or other of the stores of war?"

No; there was nothing to bring back except myself. Lucky enough if I came back to tell my own story. And so we walked up on the tower deck to take a look.

Blessed Saint Lazarus, chief of Naples and of beggars! a little felucca was just rounding the Horse Head and coming into the bay, wing-wing.

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The fishermen in her had no thought that they were ever going to get into the Atlantic. Maybe they had never heard of the Ocean or of the Monthly. Can that be possible? Frank nodded, and I. He filled up with more Tunisian, beckoned to an orderly, and we walked down to the landing-jetty to meet them.

"*Viva Italia!*" shouted Frank, as they drew near enough to hear.

"*Viva Garibaldi!*" cried the skipper, as he let his sheet fly and rounded to the well-worn stones. A good voyage had they made of it, he and his two brown, ragged boys. Large fish and small, pink fish, blue, yellow, orange, striped fish and mottled, wriggled together, and flapped their tails in the well of the little boat. There were even too many to lie there and wriggle. The bottom of the boat was well covered with them, and if she had not shipped waves enough to keep them cool, the boy Battista had bailed a plenty on them. Father and son hurried on shore, and Battista on board began to fling the scaly fellows out to them.

A very small craft it was to double all those capes in, run the straits, and stretch across the bay. If it had been mine "to make reply," I should undoubtedly have made this, that I would see the quartermaster hanged, and his superiors, before I risked myself in any such rattletrap. But as, unfortunately, it was mine to go where I was sent, I merely set the orderly to throwing out fish with the boys, and began to talk with the father.

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Queer enough, just at that moment, there came over me the feeling that, as a graduate of the University, it was my duty to put up those red, white, and blue scaly fellows, who were flopping about there so briskly, and send them in alcohol to Agassiz. But there are so many duties of that kind which one neglects in a hardworked world! As a graduate, it is my duty to send annually to the College Librarian a list of all the graduates who have died in the town I live in, with their fathers' and mothers' names, and the motives that led them to College, with anecdotes of their career, and the date of their death. There are two thousand three hundred and forty-five of them, I believe, and I have never sent one-half anecdote about one! Such failure in duty made me grimly smile as I omitted to stop and put up these fish in alcohol, and as I plied the unconscious skipper with inquiries about his boat. "Had she ever been outside?" "Oh, signor, she had been outside this very day. You cannot catch *tonno* till you have passed both capes, — least of all, such fine fish as that is," — and he kicked the poor wretch. Can it be true, as Channing says, that those dying flaps of theirs are exquisite luxury to them, because for the first time they have their fill of oxygen? "Had he ever been beyond Peloro?" "Oh, yes, signor; my wife, Catarina, was herself from Messina," — and on great saints' days they had gone there often. Poor fellow, his great saint's day sealed his fate. I nodded to Frank, — Frank nodded to me, — and

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Frank blandly informed him that, by order of General Garibaldi, he would take the gentleman at once on board, pass the strait with him, "and then go where he tells you."

The Southern Italian has the reputation, derived from Tom Moore, of being a coward. When I used to speak at school, —

"Ay, down to the dust with them, — slaves as they are!" —

stamping my foot at "dust," I certainly thought they were a very mean crew. But I dare say that Neapolitan school-boys have some similar school piece about the risings of Tom Moore's countrymen, which certainly have not been much more successful than the poor little Neapolitan revolution which he was pleased to satirize. Somehow or other, Victor Emanuel is, at this hour, King of Naples. Coward or not, this fine fellow of a fisherman did not flinch. It is my private opinion that he was not nearly as much afraid of the enterprise as I was. I made this observation at the moment with some satisfaction, sent Frank's man up to my lodgings with a note ordering my own traps sent down, and in an hour we were stretching out, under the twilight, across the little bay.

No! I spare you the voyage. Sybaris is what we are after, all this time, if we can only get there. Very easy it would be for me to give you cheap scholarship from the Æneid, about Palinurus and Scylla and Charybdis. Neither Scylla nor Charybdis bothered me, as we passed wing-wing be-

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tween them before a smart north wind. I had a little Hunter's Virgil with me, and read the whole voyage, and confused Battista utterly by trying to make him remember something about Palinuro, of whom he had never heard. It was much as I afterwards asked my negro waiter at Fort Monroe about General Washington at Yorktown. "Never heard of him, sir, — was he in the Regular Army?" So Battista thought Palinuro must have fished in the Italian fleet, with which the Sicilian boatmen were not well acquainted. Messina made no objections to us. Perhaps, if the sloop of war which lay there had known who was lying in the boat under her guns, I might not be writing these words to-day. Battista went ashore, got lemons, macaroni, hard bread, polenta, for themselves, the *Giornale di Messina* for me, and more Tunisian; and, not to lose that splendid breeze, we cracked on all day, past Reggio, hugged the shore bravely, though it was rough, ran close under those cliffs which are the very end of the Apennines, — will it shock the modest reader if I say the very toe-nails of the Italian foot? —hauled more and more eastward, made Spartivento blue in the distance, made it purple, made it brown, made it green, still running admirably, — ten knots an hour we must have got between four and five that afternoon, — and, by the time the lighthouse at Spartivento was well ablaze, we were abreast of it, and might begin to haul more northward, so that, though we had a long course before us, we should at last be

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sailing almost directly toward our voyage's end, Gallipoli.

At that moment — as in any sea often happens, if you come out from the more land-locked channel into the larger body of water — the wind appeared to change. Really, I suppose, we came into the steady southwest wind which had probably been drawing all day up toward the Adriatic. In two hours more we made the lighthouse of Stilo, and I was then tired enough to crawl down into the fearfully smelling little cuddy, and, wrapping Battista's heavy storm-jacket round my feet, I caught some sort of sleep.

But not for very long. I struck my watch at three in the morning. And the air was so unworthy of that name — it was such a thick paste, seeming to me more like a mixture of tar and oil and fresh fish and decayed fish and bilge-water than air itself — that I voted three to be morning, and crawled up into the clear starlight, — how wonderful it was, and the fresh wet breeze that washed my face so cheerily! — and I bade Battista take his turn below, while I would lie there and mind the helm. If — if he had done what I proposed, I suppose I should not be writing these lines; but his father, good fellow, said: "No, signor, not yet. We leave the shore now for the broad bay, you see; and if the wind haul southward, we may need to go on the other tack. We will all stay here till we see what the deep-sea wind may be." So we lay there, humming, singing, and telling

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stories, still this rampant southwest wind behind, as if all the powers of the Mediterranean meant to favor my mission to Gallipoli. The boat was now running straight before it. We stretched out bravely into the gulf; but, before the wind, it was astonishing how easily the lugger ran. He said to me at last, however, that on that course we were running to leeward of our object; but that it was the best point for his boat, and if the wind held, he would keep on so an hour longer, and trust to the land breeze in the morning to run down the opposite shore of the bay.

"If" again. The wind did not keep on. Either the pole-star, and the dipper, and all the rest of them, had rebelled and were drifting westward, — and so it seemed, — or this steady southwest gale was giving out; or, as I said before, we had come into the sweep of a current even stronger, pouring from the Levantine shores of the Mediterranean full up the Gulf of Tarentum. Not ten minutes after the skipper spoke, it was clear enough to both of us that the boat must go about, whether we wanted to or not, and we waked the other boy, to send him forward, before we accepted the necessity. Half asleep, he got up, courteously declined my effort to help him by me as he crossed the boat, stepped round on the gunwale behind me as I sat, and then, either in a lurch or in some misstep, caught his foot in the tiller as his father held it firm, and pitched down directly behind Battista himself, and, as I thought, into the sea. I sprang

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to leeward to throw something after him, and found him in the sea indeed, but hanging by both hands to the gunwale, safe enough, and in a minute, with Battista's help and mine, on board again. I remember how pleased I was that his father did not swear at him, but only laughed prettily, and bade him be quick, and step forward; and then turning to the helm, which he had left free for the moment, he did not swear indeed, but he did cry, "Santa Madre!" when he found there was no tiller there. The boy's foot had fairly wrenched it, not only from his father's hand, but from the rudder-head, — and it was gone!

We held the old fellow firmly by his feet and legs, as he lay over the stern of the boat, head down, examining the condition of the rudder-head. The report was not favorable. I renewed the investigation myself in the same uncomfortable attitude. The phosphorescence of the sea was but an unsteady light, but light enough there was to reveal what daylight made hardly more certain, — that the wrench which had been given to the rotten old fixtures, shaky enough at best, had split the head of the rudder, so that the pintle hung but loosely in its bed, and that there was nothing available for us to rig a jury tiller on. This discovery, as it became more and more clear to each of us four in succession, abated successively the volleys of advice which we were offering, and sent us back to our more quiet "Santa Madres" or to meditations on "what was next to best."

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Meanwhile the boat was flying, under the sail she had before, straight before the wind, up the Gulf of Tarentum.

If you cannot have what you like, it is best, in a finite world, to like what you have. And while the old man brought up from the cuddy his wretched and worthless stock of staves, rope-ends, and bits of iron, and contemplated them ruefully, as if asking them which would like to assume the shape of a rudder-head and tiller, if his fairy godmother would appear on the top of the mast for a moment, I was plying the boys with questions, — what would happen to us if we held on at this tearing rate, and rushed up the bay to the head thereof. The boys knew no more than they knew of Palinuro. Far enough, indeed, were we from their parish. The old man at last laid down the bit of brass which he had saved from some old waif, and listened to me as I pointed out to them on my map the course we were making, and, without answering me a word, fell on his knees and broke into most voluble prayer, — only interrupted by sobs of undisguised agony. The boys were almost as much surprised as I was. And as he prayed and sobbed, the boat rushed on!

Santa Madre, San Giovanni, and Sant' Antonio, — we needed all their help, if it were only to keep him quiet; and when at last he rose from his knees, and came to himself enough to tend the sheets a little, I asked, as modestly as I could, what put this keen edge on his grief or his devo-

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tions. Then came such stories of hobgoblins, witches, devils, giants, elves, and fairies, at this head of the bay! — no man ever returned who landed there; his father and his father's father had charged him, and his brothers and his cousins, never to be lured to make a voyage there, and never to run for those coves, though schools of golden fish should lead the way. It was not till this moment that, trying to make him look upon the map, I read myself there the words, at the mouth of the Crathis River, "Sybari Ruine."

Surely enough, this howling Euroclydon — for Euroclydon it now was — was bearing me and mine directly to Sybaris!

And here was this devout old fisherman confirming the words of Smith's Dictionary, when it said that nobody had been there and returned, for generation upon generation.

At a dozen knots an hour, as things were, I was going to Sybaris! Nor was I many hours from it. For at that moment we cannot have been more than five-and-thirty miles from the beach, where, in less than five hours, Euroclydon flung us on shore.

The memory of the old green settees, and of Hutchinson and Wheeler and the other Latin-School boys, sustained me beneath the calamity which impended. Nor do I think at heart the boys felt so bad as their father about the djinns and the devils, the powers of the earth and the powers of the air. Is there, perhaps, in the youthful mind, rather a passion for "seeing the folly" of life a

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little in that direction? None the less did we join him in rigging out the longest sweep we had aft, lashing it tight under the little rail which we had been leaning on, and trying gentle experiments, how far this extemporized rudder might bring the boat round to the wind. Nonsense the whole! By that time Euroclydon was on us, so that I would never have tried to put her about if we had had the best gear I ever handled, and our experiments only succeeded far enough to show that we were as utterly powerless as men could be. Meanwhile day was just beginning to break. I soothed the old man with such devout expressions as heretic might venture. I tried to turn him from the coming evil to the present necessity. I counselled with him whether it might not be safer to take in sail and drift along. But from this he dissented. Time enough to take in sail when we knew what shore we were coming to. He had no kedge or grapple or cord, indeed, that would pretend to hold this boat against this gale. We would beach her, if it pleased the Virgin; and if we could not, — shaking his head, — why, that would please the Virgin, too.

And so Euroclydon hurried us on to Sybaris.

The sun rose, oh, how magnificently! Is there anywhere to see sunrise like the Mediterranean? And if one may not be on the top of Katahdin, is there any place for sunrise like the very level of the sea? Already the Calabrian mountains of our western horizon were gray against the sky. One

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or another of us was forward all the time, trying to make out by what slopes the hills descended to the sea. Was it cliff of basalt, or was it reedy swamp, that was to receive us? I insisted at last on his reducing sail. For I felt sure that he was driving on under a sort of fatality which made him dare the worst. I was wholly right, for the boat now rose easier on the water, and was much more dry.

Perhaps the wind flagged a little as the sun rose. At all events, he took courage, which I had never lost. I made his boy find us some oranges. I made them laugh by eating their cold polenta with them. I even made him confess, when I called him aft and sent Battista forward, that the shore we were nearing looked low. For we were near enough now to see stone-pines and chestnut-trees. Did anybody see the towers of Sybaris?

Not a tower! But, on the other hand, not a gnome, witch, Norna's Head, or other intimation of the underworld. The shore looked like many other Italian shores. It looked not very unlike what we Yankees call salt-marsh. At all events, we should not break our heads against a wall! Nor will I draw out the story of our anxieties, varying as the waves did on which we rose and fell so easily. As she forged on, it was clear at last that to some wanderers, at least, Sybaris had some hospitality. A long, low spit made out into the sea, with never a house on it, but brown with storm-worn shrubs, above the line of which were the

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stone-pines and chestnuts which had first given character to the shore. Hard for us, if we had been flung on the outside of this spit. But we were not. Else I had not been writing here to-day. We passed it by fifty fathom clear. Of course under its lee was our harbor. Battista let go the halyards in a moment, and the wet sails came rattling down. The old man, the boy, Battista, and I seized the best sweeps he had left. Two of us at each, working on the same side, we brought her head round as fast as she would bear it in that fearful sea. Inch by inch we wrought along to the smoother water, and breathed free at last as we came under the partial protection of the friendly shore.

Battista and his brother then hauled up the sail enough to give such headway to the boat as we thought our sweeps would control. And we crept along the shore for an hour, seeing nothing but reeds, and now and then a distant buffalo, when at last a very hard knock on a rock the boy ahead had not seen under water started the planks so that we knew that was dangerous play; and, without more solicitation, the old man beached the boat in a little cove where the reeds gave place for a trickling stream. I told them they might land or not, as they pleased. I would go ashore and get assistance or information. The old man clearly thought I was going to ask my assistance from the father of lies himself. But he was resigned to my will, — said he would wait for my

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return. I stripped and waded ashore with my clothes upon my head, dressed as quickly as I could, and pushed up from the beach to the low upland.

Clearly enough I was in a civilized country. Not that there was a gallows, as the old joke says; but there were tracks in the shingle of the beach showing where wheels had been, and these led me to a cart-track between high growths of that Mediterranean reed which grows all along in those low flats. There is one of the reeds on the hooks above my gun in the hall as you came in. I followed up the track, but without seeing barn, house, horse, or man, for a quarter of a mile, perhaps, when behold, —

Not the footprint of a man! as to Robinson Crusoe; —

Not a gallows and man hanging! as in the sailor story above named; —

But a railroad track! Evidently a horse-railroad.

"A horse-railroad in Italy!" said I, aloud. "A horse-railroad in Sybaris! It must have changed since the days of the coppersmiths!" And I flung myself on a heap of reeds which lay there, and waited.

In two minutes I heard the fast step of horses, as I supposed; in a minute more four mules rounded the corner, and a "horse-car" came dashing along the road. I stepped forward and waved my hand, but the driver bowed respectfully,

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pointed back, and then to a board on top of his car, and I read, as he dashed by me, the word

Πλῆρες,

displayed full above him; as one may read *Complet* on a Paris omnibus.

Now Πλῆρες is the Greek for full. "In Sybaris they do not let the horse-railroads grind the faces of the passengers," said I. "Not so wholly changed since the coppersmiths." And, within the minute, more quadrupedantal noises, more mules, and another car, which stopped at my signal. I entered, and found a dozen or more passengers, sitting back to back on a seat which ran up the middle of the car, as you might ride in an Irish jaunting-car. In this way it was impossible for the conductor to smuggle in a standing passenger, impossible for a passenger to catch cold from a cracked window, and possible for a passenger to see the scenery from the window. "Can it be possible," said I, "that the traditions of Sybaris really linger here?"

I sat quite in the front of the car, so that I could see the fate of my first friend Πλῆρες, — the full car. In a very few minutes it switched off from our track, leaving us still to pick up our complement, and then I saw that it dropped its mules, and was attached, on a side track, to an endless chain, which took it along at a much greater rapidity, so that it was soon out of sight. I addressed my next neighbor on the subject in Greek which

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would have made my fortune in those old days of the pea-green settees. But he did not seem to make much of that, but in sufficiently good Italian told me that as soon as we were full, we should be attached in the same way to the chain, which was driven by stationary engines five or six stadia apart, and so indeed it proved. We picked up one or two market-women, a young artist or two, and a little boy. When the child got in, there was a nod and smile on people's faces; my next neighbor said to me, Πλήρες, as if with an air of relief; and, sure enough, in a minute more, we were flying along at a 2.20 pace, with neither mule nor engine in sight, stopping about once a mile to drop passengers, if there was need, and evidently approaching Sybaris.

All along now were houses, each with its pretty garden of perhaps an acre, no fences, because no cattle at large. I wonder if the Vineland people know they caught that idea from Sybaris! All the houses were of one story, — stretching out as you remember Pliny's villa did, if Ware and Van Brunt ever showed you the plans, — or as Erastus Bigelow builds factories at Clinton. I learned afterwards that stair-builders and slaveholders are forbidden to live in Sybaris by the same article in the fundamental law. This accounts, with other things, for the vigorous health of their women. I supposed that this was a mere suburban habit, and, though the houses came nearer and nearer, yet as no two houses touched in a block, I did not know

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we had come into the city till all the passengers left the car, and the conductor courteously told me we were at our journey's end.

When this happens to you in Boston, and you leave your car, you find yourself huddled on a steep, sloping sidewalk, under the rain or snow, with a hundred or more other passengers, all eager, all wondering, all unprovided for. But I found in Sybaris a large glass-roofed station, from which the other lines of neighborhood cars radiated, in which women and even little children were passing from route to route, under the guidance of civil and intelligent persons, who, strange enough, made it their business to conduct these people to and fro, and did not consider it their duty to insult the traveller. For a moment my mind reverted to the contrast at home; but not long. As I stood admiring and amused at once, a bright, brisk little fellow stepped up to me, and asked what my purpose was, and which way I would go. He spoke in Greek first, but, seeing I did not catch his meaning, relapsed into very passable Italian, quite as good as mine.

I told him that I was shipwrecked, and had come into town for assistance. He expressed sympathy, but wasted not a moment, led me to his chief at an office on one side, who gave me a card with the address of an officer whose duty it was to see to strangers, and said that he would in turn introduce me to the chief of the boat-builders; and then said, as if in apology for his promptness, —

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Χρὴ ξεῖνον παρεόντα φιλεῖν ἐθέλοντα δὲ πέμπειν, —
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

He called to me a conductor of the red line, said Ξένος, which we translate guest, but which I found in this case means "dead-head," or "free," bowed, and I saw him no more.

"Strange country have I come to, indeed," said I, as I thought of the passports of Civita Vecchia, of the indifference of Scollay's Buildings, and of the surliness of Springfield. "And this is Sybaris!"

We sent down a tug to the cove which I indicated on their topographical map, and to the terror of the old fisherman and his sons, to whom I had sent a note, which they could not read, our boat was towed up to the city quay, and was put under repairs. That last thump on the hidden rock was her worst injury, and it was a week before I could get away. It was in this time that I got the information I am now to give, partly from my own observations, partly from what George the Proxenus or his brother Philip told me, — more from what I got from a very pleasing person, the wife of another brother, at whose house I used to visit freely, and whose boys, fine fellows, were very fond of talking about America with me. They spoke English very funnily, and like little school-books. The ship-carpenter, a man named Alexander, was a very intelligent person; and, indeed, the whole social arrangement of the place was so simple that

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it seemed to me that I got on very fast and knew a great deal of them in a very short time.

At this point I will, for greater convenience, quote directly from my journal. It has the fault which all journals have, that their memoranda are apt to be fullest when one has the most time to write, and that they are therefore most barren just at those points of crisis when the writer really has most to tell. This remark will be found near the beginning of "John Adams's Journal," of which it is signally true. I will, however, copy what there is in mine. When I find that it fails, I will do my best to supply the deficiency.

JOURNAL.

The *πρόξενος*, Proxenus, as this officer is called (officer whose business is to care for strangers, quite after the old Athenian system), was very civil, though a short-metre kind of person, used evidently to affairs in the time of affairs, and to nothing else. He offered Greek at first for talk, as the man had done at the station; but finding I preferred Italian, fell into that readily. I am too tired to-night, not to say sleepy, to try to write out much of what he told me, or I told him. He was very expeditious, when he heard about the boat, in sending to her relief. He led me to a good map of the city and harbor which hung on the office wall, and in five minutes had sent a despatch which he said would fit out a tug which would bring the old

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man and the boys up to the city. I offered to go with them. But he said no, — that I should be of no use there, — or rather of none which a note from me would not serve as well; and that, as I must have had a fatiguing night, I should be much better off at my inn. I observed he used the telegraph constantly, even sending his own despatches by his own instrument, at his office desk, — writing as readily so as I do these words. In answer to a question of mine, he said there were delivery offices almost everywhere, and that they hardly ever had occasion to use a special messenger. But when he wanted to send my note to the tug, and afterwards to send me here, he beckoned to his son, a tall, pleasant-looking boy, who brought me, to show me the way.[1]

The inn covers a good deal of ground for the number of rooms, but there is not a staircase in it. It is not larger than a generous private house. The whole is of one story, as is every other house I have so far seen in Sybaris. The mistress is a

[1] After I knew the Proxenus better, I told him that this ready and constant use of the telegraph was one of the first of their conveniences I noticed. He said the telegraph was an old affair with them, and he wondered other nations had been so slow in copying it; that they used it as long ago as what he called their day of horrors, when Sybaris was crushed by the Crotoniates more than five centuries before Christ. I was amazed at this, but in their public library afterward I found in Pliny that that defeat was known at Olympia in Greece on the day it happened, and the same statement is in Cicero *De Naturâ Deorum*. See Pliny, vii. 22 (1), and compare Plutarch in *Paulus Æmilius*, where he names four such incidents.

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jolly-looking person, who for all her jollity seems careful and thoughtful, and desirous to be of service; and, without worrying me, she has really made me very comfortable. She knocked just now herself, and in quite a studied speech said that I was the first American she had ever had here; that she was wholly unacquainted with our customs, but that she would be much obliged to me if I would indicate to her any improvements which the inns of my own country might suggest to me. The poor soul had been at the pains to look up "United States" in some book of travels, and had even written to the Proxenus to ask how she should cook pork and beans for me, and what she should give me instead of salt codfish. He had written her a funny note, which she showed me, in which he said that I should be satisfied with pheasants and quails for a day, and that the next day he would tell her.

Experience of my own country indeed! There was not a fly in the room where the *table d'hôte* is served, nor is there in this apartment. This consists of a pretty, airy sitting-room with a veranda opening from it, and in the next room the bed and its appurtenances. I found on the table pen, ink, and paper, which I never found ready in my own room at the Brevoort; I found in the bedroom a foot-tub, a shower-bath, more towels than I could count, and hot and cold water ready to run for me. I have not smelled a smell since I came into the house, excepting the savory breakfast and dinner

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which she gave me, and these lovelade to an violets which stand on the writing-table stages at course, my cigar on the veranda. But ersuall write no more. Now we will see if there are any smooth rose-leaves in the beds of Sybaris.

That is the end of that day's entry.

The Proxenus came round to see me that first evening, and we sat, smoking, on the piazza together. I remember I spoke with pleasure of the horse-railroad management, and asked as to the methods they took to secure such personal comfort.

He said that my question cut pretty low down, for that the answer really involved the study of their whole system. "I have thought of it a good deal," said he, "when I have been in St. Petersburg, and in England and America; and as far as I can find out, our peculiarity in everything is, that we respect — I have sometimes thought we almost worshipped — the rights, even the notions or whims, of the individual citizen. With us the first object of the state, as an organization, is to care for the individual citizen, be he man, woman, or child. We consider the state to be made for the better and higher training of men, much as your divines say that the Church is. Instead of our lumping our citizens, therefore, and treating Jenny Lind and Tom Heenan to the same dose of public schooling, — instead of saying that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, — we

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try to see that each individual is protected in the enjoyment of thought of what the majority likes, but of what he chooses, so long as his choice injures no other man."

I thought, in one whiff, of Stuart Mill, and of the coppersmiths.

"Our horse-railroad system grew out of this theory," continued he. "As long ago as Herodotus, people lived here in houses one story high, with these gardens between. But some generations ago, a young fellow named Apollidorus, who had been to Edinburgh, pulled down his father's house and built a block of what you call houses on the site of it. They were five stories high, had basements, and so on, with windows fore and aft, and, of course, none on the sides. The old fogies looked aghast. But he found plenty of fools to hire them. But the tenants had not been in a week when the Kategoros, district attorney, had him up 'for taking away from a citizen what he could not restore.' This, you must know, is one of the severest charges in our criminal code.

"Of course, it was easy enough to show that the tenants went willingly; he showed dumb-waiters, and I know not what infernal contrivances of convenience within. But he could not show that the tenants had north windows and south windows, because they did not. The government, on their side, showed that men were made to breathe fresh air, and that he could not ventilate his houses as if they were open on all sides; they

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showed that women were not made to climb up and down ladders, and to live on stages at the tops of them; and he tried in vain to persuade the jury that this climbing was good for little children. He had lured these citizens into places dangerous for health, growth, strength, and comfort. And so he was compelled to erect a statue typical of strength, and a small hospital for infants, as his penalty. That spirited Hercules, which stands in front of the market, was a part of his fine.

"Of course, after a decision like this, concentration of inhabitants was out of the question. Every pulpit in Sybaris blazed with sermons on the text, 'Every man dwelt safely under his vine and under his fig-tree.' Everybody saw that a house without its own garden was an abomination, and easy communication with the suburbs was a necessity.

"It was, indeed, easy enough to show, as the city engineer did, that the power wasted in lifting people up, and, for that matter, down stairs, in a five-story house, in one day, would carry all those people I do not know how many miles on a level railroad track in less time. What you call horse-railroads, therefore, became a necessity."

I said they made a great row with us.

"Yes," said he, "I saw they did. With us the government owns and repairs the track, as you do the track of any common road. We never have any difficulty.

"You see," he added after a pause, "with us, if a conductor sprains the ankle of a citizen, it is a

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matter the state looks after. With you, the citizen must himself be the prosecutor, and virtually never is. Did you notice a pretty winged Mercury outside the station-house you came to?"

I had noticed it.

"That was put up, I don't know how long ago, in the infancy of these things. They took a car off one night, without public notice beforehand. One old man was coming in on it, to his daughter's wedding. He missed his connection out at Little Krastis, and lost half an hour. Down came the Kategoros. The company had taken from a citizen what they could not restore; namely, half an hour."

George lighted another cigar, and laughed very heartily. "That's a great case in our reports," he said. "The company ventured to go to trial on it. They hoped they might overturn the old decisions, which were so old that nobody knows when they were made, — as old as the dancing horses," said he, laughing. "They said *time* was not a thing, — it was a relation of ideas; that it did not exist in heaven; that they could not be made to suffer because they did not deliver back what no man ever saw, or touched, or tasted. What was half an hour? But the jury was pitiless. A lot of business men, you know, — they knew the value of time. What did they care for the metaphysics? And the company was bidden to put up an appropriate statue worth ten talents in front of their station-house, as a reminder to all

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their people that a citizen's time was worth something."

I observed a queer thing two or three times in this visit of the Proxenus. Just at this point he rose rather suddenly and bade me good-evening. I begged him to stay, but had to repeat my invitation twice. His hand was on the handle of the door before he turned back. Then he sat down, and we went on talking; but before long he did the same thing again, and then again.

At last I was provoked, and said: "What is the custom of your country? Do you have to take a walk every eleven minutes and a quarter?"

George laughed again, and indeed blushed. "Do you know what a bore is?" said he.

"Alas! I do," said I.

"Well," said he, "the universal custom here is, that an uninvited guest, who calls on another man on his own business, rises at the end of eleven minutes, and offers to go. And the courts have ruled, very firmly, that there must be a *bona fide* effort. We get into such a habit of it that, with you, I really did it unawares. The custom is as old as Cleisthenes and his wedding. But some of the decisions are not more than two or three centuries old, and they are very funny.

"On the whole," he added, "I think it works well. Of course, between friends it is absurd, but it is a great protection against a class of people who think their own concerns are the only things of value. You see you have only to say, when a

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man comes in, that you thank him for coming, that you wish he would stay, or to take his hat or his stick, — you have only to make him an invited guest, — and then the rule does not hold."

"Ah!" said I; "then I invite you to spend every evening with me while I am here."

"Take care," said he; "the Government Almanac is printed and distributed gratuitously from the fines on bores. Their funds are getting very low up at the department, and they will be very sharp on your friends. So you need not be profuse in your invitations."

This conversation was a clew to a good many things which I saw while I was in the city. I never was in a place where there were so many tasteful pretty little conveniences for everybody. At the quadrants, where the streets cross, there was always a pretty little sheltered seat for four or five people, — shaded, stuffed, dry, and always the morning and evening papers, and an advertisement of the times of boats and trains, for any one who might be waiting for a car or for a friend. Sometimes these were votive offerings, where public spirit had spoken in gratitude. More often they had been ordered at the cost of some one who had taken from a citizen what he could not repay. The private citizen might often hesitate about prosecuting a bore, or a nuisance, or a conceited company officer. But the Kategoroi made no bones about it. They called the citizen as a wit-

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ness, and gave the criminal a reminder which posterity held in awe. Their point, as they always explained it to me, is, that the citizen's health and strength are essential to the state. The state cannot afford to have him maimed, any more than it can afford to have him drunk or ignorant. The individual, of course, cannot be following up his separate grievances with people who abridge his rights. But the public accuser can and does.

With us, public servants, who know they are public servants, are always obliging and civil. I would not ask better treatment in my own home than I am sure of in Capitol, State-House, or City Hall. It is only when you get to some miserable sub-bureau, where the servant of the servant of a creature of the state can bully you, that you come to grief. For instance, the State of Massachusetts just now forbids corporations to work children more than ten hours a day. The *corporations* obey. But the overseers in the rooms whom the corporations employ, work children eleven hours, or as many as they choose. They would not stand that in Sybaris.

Such were my first day's observations. I now resume the Journal of which I have spoken.

Friday, 9th Kal. Θαργηλιών. — Everything seems to be new here. Place, language, and all are changed, — and so my old book for these memoranda gave out last night, and I have had to rummage up another from my stores. Fortunately

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the traps came up from the boat even before I was awake this morning. One does sleep well in such a bed, — without steam-whistles or cockerels or brass-founders. It was as quiet as the mid-country.

The calendar is as new as the book (of which the paper is not half as good as the old was). It seems an odd mixture of Italian and Greek, and I do not yet understand it. But I put at the top of the page what the Proxenus tells me to, were it only for practice. This is, he says, the ninth of the Kalends of Thargelion, but he counts it Friday, as I did. For my part, I thought the Greeks had no Kalends; but it would seem that the Sybarites have.

It has been a rainy day, but I have managed with their convenient arrangements here to do about ten times as much as I should have done at home. If I do not get too sleepy, I will go into a little more detail than I have been apt to do since the campaign began. The peculiarity of this place seems to be that everybody has plenty of time.

I slept late after the excitement of the night before, and if the lady Myrtis's nice mattresses are made of rose-leaves, none of the leaves were crumpled. I rang, as I had been bidden, as soon as I woke; and a ravishing cup of coffee appeared almost on the moment, on the strength of which I dressed slowly, and went down to the *table d'hôte*. Breakfast was very nicely served; but I do not stop to describe it, because some rainy day I will make a chapter on the cookery of Sybaris, so dif-

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ferent from that of our Sicilian allies; alas! so different from the taverns of my beloved New England. While I was at breakfast there came in this clever little note in this pretty Greek *Handschrift* from the Proxenus, whose name, it appears, is George: —

[Translation.]

OFFICE OF THE PROXENUS,
Sybaris, 9th Kal. Thar.

COLONEL INGHAM, &c., &c.: —

DEAR SIR, — The report from Pylades, chief of boat-builders, is that your boat will require a new stern-post as well as rudder, and that one whole streak on her larboard side must be renewed. She was ordered to the government works last night, and the men undoubtedly went to work on her this morning.

I shall have the pleasure of calling on you at seven minutes after noon, when I shall be relieved from office duty here. If you have no pleasanter engagement, let me take you in my carriage to see our granite quarries and to bathe. We can do this before dinner. My wife will be very happy if you will join our family party at four.

Farewell,

GEORGE, *the Proxenus*.

What his other name is, I do not yet know. They seem to sign like English bishops.

I strayed round a little before noon, and made a little sketch of a seat for passengers waiting for the street railroad cars. At twelve I rendered myself on the hotel veranda, and at seven minutes past the Proxenus drove up in a pretty covered buggy,

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with a nice little trotting mare. He apologized for the cover; said if the day had been fine he could have shown me more of the country, but as it rained, why, we must e'en bear it as we could.

We drove first to the granite quarries, which are worked with great precision by a fine-looking set of men, who have much more of the Lombard, not to say Yankee, look about them in their promptness of movement than I have seen anywhere else in Southern Italy. Then the Proxenus asked me if I were used to swimming as early as this in the season. When I said there were few seasons and few waters in which I did not swim, and that I should greatly enjoy a plunge, he turned his horse's head, and we drove, by a charming up-and-down-hill drive, I should think six miles, down the old course of the Crastis River till we came to a signal-station, — what one might call Watch Hill, — where was a beautiful view of the gulf, grand bluffs, smooth beaches, and a fine surf for bathers. It almost seemed as if we had been expected. A quaint old fisherman fastened the horse to a fence, provided towels, pointed out two little sheds for undressing, and we had a brisk swim in the surf. How delicious this Mediterranean water is, swept off the Syrtes by that tremendous Euroclydon! I hardly thought yesterday morning that I should be speaking of it so good-naturedly.

Home to dinner. The Proxenus said his wife would excuse my frock-coat. And at his house, at dinner, and in the garden, and on the veranda, I

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have stayed ever since, till now. The family was charming, — his wife sweet pretty (reminds you of S—— G——), and seven children, — four boys, three girls, — my friend James, who showed me the way yesterday, being the second son. He and I are great friends, and his father says I may take him from the office any day when I want a guide. The girls have pretty Greek faces, — the youngest about as big as little Fan-fan, only her name is Anna, say nine years old.

As for the dinner, I leave that till I can write the essay on cookery into which the breakfast is to go. But I do not wonder that that old fellow took his cooks with him when he went from here to Athens.

It was not exactly the family party which the note promised. The Chief Justice was there — who, if I understand, is the cousin of my hostess, — and his pretty wife; a young man named Joannes Isocrates, whom I accused of being a great-grandson of the orator; and Philip, the brother of the Proxenus. It was a round table for twelve. Some of the children had to sit at a side table, and they were very merry there.

The talk was very ready and free, — generally general; but sometimes I got off into a separate private talk with Kleone — as I shall begin to call George's wife — and with the Chief Justice's wife. Her husband calls her Lois. We sat long at table, spending more than half the time over the fruit and coffee. There was no wine. The dessert, however, had been served in another room than

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that we ate the meats in. We passed from room to room, as we used to when we dined with Howqua, at Canton. And in the new room we did not take the same places as before.

I said, in the course of talk, that either they were all very much at leisure here, or that I had taken an unconscionable amount of George's time. . . .

He laughed, and said he could well believe that, as I had said that I was brought up in Boston. "When I was there," said he, "I could see that your people were all hospitable enough, but that the people who were good for anything were made to do all the work of the *vauriens*, and really had no time for friendship or hospitality. I remember an historian of yours, who crossed with me, said that there should be a motto stretched across Boston Bay, from one fort to another, with the words, 'No admittance, except on business.'"

I did not more than half like this chaffing at Boston, and asked how they managed things.[1]

"Why, you see," said he, "we hold pretty stiffly to the old Charondian laws, of which perhaps you know something; here 's a copy of the code, if you would like to look over it," and he took one out of his pocket. "We are still very chary about amendments to statutes, so that very little time is spent in legislation; we have no bills at shops, and but little debt, and that is all on honor, so that there is not much account-keeping or litigation;

[1] I am afraid this was Mr. Motley. — E. E. H.

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you know what happens to gossips, — gossip takes a good deal of time elsewhere, — and somehow everybody does his share of work, so that all of us do have a good deal of what you call 'leisure.' Whether," he added pensively, "in a world God put us into that we might love each other, and learn to love, — whether the time we spend in society, or the time we spend caged behind our office desks, is the time which should be called devoted to the 'business of life,' that remains to be seen."

"How came you to Boston," said I, "and when?"

"Oh, we all have to travel," said George, "if we mean to go into the administration. And I liked administration. I observe that you appoint a foreign ambassador because he can make a good stump speech in Kentucky. But, since Charondas's time, training has been at the bottom of our system. And no man could offer himself here to serve on the school committee unless he knew how other nations managed their schools."

"Not if he had himself made school-books?" said I.

"No!" laughed George, "for he might introduce them. With us no professor may teach from a text-book he has made himself, unless the highest council of education order it; and on the same principle we should never choose a bookseller on the school committee. And so, to go back," he said, "when my father found that administration was my passion, he sent me on the grand tour. I

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learned a great deal in America, and am very fond of the Americans. But I never saw one here before."

I did not ask what he learned in America, for I was more anxious to learn myself how they administered government in Sybaris.

The Chief Justice said that he thought George hardly answered my question. He said that their system compelled everybody to do what he could do best, and to a large extent secured this by inviting people to do what they could do best. A messenger in a public office, for instance, is invariably a man who has legs and a tongue, but who has no arms. That is, if such a place is vacant, search is at once made for some person who shall fill this place well; and if he can show that there is no other place he can fill, on that showing he is almost sure of the appointment. "We have not a copying clerk in the Court House," said the Chief Justice, "who has two legs. Most of them, in fact, have no tongues, which is a convenience." Starting from this, as George had said, it followed that there were no *vauriens*, and of course the amount of work fell lighter on each. But this is not the whole. Custom in part, statute in part, and in part this terrible verdict which they all so dread, — the verdict of ἀπραγμός they call it,[1] — have so wrought on them

[1] The verdict of ἀπραγμός is that alluded to above. It is given on an indictment brought by the state's attorney in a criminal court. It means, "He has taken from a citizen what he cannot restore." The derivation reminds one of our action of *assumpsit*, but they carry it further than we do.

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that they destroy very little which they have once created. "Time will do that for us," said Philip, laughing. "My rear wall tumbles down fast enough without my helping the fall."

I said I remembered that Judge Merrick said that, if the thousand million men now in the world could be set to work in intelligent organized labor, they could in a generation duplicate the present monuments of the race of men. The existing farms, roads, bridges, ships, piers, cities, villages, and all the rest, could be produced in one generation. All the other generations have been spent in men's cutting each other's throats, and in destroying what other people have been at work upon.

The Chief Justice said this was undoubtedly true. They tried as far as they could to prevent such waste of life, and to a large extent he thought they succeeded. The solidity of their building is such that they have dwelling-houses which have been occupied as such for two thousand years.

I said that in London they had told me their houses tumbled down in eighty.

"Exactly," said the Chief Justice, "and what a waste that is! When my father was in London, they were greatly delighted with a system of sewers they had just turned into the Thames. When I was there, they were as much delighted, because they had discovered a method of leading their contents away from the Thames."

"When my father was in Boston," said George, "they were all very proud to show him their success

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in digging down their highest hill. When I was there they were building it up to the old height, to make a reservoir on top of it." [1]

"We have come to the conclusion," said the Chief Justice, "that it is rather dangerous interfering much with nature. That is to say, when a large body of men have nestled down in a region, it was probably about what they wanted. If one of them tries to mend, he is apt to mar. We had a fellow over on the Crastis there, who was stingy about using steam-power; so he made a great high dam on the river, — and, by Jupiter, Colonel Ingham, five hundred thousand people lost their fish because that fellow chose to spin cotton a millionth part of a drachma cheaper than the rest.

"He got ἁρπαγμός with a vengeance," growled Philip, who is a little touchy.

"He got ἁρπαγμός," said the Chief Justice, "and he had to put in fish-ways. You must take our friend out to see the fish go up his stairways, George. But what happened at Pæstum was worse than that. They had some salt marshes there, — what they call flats. They undertook to fill them up so as to get land in place of water. They got more than they bargained for. They disturbed the natural flow of the currents, and they lost their harbor. Land is plenty in Pæstum now. The last time I was there the population was two owls and four lizards, and there was never a rose within five miles!

[1] Since 1879 they have pulled this down. — E. E. H., 1900.

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I called him back to talk of this universal occupation, resulting in universal leisure. He said I should understand it better after I had been about a little. I said we had difficulty at both ends, — the poorest people did not know how to work, and the richest people were apt not to want to, and did not know what to do. I said I was at one time secretary of the "Society for providing Occupation for the Higher Classes." He said, as to the first they clung to the old apprenticeship system. Every child must be taught to do something. If the parents cannot teach, somebody else does. The other difficulty he had seen in travelling, but he did not believe it was necessary. They have here but few very large fortunes transmitted from father to son. They have no such transmission by will, and unless a man has given away his property before his death the state becomes his executor. Of course in practice, except in cases of sudden death, people are their own executors. Then they give every man and woman who is over sixty-five a small pension, — enough to save anybody from absolute want. They insist on it that this is the most convenient arrangement. They know almost nothing of drunkenness; and what follows is, that everybody does something somewhere.

As the chief explained this to me, I saw his wife and Philip were laughing about something, and when the learned talk was done Philip made her tell me what it was. It was the story of one of their attempts to save time, which had not succeeded so

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well. Two or three enterprising fellows, in those arts which rank as the disagreeable necessities, went into partnership, offering to their customers the saving of time gained by getting through the minor miseries together. You sat in a chair to have your hair cut, and a dentist at the same time filled your teeth.[1] Then you were permitted at the same time to have any man up who wanted to read his poems to you, and you could hear them as you sat. While the dentist was rolling up the gold, they had a photograph man ready to take your likeness. Lois declared she would show me a likeness of her husband that was so savage she was sure it was taken there. But of course this was running the thing into the ground. It was only an exaggeration, and did not last after the novelty was gone.

I said they certainly had got the right men in the right places in administration, as far as I had seen, bowing to the Proxenus.

He parried the compliment by pretending to think I meant the railroad people, and said I was right there, that they had a very good staff in the transportation department.

I said that we had tried the experiment, in some cases, of placing idiots in charge of the minor railway stations, and to drive the little railway cabs or flies from such stations. He said he had observed this in America, but he should not think it would

[1] I believe a part of that plan was to have a chiropodist look at your feet; but at table they did not speak of that.

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work well. I said the passengers generally knew what they wanted, — that we had an excellent class of men as train conductors, and that these idiots must be put somewhere. Yes, he said, but that you never could tell what station might be important; that I might depend upon it, it was cheaper in the long run to have a man competent for the full conceivable duty of the place, even if we had to pay him something more.

About eight o'clock I bowed myself out. George walked home with me, and again we had a cigar on the veranda. They raise their own tobacco, in some cross valleys they have, running east and west, and the cigars are splendid, — real Vuelta d'Abajo, I should have thought them. But, of course, under such laws, no man can smoke in the streets or in a crowd.

Saturday, Θαργηλιων, 8th Kal. — A fine day. But I find one does not rise very early in the morning.

Spent the morning from nine to twelve with the Chief Justice in court. Business very prompt, very interesting, of which more at another time. I have full notes of all the cases, in the printed briefs which the Judge gave me. At twelve the court closed with absolute promptness. All their public offices of administration work four public hours, as they say. But an office where one calls for information — as the Post-Office, the Public Library, or any of the charities — is open night and day the

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century round. The Public Library has not been closed, they say, since Herodotus wrote there. They showed me his pen, and the place where he sat. This seems a little mythical. Of course the same people are not on duty. But they say there is no harm in changing clerks on duty. There can be no secrets then, no false accounts, no peculation, and no ruts. At all events, they say that if a man chooses to go and read at three in the morning, he has a right to; and that the Post-Office is established for the convenience of the citizen, and not for that of the clerks, which certainly seems true.

The Chief Justice, at twelve, said he was at my service; and at my request he took me to the Public Library, where we spent a couple of hours, — of which at another time. We then called at his house, where we found his wife and daughters just entering their carriage. We did not leave his little wagon, but all drove off together. The object was again a bath, with a chowder and fish dinner at a little extemporized seashore place. The drive was charming, and the bath Elysium. The ladies bathed with us. I complimented Mrs. Lois, as I led her down into the surf, on their punctuality, saying that they had not kept us waiting an instant. But she hardly understood me. "Why should we have kept you?" said she. "I had a despatch at noon from my husband, proposing that we should all start at two." And when I asked if they had been waiting, "Why should we have been waiting?" said she. "We all knew you

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were not to be at home before two." The Chief Justice laughed and said: "People are so used to punctuality here, that Lois, who is a home-body, hardly knows what you are talking about. The truth is, that, if she had kept you thirty seconds, while she went back for her gloves, she would have been afraid of ἁρπαγμός; and these girls, — why, if one of their watches had been a twenty-thousandth part of a second wrong when the ball fell at noon to-day, I should have had no peace till I had bought such a love of a diamond-mounted little repeater that there is at Archippus's." And he laughed at his joke heartily, and the girls said, "Oh, papa!"

Girls and boys, men and women, all swim like fishes, — taught at a very early age. No scholar is permitted to go forward in any school after seven years of age, unless he can swim, just as we require vaccination. "If you mean to be at the charge of training them," said the Chief Justice, "it is a pity to have them drowned, just when they are fit for anything." And so we had a brisk, jolly swim, and dressed, and went to old Strepsiades's little cabin, where were fish baked, fish broiled, fish cooked in every which way conceivable, hot from the coals, and we with the real sea appetite. We lounged round on the bluffs and shore for an hour or two, the girls sketched and botanized a little, and by another pretty drive we came home. I took a cup of tea with them, came back here to dress, and they then called for me

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and took me to a pretty dancing-party. But I am too tired to write it out to-night. Χαῖρε.

Sunday, 7th Kal. Tharg. — We have a lovely morning. I have this pretty little note from the charming Kleone, asking me whether I will go to their little parish church or to the more grand cathedral service. Of course I have elected the parish church with them at eleven. Meanwhile, I seize this half-hour to fill out one or two gaps above.

I see I have said nothing about their going and coming. The sidewalks are all well laid; and I have thus far been nowhere where, on one side of the way at least, there was not one in perfect order. But I can see that they are very much tempted not to walk; and I think they get their exercise more in rowing, swimming, riding, drill, and so on. This shows itself in the fine chests of boys and girls, men and women. Not only are the public conveyances admirable, and dog-cheap, — very rapid too, so that you feel as if you could hardly afford to walk, — but they have any number of little steam dog-carts, which run on the public rail, or, if necessary, on the hard macadam road. The fuel is naphtha, or what we call petroleum; the engines are really high pressure, but the discharge-pipe opens into a chamber kept very cold by freezing mixtures, which you can change at any inn. Philip, who told me about these things, says they are used, not so much as being better than horses, but as an economy for

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that immense class of people who keep no servants, do not choose to be slaves to a coachman, have no one to care for a horse, or indeed do not want the bother. This little steam-wagon stands in a shed at the back of the house. Whoever fills the other lamps fills and trims the wicks of their burners. When you sit down to breakfast, you light the lamps. And when your breakfast is done, steam is up, and you can drive directly to your store or office. While you are there, it stands a month if you choose, and is a bill of expense to nobody. It gives the roads a very brisk look to see these little things spinning along everywhere.

The party last night was charming in the freshness and variety and ease of the whole thing. I hope the host and hostess enjoyed it as much as I did, and they seemed to. How queer the effect of this individuality is when you come to see it in costume! Of course the whole thing was Greek. You saw that, from the girls' faces down to the buckles of their slippers. But then the individual right, to which everything I have seen in Sybaris seems dedicated, appeared all through, and fairly made the whole seem like a fancy ball. If I thought of Gell's Greek costumes, it was only to think how he would have stared if anybody had told him that a hundred and fifty miles from Naples, would he only risk the cutting of his throat by brigands, he might see the thing illustrated so prettily. I danced with ——. Philip has come to take me to church.

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Finished the same evening. — It was a pretty little church, — quite open and airy it would seem to us, — excellent chance to see dancing vines, or flying birds, or falling rains, or other "meteors outside," if the preacher proved dull or the hymns undevout. But I found my attention was well held within. Not that the preaching was anything to be repeated. The sermon was short, unpretending, but alive and devout. It was a sonnet, all on one theme; that theme pressed, and pressed, and pressed, again, and of a sudden the preacher was done. "You say you know God loves you," he said. "I hope you do, but I am going to tell you once more that he loves you, and once more and once more." What pleased me in it all was a certain unity of service, from the beginning to the end. The congregation's singing seemed to suggest the prayer; the prayer seemed to continue in the symphony of the organ; and while I was in revery, the organ ceased; but as it was ordered, the sermon took up the theme of my revery, and so that one theme ran through the whole. The service was not ten things, like the ten parts of a concert, it was one act of communion or worship. Part of this was due, I guess, to this, that we were in a small church, sitting or kneeling near each other, close enough to get the feeling of communion, — not parted, indeed, in any way. We had been talking together, as we stood in the churchyard before the service began, and when we assembled in the church the sense of sympathy

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continued. I told Kleone that I liked the home feeling of the church, and she was pleased. She said she was afraid I should have preferred the cathedral. There were four large cathedrals, open, as the churches were, to all the town; and all the clergy, of whatever order, took turns in conducting the service in them. There were seven successive services in each of them that Sunday. But each clergyman had his own special charge beside, — I should think of not more than a hundred families. And these families, generally neighbors in the town indeed, seemed, naturally enough, to grow into very familiar personal relations with each other.

Father Thomas, as they all call him, took me home to his house to dinner. He had one of those little steam-wagons which I have described, of which there were sixty-five standing in the grounds around the church. His wife and children went home in a large one. As soon as the doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced, the sexton went round with a lantern and lighted their lamps, and while we stood round talking in the porch, the steam was got up, so that I suppose everybody was off in twenty minutes. Father Thomas said the talk then and there, in the church and in the porch, was one of the most satisfactory parts of the whole service, and was pleased when I quoted *μὴ ἐγκαταλείποντες τὴν ἐπισυναγωγὴν ἑαυτῶν.*[1] I said I had never heard the Greek of the Greek Testament read in service before. He

[1] "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."

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said that the people all followed, with entire interest and understanding of it, though it is not as near their Greek as our Bible is to modern English, and probably never would be. For they regard their Greek as being better than the Attic Greek of Demosthenes's time, — and of course they will not cede an inch toward the Alexandrianisms of late centuries. "Indeed," said he, "the Academy and the Aristarchs are a deal too stiff about it. They are very hard on us theologues, and seem to me absurd."

Father Thomas's house is one such as they say there are a great many of, which show their only concession to a community system. With all this intense individualism, one can see that Robert Owen would hang himself here. But Father Thomas says this arrangement works well, and is a great economy both in time and money. Four houses, each with its half-acre garden, standing near each other, there is built, just on the corner where the lots meet, a central house, — *μεσοικία*, they call it, — for the common purposes of the four. There is one kitchen, and they unite in hiring one cook, who gets up all the meals for the four several families in their own homes, according to their several directions. There is one large play-room for the children. I asked if there were one nurse; but he said, not generally, though families settled that as they chose. What he laid most stress on was one book-room or library for the four. And certainly this was a lovely room.

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There were four bookcases, — one on each side, — which held severally the books of the four families. All Father Thomas's were together. But, in the long run, it happened that none of them duplicated the other's books, so far as they kept them in this room. There would be but one Herodotus, one Dante, one Shakespeare, one French Dictionary, for the four. Then this room made a pleasant place of reunion among the families, without mutual invitation, and without the feeling that you might be boring the others. Indeed, I spent the evening there, — as will appear, if this narrative ever comes down to the evening.

In the afternoon I had a long walk with Father Thomas in his parish. We went first to one of the four cathedrals, where he had the three o'clock service. The congregation was from all parts of the town and neighborhood, — many people attending there, he said, who never went to any of the parish churches. The different clergymen take these services in order. I should think there were four or five thousand persons here. The service lasted an hour, and he then took me from place to place with him, showing me, as he said, how people lived. And so I have had, in very short time, insight into a wider range of homes than I have ever had in Europe. Everywhere comfort, and the most curious illustrations of what comfort is.

Their system seems to give more definiteness to the work of the clergy and of the churches than

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ours does. Thus Father Thomas preaches regularly in the church I was in this morning (*τῆς Ζωῆς αἰωνίου* is its name, — the Church of Life Eternal). There gather perhaps a hundred families, from all parts of the city and neighborhood. And as I understand it, his relations to them are much like those of one of our Congregational ministers to his flock, — say Haliburton's to his in Cairo, or mine to my people when I was settled in Naguadavick. But this is rather a personal relation between him and these people, who have, so to speak, gravitated toward him. He preaches there usually once every Sunday, and, as I understand it, our practice of exchanging pulpits is wholly unknown. They would be as much surprised, on going into the "Church of Life Eternal," to find any minister but Father Thomas, as they would be, on going into court for the trial of a case, to find that the counsel they had engaged had made an "exchange" with some other man, who had come to plead in his place. As I have said, the service here seems to be regarded, at law at least, as a secondary part of the matter. This Church of Life Eternal is regarded as in a thousand ways responsible for a whole *νομός* or territorial district, in one corner of which, indeed, it stands. It is exactly like the theory of our territorial parish; but they do not use the word "parish," *παροικία*, or rather they use it for a different thing. Everybody in the nomos of "Life Eternal," numbering say four hundred families, is under the oversight, not so much of

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Father Thomas, as of all the committees, visitors, deacons, deaconesses, and people with names unknown to me, who are the workers of this church. "Under the oversight" means that this church would be disgraced if there were a typhus-fever district in this nomos, or if a family starved to death here, or if there were a drunken row. It would be considered that the church of the nomos was not doing the thing for which churches are established here.

Father Thomas reminded me that, in the newspaper reports of criminal trials, I always see, next the name of the offender, the name of his nomos, as "South Congregational," "St. Paul's," "Old North," "Disciples'," — "Life Eternal," said he, "if we had been so unlucky. But none of our people have been before the court for thirty-one years. In consequence," he said, "if such a misfortune did happen to us, I should not hear the last of it for a month. Every man I met in the street would stop me to sympathize with me; and I should know that people considered that we had made some bad mistake in our arrangements, if we should have a series of such things happen. Of course, we cannot help people's throwing themselves away. But if it is supposed that, if Christianity means anything, it means that Jesus Christ came to take away the sins of the world; and this church is regarded as his representative, at least so far as that vulgar or concrete form of sin goes which men call crime."

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I take it this arrangement by which a fixed organization is responsible in every locality for the prevention of poverty and the prevention of crime has a great deal to do with the curious insignificance of their criminal business in the courts.

I am terribly tired, but feel as if I understood them a little better than I did yesterday. Χαῖρε.

Monday, 6th. — A busy day; but, warned by yesterday, I have not fagged myself out as I did then. Or, rather, I ought to say, I have taken their advice, instead of living in my own fashion. I am really becoming a Sybarite myself, and therefore sit down here at 9.30 at night, not dead knocked up by the day's work, as a Yankee would be, and as I was yesterday.

The programme was, breakfast with the boat-builder Pylades; then to go through the schools with Kleone, who takes a good deal of interest in them; to drive and bathe with Philip's people; to dine with the Angelides, — nice people whom I met at the party, Friday, — and with them go to their theatre, where their daughters were to act. All this is over, and I am here at 9.30, as before said.

They make much account of breakfast parties. I noticed on Saturday that the Chief Justice said he liked to see people before they had begun to go to sleep, and that most people did begin to go to sleep at noon. Here was, at eight o'clock in the morning, a charming party, just evenly divided

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between men and women, round a large, circular table, in a beautiful room opening on a veranda. The table blazed with flowers, and even with early fruit from the forcing-houses. I took out Kleone, but the talk was general.

I asked Philip how long his brother would remain in the office of Proxenus. Philip turned a little sharply on me, and asked if I had any complaints to make. I soothed him by explaining that all that I asked about was the term of office in their system, and he apologized.

"He will be in as long as he chooses, probably. In theory he remains in until a majority of the voters, which is to say the adult men and women, join in a petition for his removal. Then he will be removed at once. The government will appoint a temporary substitute, and order an election of his successor."

"Do you mean there is no fixed election-day?"

"None at all," said Philip. "We are always voting. When I left you yesterday afternoon I went in to vote for an alderman of our ward, in place of a man who has resigned. I wish I had taken you in with me, though there was nothing to see. Only three or four great books, each headed with the name of a candidate. I wrote my name in Andrew Second's book. He is, on the whole, the best man. The books will be open three months. No one, of course, can vote more than once, and at the end of that time there will be a count, and a proclamation will be made. Then about

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removal; any one who is dissatisfied with a public officer puts his name up at the head of a book in the election office. Of course there are dozens of books all the time. But unless there is real incapacity, nobody cares. Sometimes, when one man wants another's place, he gets up a great breeze, the newspapers get hold of it, and everybody is canvassed who can be got to the spot. But it is very hard to turn out a competent officer. If in three months, however, at all the registries, a majority of the voters express a wish for a man's removal, he has to go out. Practically, I look in once a week at that office to see what is going on. It is something as you vote at your clubs."

"Did you say women as well as men?" said I.

"Oh, yes," said Philip, "unless a woman or a man has formally withdrawn from the roll. You see, the roll is the list, not only of voters, but of soldiers. For a man to withdraw, is to say he is a coward and dares not take his chance in war. Sometimes a woman does not like military service, and if she takes her name off I do not think the public feeling about it is quite the same as with a man. She may have things to do at home."

"But do you mean that most of the women serve in the army?" said I.

"Of course they do," said he. "They wanted to vote, so we put them on the roll. You do not see them much. Most of the women's regiments are heavy artillery, in the forts, which can be worked just as well by persons of less as of more

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muscle, if you have enough of them. Each regiment in our service is on duty a month, and in reserve six. You know we have no distant posts."

"We have a great many near-sighted men in America," said I, "who cannot serve in the army."

"We make our near-sighted men work heavy guns, serve in light artillery, or, in very bad cases we detail them to the police work of the camps," said he. "The deaf and dumb men we detail to serve the military telegraphs. They keep secrets well. The blind men serve in the bands. And the men without legs ride in barouches in state processions. Everybody serves somewhere."

"That is always the reason," said I, with a sigh, "why everybody has so much time in Sybaris!"

Being so much with Kleone, — spending, indeed, an hour quietly at their house, after our school tramp, and before we went to bathe, — I got a chance to ask her about household administration. I did not know whether things did go as easily as they seemed, or whether, as with most households, when strangers are visiting for a time, they seemed to go easier than they did. But I think there cannot be much deception about it. Kleone is not in the least an actress, and she certainly wondered that I thought there could be so much difficulty. She finally took me out into her kitchen, pantry, and so on, and showed me the whole machine.

I do not understand it a great deal better than I did before. But here are a few central facts. First, no washing of clothes is done in any private

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house. For every thirty or forty families there is one laundry, — λουτρόν, they call it; and the people there send twice a week for the soiled linen, and return it clean at the end of forty-eight hours. Kleone said that these establishments were so small that she knew all the work-people at that near hers; and if she had any special directions to give, she ran in and told what she wanted. Of course they could have all the mechanism they wanted, — large mangles, steam-dryers, folding machines, and so on. Next, I should think their public baking establishments must be better than ours. Kleone no more thought of making her own bread than my Polly thinks of making her own candles. "I can make it," said she, with a pretty air; "but what 's the good (τῷ καλῷ), when I know they do it as well as I?" For other provant, there is the universal *trattoria* system of all Italy, carried on with a neatness and care of individual right, not to say whim, which I find everywhere here.

I took care to ask specially about servants, and the ease or difficulty of finding and of training them. Here Kleone was puzzled. It was evident she had never thought of the matter at all, any more than she had thought of water-supply, or of who kept the streets clean. But after a good deal of pumping and cross-questioning, I came at some notion of why this was all so easy. In the first place, there is not a very great amount of what we call menial service to be done in establishments

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where there are no stairs, no washing, no ironing, no baking, no moving, few lamps to fill, little dusting or sweeping (because all roads and streets here are watered), few errands, and little sickness. But Kleone did not in the least wink out of sight the fact that there was regular service to be done, and that it did not do itself. But, as she said, "as no girl goes to school between fourteen and eighteen, and no boy or girl ever goes to school more than half the time, — as no girl under eighteen or boy under twenty-one is permitted to work in the factories, or indeed anywhere unless at home, — there is an immense force of young folks who must be doing something, and must be trained to do something. You see," said Kleone, "no girl is married before she is eighteen, and perhaps she may not be married before she is twenty-five. From these unmarried women, who are of age after they are eighteen, we may hire servants. And we may receive into our houses girls under that age, if only we exact no duties of them but those of home. Now, if you will think," said she, "in any circle of a hundred people, — say in any family of brothers, sisters, and cousins, — there are enough young people to do all this work you ask about. All we have to do is to exchange a little. That pretty girl who let you in at the door is a cousin of my husband's who is making a long three months' visit here, — glad to come, indeed, for it is a little quiet, I think, at Trœzene, where her people live. I do not pretend to be a notable housekeeper, you

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know; but if I were, I should have any number of girls' mothers asking me if I would not have them here to stay, and they would do most of my dusting and bed-making for me. Elizabeth, whom I believe you have not seen, is the only person I hire, in the house. She will be married next year, but there are plenty more when she goes."

Speaking of Sophia's letting me in at the door, there is a pretty custom about door-bells. To save you from fumbling round of a dark evening, the bell-pulls are made from phosphorescent wood, or some of them of glass with a glow-worm on a leaf inside, so that you always see this little knob, and know where to put your hand.

The plays were as good and bright as they could be. The theatre is small, but large enough for ordinary voices and ordinary eyes. There are ever so many of them. Then the actors and actresses were these very people whom I have been meeting, or their children, or their friends. The Chief Justice himself took a little part this evening, and that pretty Lydia, his daughter, sang magnificently. She would be a *prima donna assoluta* over at Naples yonder. Father Thomas's daughter is a contralto. She does not sing so well. I do not suppose the Chief is often on the stage; but he was there to-night, just as he might be at a Christmas party in his own house. He said to me as he walked home with me: "We are not going to let this thing slip into the hands of a lot of irresponsible people. As it stands, it brings

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the children pleasantly together; and they always have their entertainments where their fathers and mothers do."

A funny thing happened as we left the play. A sudden April shower had sprung up, and so we found the porches and passage-ways lined with close-stacked umbrellas; they looked like muskets in an armory. Every gentleman took one, and those of the ladies who needed. Angelides handed one to me. It seems that the city owns and provides the umbrellas. When I came to the inn, I put mine in the hall, and that was the last I shall see of it. But I have inquired, and it seems that, as soon as the rain is over, the agent for this district will come round in a wagon and collect them. If it rain any day when I am here, a waiter from the inn will run and fetch me one. I shall carry it till the rain is over, and then leave it anywhere I choose. The agent for that district will pick it up and place it in the umbrella-stand for the nomos. In case of a sudden shower, as this to-night, it is, of course, their business to supply churches or theatres.

I have noticed another good thing about umbrellas. A man in front of me that day it rained had a letter to post at a box which was on a street-lamp. If he had had to hold his umbrella with one hand, to open the box with another, and to drop in the letter with a third, it would have been awkward, for he had but two hands. So they had made the cover of the box with a ring-handle,

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he opened it with his umbrella hand, catching the ring with the hook of the umbrella, and posted his letter with his other hand.

Tuesday, 5th. — Fine again. I have been with the boys a good deal to-day. They took me to one or two of the gymnasiums, to one of the swimming-schools, to the market for their nomos, and afterward to an up-town market, to the picture-gallery, *πινακοθήκη*, and museum of yet another nomos, which they thought was finer than theirs, and to their own sculpture-gallery.

As we walked I asked one of them if I was not keeping him from school.

"No," said he; "this is my off-term."

"Pray, what is that?"

"Don't you know? We only go to school three months in winter and three in summer. I thought you did so in America. I know Mr. Webster did. I read it in his Life."

I was on the point of saying that we knew now how to train more powerful men than Mr. Webster, but the words stuck in my throat, and the boy rattled on.

"The teachers have to be there all the time, except when they go in retreat. They take turns about retreat. But we are in two choroi; I am choros-boy now, James is anti-choros. Choros have school in January, February, March, July, August, September. Next year I shall be anti-choros."

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"Which do you like best, — off-term or school?" said I.

"Oh, both is as good as one. When either begins, we like it. We get rather sick of either before the three months are over."

"What do you do in your off-terms?" said I, — "go fishing?"

"No, of course not," said he, "except Strep, and Hipp, and Chal, and those boys, because their fathers are fishermen. No, we have to be in our fathers' offices, we big boys; the little fellows, they let them stay at home. If I was here without you now, that truant-officer we passed just now would have had me at home before this time. Well, you see they think we learn about business, and I guess we do. I know I do," said he, "and sometimes I think I should like to be a Proxenus when I am grown up, but I do not know."

I asked George about this, this evening. He said the boy was pretty nearly right about it. They had come round to the determination that the employment of children, merely because their wages were lower than men's, was very dangerous economy. The chances were that the children were overworked, and that their constitution was fatally impaired. "We do not want any Manchester-trained children here." Then they had found that steady brainwork on girls, at the growing age, was pretty nearly slow murder in the long run. They did not let girls go to school with any persistency after they were twelve or fourteen.

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After they were twenty they might study what they chose.

"But the main difference between our schools and yours," said he, "is that your teacher is only expected to hear the lesson recited. Our teacher is expected to teach it also. You have in America, therefore, sixty scholars to one teacher. We do not pretend to have more than twenty to one teacher. We do this the easier because we let no child go to school more than half the time; nor, even with the strongest, more than four hours a day.

"Why," said he, "I was at a college in America once, where, with splendid mathematicians, they had had but one man teach any mathematics for thirty years. And he was travelling in Europe when I was there. The others only heard the recitations of those who could learn without being taught."

"I was once there," said I. HARVARD!

. . . We bathed in the public bath for this nomos, which is not the same as George's. The boys took me home with them to dine, and George came round here this evening. We have had pleasant talk with some lemon and orange farmers from the country.

I have not said anywhere that their *acquajuoli* are everywhere in the streets; and a little acid in the water, with plenty of ice and snow, seems to take away the mania for wine or liquor, just as it does in Naples. The temperance of Naples is due, not to the sour wine people talk of, for the labor-

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ing men do not drink that, but to the attractive provision made of other drinks. And it is very much so here. These *acquajuoli* are just like those in Naples.

But here no street cuts another at right angles. There is always a curve at the corner, with a chord of a full hundred feet. This enables them to have narrower streets, — no street is more than fifty feet between the sidewalks, — and it gives pretty stands for the fruit-sellers and lemonade-sellers at the quadrants. There is iced water free everywhere, and delicious coffee almost free.

Wednesday, 4th. — As soon as breakfast was over, I went down to Pylades, the boat-builder. I own it, I am distressed to say that he is exactly in time, and the boat, to all purposes, is repaired. She is a much better boat than she ever was before. They know no such thing as a mechanic being an hour late in his performance of a contract. "The man does not know his business if he cannot tell when he will be done," said Pylades to me. And when I asked what would have happened if his men had not finished this job in time, he shook his head and said: "ἀπραγμός. I should have taken from a citizen what I could not restore; namely, the time you had to wait beyond my promise." I said it was very kind in him to count me as a citizen.

As to that, he said ξενία, or the duties of hospitality were even more sacred than those of citizen-

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ship; and he quoted the Greek proverb, which I had noticed on the city seal: Αἰσχύνη πόλεως πολίτῳ ἁμαρτία, — "The shame of the city is the fault of the citizen."

I cannot see that there is any sort of excuse for my loitering here longer than to-morrow. The paint will be dry and the stores (what a contrast to what I sailed with!) will be on board to-night. Among them all, I believe they will sink her with oranges and cigars, sent as personal presents to me by my friends.

Andrew took me through some of the registration offices. They carry their statistics out to a charm; I could not but think how fascinated Dr. Jarvis would be. But they say, and truly enough, that nothing can be well done in administration unless you know the facts. Take railroads, for instance; if you know exactly how many people are going to come down town from a particular nomos, you can provide for them. But if you do not, they must trust to chance. They know here, and can show you, how many men they have who are twenty-three years and seven days old, or any other age; and every night, of course, they know what is the population of the country in every ward of the whole government.

By appointment, I met the Chief Justice as he adjourned the court, and we rode to the Pier for our last bath. Delicious surf!

I asked him about something which Kleone said, which had surprised me. She said no woman was

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married till she was eighteen, and that she might not be till she was twenty-five. I did not like to question her; but he tells me everything, and I asked him. He went into the whole history of the matter in his reply, and the system is certainly very curious.

He bade me remember the fundamental importance, as long ago as the laws of Charondas, of marriage in the state. "The unit with us," he said, "is the 'one flesh,' the married man and woman. We consider no unmarried man as more than a half, and so with woman." Then he went on to say that they had formerly a hopeless imbroglio of suits, — breach-of-promise cases, divorce cases, cases of gossip, and so on, which had resulted in the present system; and, without quoting words, I will try to describe it. Kleone was right. No woman may marry before she is eighteen. They hold it as certain that, before she is twenty-five, she will have met her destiny. They say that, if no gossip, or manœuvring, or misunderstanding intervene, it is certain that before she is twenty-five, in a simple state of society like this, which places no bar on the free companionship of men and women, the husband appointed for her in heaven will have seen her and made himself known to her. They say that there is no unfair compulsion to his free-will if they intimate to him that he must do this within a certain time. If it happen that she do not find this man before that age, she must travel away from Sybaris for thirty

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years, or until she has married abroad. They regard this as exile, which these people, so used to a comfortable life, consider the most horrible of punishments. To tell the truth, I do not wonder. Practically, however, it appears that the punishment is never pronounced. More male children are born into the state than female. This alone indicates that the age of marriage for men must be somewhat higher than that of women. Their custom is, keeping the maximum age of men's marriage at thirty, for the Statistical Board to issue every three months a bulletin, stating what is the minimum age. Just now it is twenty-three years, one month, and eleven days. If a man does not choose to marry here when he is thirty, he spends thirty years in travel, looking for the wife he has not found at home. But, as I say of the women, practically no one goes."

I said that I thought this was a very stern statute, and that it interfered completely with the right of the individual citizen, which they pretend was at the bottom of their system. The Chief Justice said, in reply, that everybody said so. "L'Estrange said so to me in England, and Kleber said so to me in Germany, and Chenowith said so to me in America, and Juarez said so to me in Bolivia. But the truth is, that it is absolutely certain that before a woman is twenty-five, and before a man is thirty, each of them has met his destiny or hers. If the two destinies do not run into one, it is because some infernal gossip, or misunderstanding, or

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ignorance, or other cause, — I care not what, — intervenes. Now," said he, "you know how hard we are on gossip, since Charondas's time. 'No tale-bearer shall live.' What is left is to see that sentiment, or modesty, or self-denial, or the other curse, as above, shall not intervene to defeat the will of Heaven. For in heaven this thing is done. I can assure you," said he, "that this calm, steady pressure of an expressed determination that people shall carry out their destiny, saves myriads of people from misunderstanding and misery; and that, in practice, no individual right is sacrificed. I know it," he added, after a moment, "for I am the person who must know it. It is not true that all marriages are made here by the Lord Chancellor, — as Dr. Johnson proposed. But it is true that I send into exile the people who will not marry. How many do you think I have exiled, now, in thirteen years?"

I guessed, for a guess' sake, five hundred.

"Not one," said the Chief Justice. "No, nor ever seemed to come near it but once. Every three months there is a special day set apart when the Statistical Board shall send me the lists. For a fortnight before the day there are a great many marriages. When the day comes, I go, Colonel Ingham, into an empty court-room, and sit there for three hours. No officers of court are permitted to be present but myself. Once it happened that when I went in I found a fine young officer, a man whom I knew by sight, sitting there waiting

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his sentence. I bowed, but said nothing. I took my papers, and asked him if he would come in again at eleven. At half-past ten came in a woman whom I had watched since she was a child, one of those calm, even-balanced people, who are capable of blessing the world, but are so unselfish that they may be pushed one side into washing dishes for beggars. She had her veil down, but walked to the bench, and laid her card before me. I pointed her a seat, and went on with my writing. As the clock struck eleven, I asked her to excuse me for a moment, and I withdrew. I stayed in my private room an hour. I came back at noon, — and my lieutenant-colonel and my queenly Hebe were both gone. It was the victory of a young love. He had worshipped her since they were at school together, and she him. But some tattling aunt — she died just in time to save herself from the galleys — put in some spoke or other, I know not what, that blocked their wheels; she had calmly said 'No' to a hundred men, and he had passed like a blind, deaf man among a thousand women. Both of them were ready to go into exile, rather than surrender the true loyalty of youth. But I had the wit to leave them to each other. They were married that afternoon, and all is well!"

And to-morrow night I shall be jotting my entries here as the sea pitches me up and down in the gulf. When shall I see all these nice friends

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again? I feel as if I had known them since we were born. I cannot yet analyze the charm. I believe I do not want to. They certainly do not pretend to be saints. They have rather the complete self-respect of people who do not think of themselves at all. The state cares for the citizen, and for nothing else. There is no thought of conquest; nay, they court separation from the world outside. But, on the other hand, the citizen cares for the state, — seems to see that he is lost if this majestic administration is not watching over him and defending him. Because the law guards their individual rights, even their individual caprices, there is certainly less tyranny of Mrs. Grundy and of fashion. But yet I never lived among people who had so little to say about their own success, — about "I said," "I told him," or "my way," or "I told my wife."

When I spoke to the Chief the other day of their homage to individual right, he said they made the citizen strong because they would make the state strong, and made the state strong that it might make the citizen strong. I quoted Fichte: "The human race is the individual, of which men and women are the separate members." "Fichte got it from Paul," said he. "If you mean to have a sound mind in a sound body, you must have a sound little finger and a clear eye. But you will not have a clear eye, or a sound little finger, unless you have a sound mind in a sound body. Colonel Ingham, — Love is the whole!"

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It has been a pretty bleak evening. I have been running round with George to say good-bye. Kleone asked me, so prettily, when I would come with Μαριάδιον. It was half a minute before I reflected that Μαριάδιον is Greek for Polly.

Thursday, 3d Kal. Θαργηλ. — At the boat at 8.30. The old man was there without the boys. He said they wanted to stay here.

"Among the devils?" said I.

The old man confessed that the place for poor men was the best place he ever saw; the markets were cheap, the work was light, the inns were neat, the people were civil, the music was good, the churches were free, and the priests did not lie. He believed the reason that nobody ever came back from Sybaris was, that nobody wanted to.

The Proxenus nodded, well pleased.

"So Battista and his brother would like to stay a few months; and he found he might bring Caterina too, when my Excellency had returned from Gallipoli; or did my Excellency think that, when Garibaldi had driven out the Bourbons, all the world would be like Sybaris?"

My Excellency hoped so, but did not dare promise.

"You see now," said George, "why you hear so little of Sybaris. Enough people come to us. But you are the only man I ever saw leave Sybaris who did not mean to return."

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"And I," said I, — "do you think I am never coming here again?"

"You found it a hard harbor to make," said the Proxenus. "We have published no sailing directions since Saint Paul touched here, and those which he wrote — he sent them to the Corinthians yonder — neither they nor any one else have seemed to understand."

"Good-bye."

"God bless you! Good-bye." And I sailed for Gallipoli.

Wind N. N. W. strong. I have been pretty blue all day. And the old man is too. It is just 7.30 P. M. The lights of the Castle of Otranto are in sight, and I shall turn in. Χαῖρε.

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HOW THEY LIVED AT NAGUADAVICK

FROM REV. FREDERIC INGHAM'S PAPERS

I

NAGUADAVICK was in itself, of nature, like any other town, only a good deal worse. I mean that the lake took up all one side of it, so nobody could live there. Then on the river front nobody would live if he could. Out on the roads to Assabet and Plimquoddy you could get no water that anybody would drink. So it happened that in the town proper everybody had to live on the north side. This made land there dear, and would have made rents very high if we had not found out a much better way to live, — of which I am now going to give you the history.

"In balloons?"

Not a bit of it. There is no word of nonsense in what I am going to tell you. It is only a thing perfectly practicable in every spirited American town which needs it, and the only wonder is that it was not done in every such town long ago. It has been tried for, everywhere, in a fashion, and it only needs brains, and enterprise, and faith in men, to carry it out everywhere with success.

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It all began at a meeting of their Union. "Trade's Union?" Not exactly. In a Trade's Union only one trade meets. This was a meeting of all sorts of people, with trades and without, with money and without, some with one idea and some with seven, — a union which they used to have in a decent sort of club-house they had. Men and women could go, and did. You played checkers, or euchre, or billiards, — or you went upstairs and danced, — or you read in the reading-room, or you talked in the drawing-room. And in the committee-room there was almost every evening what they called a Section, where something or other was up, — maybe a tableau, maybe a debating-club, maybe a paper on the legs of cockchafers. They called it all the "Union for Christian Work." Well, one night in the committee-room they had had rather a dreary pow-wow about the future of Naguadavick. Pretty much all of them agreed Naguadavick was going to the dogs. They could not raise pine-apples, and it was evidently unhealthy for cats. All the merchants went to Boston for their spring and fall supplies, instead of buying them of each other. The manufacture of horn gun-flints had proved successful, but they cost more when they were made than the stone ones; and, worst of all, as I have remarked, there was no chance for anybody to live anywhere, if the population of the town should enlarge by one. For every house was occupied, and it was known to the presiding officer that at Mrs.

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Varnum's boarding-house the mistress had that day refused to receive a family from out of town because they had eleven children.

So it was generally agreed that Naguadavick was going to the dogs as fast as it could go. I never was in but one thoroughly prosperous town that was not, if you could trust the talking kind.

Meanwhile, in fact, Naguadavick was a driving, thriving, striving, hiving, wiving, and living town of 23,456 people by the last United States census, with "probably at the present time rising 36,000, if only the beggarly and miserly city council had not refused to take a special count when they levied the tax last spring."

Ogden went home from that meeting red-hot, he was so mad. He told his wife all they had said, and said he could not stand it. She said she should not think he could. He said it was all nonsense. She said it certainly was, but she wished he would not swear so. He said he would not again, but it was enough to make the minister swear and burn his books too. She said she hoped the minister would not burn "Consuelo" till she had a chance to finish it. This made Ogden laugh, — it was old Elkanah's nephew: did you know him? and they went to bed. But Ogden was thoroughly mad this time; he said he would not stand it, and he would not have any more such talk at the Union. And he did not. They have talked nonsense there since. But they never

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talked this same nonsense. And this was the way he managed it.

As soon as he had read his letters the next morning at the mill, and had just walked through all the rooms (Ogden made whips for export, — Boothia Felix, — immense demand for sea-horses), he told his boy he should be out for two hours, went across to the offices of the Great Eastern Railway, and charged right in on Greenleaf. Capital fellow, Greenleaf, the best man, I think, and the most spirited and most spiritual, and the most to be loved, of all men I have ever known. Greenleaf had done his letters too, had seen all his heads of department, and he put down the "Advertiser," gave Ogden two chairs, and put his feet in one.

"Why did you not stay in the Section Room, last night?" said Ogden.

"You know," said Greenleaf. "Why — *did* you?"

"Why, indeed," said Ogden again, "unless to see how far the infernal tomfoolery of croaking may lead men. It seems to be literally and really supposed that these people, who have known enough to dam this river, where there is a quicksand bottom, — who know enough to make fine sewing-thread in air so dry that it sparkles, — who know enough to split a flint into ten thousand million billion flinders no bigger than the mustache of a mosquito, — don't know how to live, and will go off to Death's Hollow, because the boarding-houses are full. Jove! Why don't they send us

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all back to the Lincolnshire Fens and to — what you call it — old Brewster's place, Ansterfield — Scrooby — in the edge of York, to-morrow? Why, the monkeys know more, for they know enough, if they can't live in one place, to live in another!"

Thus far, remembering his wife's warning, Ogden went on, and sinned not with his tongue, nor weakened the force of what he said, by any profane exaggeration.

Greenleaf laughed, and said he had not heard so much twaddle as he heard in the five minutes he was there, and Ogden was much comforted.

So soothed, he began again. "Now, Frank, I want to stop all this. If it goes on, it may do serious injury. In the first place, such talk will ruin the Union. Who is going there if that whining, canting, drivelling old fool is going to talk such stuff? What 's worse is, it will get into the papers. They would not put it in the 'Spy;' but old Martin at the 'Courant' is just ass enough to put in something about the decline of our population, and the unhealthy condition of the muskrats who live under the long dike. I had to go round there this morning to stop him off this time. Well, of course, nobody reads their trash; but, after they have put it in a few million times, it gets copied somewhere, and it sticks, and then people will really think this place has gone up, and not an owl or a jackal will come here to rear jackets or owlets!"

"Who is croaking now?" said Greenleaf, laughing. "You did not come here to say that."

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"No," said Ogden, standing up, "I did not." And he walked to the large scale map of the Great Eastern road. "I came here to show you this." And he pointed out a spot eleven miles from Naguadavick, on the line of that road. "What could you buy the Lemon property here for?"

"House and land, — there are four hundred acres; I suppose thirty-five thousand dollars would be the asking price."

"Yes, — and out here, — the Gregory place?"

Greenleaf said that was not worth so much. There was more land, but it was poor land, and the house had been burned down. Ogden said he did not care how poor the land was, and he sat down again.

"Tell your directors to buy those two places to-morrow. If you have not got any money, issue some bonds and get some. Open a new station where the Sudbury road crosses yours. Cut up the nine hundred acres into lots of a quarter acre, a half-acre, and an acre, say, in all, two thousand lots. These lots will cost you rather less than fifty dollars apiece, on the average. Fix the price of each lot on your lithograph plan, and never vary from it. Then advertise that for twenty years you will run special trains in, from your new station, at 6, 6.30, and 7 in the morning, and as many more as you choose, — that you will run them out at 6, 6.30, 7, and 8 in the evening, and as many more as you choose. Not one train shall stop on the way, — and every man shall be in town in twenty-two minutes from the

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time he started. Before you are five years older, if you keep your promises, that station will do a business of two thousand tickets a day, each way. In ten years its business will be five thousand tickets. And your rascally railroad will be blest of men and angels as a corporation with a soul."

Greenleaf laughed, and locked the door. Then he opened a large drawer. "Look here," said he. "When I left you, last night, I came home here and drew out this plan, not for the Lemon place, but for the Chenery farm, which is better. We may take the Gregory property if we like. I have seen the chief, and he says, 'Go ahead.' He says he will take it on his own shoulders, — that the company may not like to carry it long enough. He says he shall lose nothing on the investment, and that it will bring up his stock. And so it will.

"We shall put the lots at twice what they cost us, for there must be a sure profit, and we shall sell them as the Illinois Central sells lots, ten per cent down and ten per cent each year for ten years, on our asking price, without other interest. The company guarantees, as you say, fast trains for twenty years. That will make room for ten thousand people, Elk."

Elkanah was very much pleased, and they went into the detail. His two hours went by very fast, and then he went away. When he had been five minutes gone, Greenleaf sent for him. "Ogden," said he, "don't you think you had better get up a

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little earlier in the morning the next time you advise this road?" Ogden was good-natured, and stood the chaff like a man.

II

As soon as Greenleaf had bought the Chenery farm, and got a bond for a deed of the Gregory property, if he wanted it, he published the details of his plan.

Of course all the croakers were sure it would fail. It had been tried ten thousand times, they said, and had failed. "Canton, East Boston, Mount Bellingham, Hyde Park," said the croakers, who knew nothing at all about the success or failure of either of these enterprises, "when did not this plan fail? People won't go where you want to send them."

"Tell me," said Greenleaf, cheerfully, — he was the only man worth anything who never got mad by any accident, — and this, as above, because he was so spirited and spiritual at once, — "tell me, when this ship has not sailed, if she was built before she was launched? I have heard of old Dutchmen, who built the forecastle of a ship, and launched it, and it went to the bottom,— and of cousins of theirs who built the stern first, and launched that, — and were surprised that it did not sail ten knots an hour. So, I have heard of people who laid out cities on paper for their own advantage, — and forgot the advantage of their settlers.

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And I have heard of railroads who opened stations where no people lived, — and then sold no tickets. I have heard of new towns opened at way stations, — and people did not choose to churn along in snuffy old accommodation trains. But I have never heard of a place where a man was sure of four fast trains every morning and four more every night, that did not fill up in no time."

Down at the Union, one night, Ogden got talking about the new place, and somebody told him the Parisians would not sleep out of Paris. "No," said he, "nor will the people of this place sleep outside of Naguadavick, if sleeping outside means that they are to have no fun out there. If there are to be no parties, no theatre, no concert, no Union, no chance to croak together, nobody is going to live there. That is another reason why you must begin on a large scale. You must have people enough to make it worth Greenleaf's while to run four fast trains for you, morning and evening. If you have them, you will have people enough to persuade Blitz to juggle for you, Mrs. Wood to sing to you, Wendell Phillips and Henry Beecher to lecture for you, and the French company to act for you. The people who will go to this place to live are exactly the sort of people who will put all that thing through. You will have a better public hall there than we have got here." And so, indeed, it proved.

I was at that time the minister of the Sandemanian church at Naguadavick. I believed in

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Greenleaf, and indeed I rather believed in this thing. So I went round one day and asked him if they did not mean to reserve lots for churches, and if they would not let me secure one. "Look at the plan, Mr. Ingham," said Greenleaf. "You will see some red crosses there on half-acre lots, which will be convenient for churches."

I looked, compared, and called his attention to one which seemed to me the best. I said I did not know if we could or would do anything about it, but would they not give us a deed of that lot, on condition we would use it for a house of worship.

"We will give you a deed," said Greenleaf, "on exactly the same terms as we would give the government one for a post-office. Those terms you will find in brief on the plan. That lot is worth one hundred and twenty dollars, and for that sum the Sandemanian Consistory can have it. Look here, Mr. Ingham," said he, "religion, as I understand it, is the most essential reality in earth or in heaven. The institutions of religion, then, as churches or Sunday-schools, will in no wise put themselves on the plane of inferior organizations, as if they must beg for a living or for right to be. They will assert their right. We shall treat all institutions of religion with precisely equal respect. And I believe that the Sandemanians will find it desirable to buy a lot here now, while they can, to build by and by, when they want to."

I told him he was quite right; that the Sandemanian church, at least, was in no position to ask alms

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like a beggar. And so the next Sunday morning I spoke of the thing from the pulpit. I said it seemed to me we ought to secure a lot there before the most available situations were taken up by others. I said that any money I found in the charity boxes that evening after the two services would be applied to this purpose. And, as it happened, I found one hundred and nineteen dollars and nineteen cents there. Polly had eighty-one cents lying by, which she added, and we bought the lot the next morning. A very curious thing followed. The "Spy" and the "Courant" mentioned this fact, and before a fortnight was over the Unitarians, and the Universalists, and the Methodists, and Free Will Baptists, and Orthodox Congregationalists, and Baptists, and Episcopalians, and even Roman Catholics, had each bought lots. "They did not mean," they said, "to have those proselyting Sandemanians stepping in before them." So there seemed to be no danger but Aboo-Goosh, as they called the new town, would have enough religious privileges.

III

Elkanah Ogden talked so much about the "Suburb of Ease" at the Union, and in all social circles, he explained away so many difficulties, and pooh-poohed down so many objections, that he came to be considered as a sort of godfather to the plan; and all sorts of people consulted him about

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it. After the lithographic plans were printed by the Great Eastern, and the demand for their house-lots became very spirited, people began to wake up who had been very drowsy before, or had said it was all nonsense, and that nothing could ever come of it. And all sorts of contrivers came to Ogden with their plans, and bored him awfully.

Among others there came in one day an old farmer, whom Ogden did not know from Adam. But he supposed he had seen him before; so he said, "Good-morning, Mr. Jones. Take a chair."

But the old man said, "My name is not Jones. I live next the Jones farm. My name is Tenny, Elbridge Tenny. I live out in Knox."

Elkanah apologized.

Then the old man said that he had come to talk to him about his place. It was a beautiful farm, he said, sloping down each side of the north branch which ran right through the place. Putting his father's place and his together, and throwing in the jointure property, there was nigh seven hundred acres in all. By this time Ogden understood that here was another man who would like to sell by the foot what had been bought by the acre.

"You see," said the old man, "if you want horse-cars, the grade is beautiful from each side down to the Great Northern Road, and the flat, where the stream bends, is just the place for a station."

"I dare say, Mr. Jones," said Ogden. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Eldridge, I dare say. But all

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this depends on what the 'Great Northern' says. I have never found them very bright, or, which is much the same thing, very humane."

Mr. Tenny said his name was not Eldridge, and Ogden apologized again. Tenny had not been to the Great Northern people; he had begun by drawing out his plan for streets, which perhaps Ogden would like to see. And then he had thought he would come and consult Mr. Ogden before he went any further.

"Well, sir," said Elkanah, "I am very much obliged to you. Now I tell you that your farm may be as beautiful as the Garden of Eden, and as well laid out as Alexander's city in Egypt, but unless the Great Northern does the right thing, which is to say, the handsome thing, you can do nothing with the farm in this way. More than that, Mr. Tenny [this time he was quite correct], more than that, they may be as handsome as — as — the Chevalier Crichton, and if you, up there, are the least bit short-sighted, or try to skin these workingmen whom you want to plant there, the whole thing fails again. As I have said forty times, the enterprise is one combined enterprise, which seeks everybody's good. It seeks the good of the honest day-laborer, who is now paying a dollar a week for his tenement here, it seeks the good of his children not yet born, it seeks the good of the Great Northern Railroad and its stockholders, and it seeks your good. But if any one of the parties undertakes to overreach any of

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the others, the whole thing fails and deserves to fail."

By this time Ogden was unduly excited, and Mr. Tenny was a little alarmed. But he declared that he felt all this also, and only wanted to make a reasonable profit in the business, which he was willing everybody else concerned should share. Ogden cooled down, and told him that the merit of the enterprise was that it offered, not fabulous profit to anybody, but a perfectly steady and sure remuneration, — steady and sure, as he proposed to show. So they walked over together to the house of the president of the Great Northern. It was afternoon, and they knew he would not be at the office. They also knew that in that establishment responsibility was very badly divided, and that he would take it very ill if any such proposal as this were made to any of his subordinates before he had heard of it. In fact, if he could be persuaded, before the week were over, that he had devised the whole thing, that would be best of all.

It was very slow work, and, to a person as impetuous as Elkanah, very tedious. But he kept his temper like a saint, knowing how much depended on that. He let the President ramble off into endless histories of his own former successes in dealings with lumbermen, with politicians, and with owners of water-power, — in all of which, he, being the painter of the picture, came off victorious, and these several lions crouched at his feet.

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After many of these rambles into the forests of facts gilded by memory, he said, well pleased: —

"Then your object is to persuade us to open a new station at the Bates Crossing? We might, perhaps, let the milk-trains stop there, — and the Montaigne special. How would that answer? That would give you two trains in winter, and three in summer each way."

Elbridge Tenny looked round dubersome on Elkanah Ogden, and this time Elkanah blazed away.

"It would not answer at all, Mr. Chauncey. This is one of those enterprises where you must do everything or nothing. The railroads of this part of the country have steadily cut off their best revenue — the most reliable because not subject to competition — by that policy of leaving their suburb travel to their accommodation trains. Unless we can have at least three morning expresses and three in the evening, we can do nothing."

It was a wonder Mr. Chauncey did not faint away, or show them the door as madmen. But Ogden had expected, even had intended, this surprise.

"The people who are to come and go on these trains, Mr. Chauncey," said he, "are not women going a-shopping, to whom ten minutes more or less is of no account. They are not even bank clerks, or dry-goods dealers, to whom all is gained if they are on the street here at nine in the morning. We want to provide for the day-laborer, who

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must get to his work at eight in the winter and at seven in the summer. We mean to have him, and his employer, as certain that he will be there, as if he had only to walk, in fifteen minutes from his home. You cannot give him that certainty, if he must wait till your Montaigne train has made its connections above, and come down to Bates's. Besides this, we want to promise him a seat sure, — while he goes and while he comes. He must not be dependent on the chances of your up-travel. And when he takes his nap, — if he chooses to, riding out, — he is not to be waked at six or eight way stations. He is to be put through."

Mr. Chauncey smiled, — sublime, amused, and incredulous. But the smile faded when Ogden proceeded: "These fast trains are promised by the Great Eastern for the next twenty years, to people who take lots at Aboo Goosh, and that is the reason that they have already sold seven hundred lots. Offer nothing but way trains, stopping at all your near stations, and Mr. Tenny here need take no trouble about surveying his lands. He will not sell five acres!"

The President became more thoughtful at this. "Have you thought what you should offer us?" said he; "what bonus would be reasonable to induce us to try the experiment? We might put on one express for three months, and see how it would work."

"And you would not have passengers enough to pay for your oil," replied Elkanah. "No, Mr.

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Chauncey, it is a twenty years' business, or it is nothing, that we propose to you. There is nobody now at Bates's but Mr. Eldridge here, and he and his family will not want many tickets. This business is to be made. When it is made, it is sure."

"And what inducement do you suggest?" said the President again, blandly.

"Simply what I have named. Mr. Eldridge here will be glad to sell you land for your station, at exactly the same price that he will sell me mine for my cottage, or the Widow Conley for hers. On the other hand, if he sells his two thousand lots, and see his two thousand houses go up in the next ten years, you can guess how many tickets you will sell daily."

"But they are tickets sold at a reduced price," persisted Mr. Chauncey. "I hate these excursions!"

"Pardon me," said Ogden, "there is no reason why you should put them at a reduced price. Put them at the price that will pay you best on the whole. Only announce the price before Mr. Tenny [name right this time] puts a surveyor on the land, and never change it for twenty years. The system is everything."

"Where is not the system everything?" said the President, pleased with himself for saying something. And he promised to think of it carefully, for in three hours he had really got interested in the prospects the plan unfolded, and his visitors withdrew.

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Two days after, Mr. Chauncey went down to the office and had a long talk with Plinlimmon, his superintendent, and Pariss his treasurer. Plinlimmon was fretting to death, as he heard from day to day about Aboo Goosh, and thought what golden chances the Great Northern was losing. But he knew it would be madness for him to broach any such plan. Imagine his relief when, after infinite preface and explanation, Mr. Chauncey told him how he had been long wishing that they might build up a local business of their own, so that they should not be so dependent on those cut-throats of the Mad River line and the Canadian connection; how he had turned over many plans, and finally had concluded that if they established a station with several fast trains, say at Bates's cross-roads, they might build up really a large town there; how he had talked with that Mr. Tenny, whom they had to compromise with, about the land at the Sias cutting, and found him well disposed to such an undertaking; and, in short, how he, Chauncey, had now come down to talk it over with him, Plinlimmon, and him, Pariss, and if he, Pariss, and he, Plinlimmon, saw no objections, which did not occur to him, Chauncey, he, Chauncey, believed he should send Mr. Stephenson up to make a little survey, and should bring it before the Board the next Monday. The two young men were immensely interested, immensely sympathetic, asked very intelligent questions, proposed very modest objections, and were then driven from these objec-

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tions; and by the time Mr. Chauncey left them, he was satisfied that he had planned the village of Rosedale, at least five years ago. He had left its name to Mrs. Chauncey, and this was her selection.

As for our other railroad, — the Cattaraugus and Katahdin, — it never occurred to anybody to suggest anything to any of their people; and they have never had a fast special train from that hour to this, nor ever will. The only thoroughly original thing they ever did was to pay in currency in Naguadavick the interest they had promised to pay in gold in London.

IV

It was astonishing to see these two towns grow. You see, it was not the ordinary speculation of selling house-lots to other people, while you do not go yourself to live there. But both towns were based on that ingenious Vineland principle. It is the principle on which Uncle Sam sells his farm-lots at the West. The price of the lots, once established, was established forever, so far as the first holder went. Of course they became more valuable every day. Of course every man who bought one whispered to his next friend that there was an admirable chance next him, if he only seized at once. Everybody tried to seize at once, and Aboo Goosh and Rosedale were soon alive with the hum of the hammer and the buzz of the mortis-

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ing-machine. By the time we dedicated the Sandemanian church at Aboo Goosh, and that was really as soon as we could get up a respectable church edifice, there were five hundred houses inhabited there. In two years more there were two thousand.

Anybody will understand how the people with comfortable incomes lived there. That sort of people live outside the towns they work in everywhere. London, Boston, New York, all places of size, let the men who receive salaries, and who begin to work at nine in the morning, live in their suburbs, — and they all know how to provide for that class of people. The good fortune of Naguadavick was, that in these Aboo Goosh and Rosedale enterprises we provided for the day-laborers also. The people who worked in the mills, the mere diggers and builders, who had to stand in rows to be hired on the blind side of the Phenix Bank, opposite the Common, the women who sewed in the cloak-shops, — all found it cheapest and best to live in the country, and to do their work in town.

I had myself to leave Naguadavick when these towns had been four years under way. I left it for no fault on either side, but in consequence of an unfortunate misunderstanding and *émeute* at a public meeting, called for the purpose of teaching the children to hold their knives better at table. But up till that time I was intimate in both these new towns. And I may close this account of them with the notes of my last visit in Rosedale.

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I called there on an old parishioner of mine, named Mary Quinn. She hailed originally from Carrick-on-Suir, but had married Michael Quinn, who was from a village just outside of Tipperary, some years before I knew her. She had six or eight children here, and two in heaven. I hunted her up in Rosedale, — found her a mile from the station, on the horse-railroad. They had a regular system of horse-railroad tracks there, that virtually passed every man's house. There was a nice garden round the house, of half an acre, — no fence, which seemed odd; but there was hardly a fence in Rosedale. They had some side hedges, but made up for stronger fences by strict cattle laws. The house itself was a clever story-and-a-half house, such as costs in a country town five hundred dollars. I found this had cost Quinn rather more than seven hundred. The lot had cost him seventy-five. He had paid for that clear, with money he had in bank. He and his wife had paid a third part of the cost of the house, and there was a mortgage on it of four hundred and sixty dollars. Their Savings Bank there took such mortgages, if they knew the people. The truth was, that the land was worth now ten times what the original price was.

"Well, Mrs. Quinn," said I, "I am glad to see the little girl so nicely."

The child, when I saw her last, in one of our back streets, had been white and puny, worrying along with the relics of scarlet fever. She was

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now rugged, sunburned, freckled, and looked as if she would like to eat a tenpenny nail.

"Indade she is, your Riverince, and it is hard to say why, for the medicines are all gone, and we have not sent for the new doctor since we came here."

This was a stroke of humor on Mrs. Quinn's part. She knew well enough that her children were growing up to a constitution like her own because they were growing up in the same way as she did.

"But the boys, your Riverince, they are the handsomest sight, if you could only see them. They're all gone now for blackberries, — or for I don't know what; for, indeed, the fields here are not like what we had at Carrick-on-Suir, — but they are grown so big and so brown that you would not know them."

"And how does there come enough to eat, if they are so big and hungry?"

"There, again," said she, with the pride with which the hunter praises his hounds, and the farmer his grounds, and the bishop his lawn. She flung open the door of the neat kitchen we were sitting in, and pointed to the well-hoed potato-patch behind the house, and to the rows of comely cabbages behind them, — as if she had compassed sea and land, lived at the Five Points and in North Street, and now in Back-street-court-place in Naguadavick, not in vain, if she could only have her own potatoes at the last. Of them she said nothing; but, with that speaking wave of the hand

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which would have become Rachel herself: "And the milk, your Riverince, which cost us ten cents a quart in town, is only six cents here. Half the neighbors have cows, and it is handier for them to let my boys milk for them, and pay them in milk, than to hire for money. For they don't all have boys as fine as mine," said Mary, who had her weak points, like the rest of us. "For butcher's meat we have more than ever, and it costs us less. Two pigs my man brought up last year on the place here, and though they said the pork was not the fattest, it made a big place in the bill anyway, for the butcher allowed us all it was worth, or he said he did, and surely that was a good deal more than nothing."

Then I cross-questioned Mary about their social life, tried to make her own that she felt the want and the excitements and amusements open to her in Back-street-court-place; but there was no craving for their flesh-pots. Pretty clearly, her "man" was more of a man here, and she was more of a woman. Why? Why, because they held Real Estate. Real very emphatic, and with a very large R, — and Estate with a very large E. What is it Jupiter ordains? I am writing at No. 9, in the 3d range, and must quote from memory: —

"The day
That makes a man a slave takes half his life away."

Well, he might have added, if it were he, and I believe it was not, he might have added: —

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"When he can
Say, 'This lot of land is mine,' he 's twice a man."

There is no need to be sentimental about it, but that is the living fact. The glory of New England as she was, was that every man was a freeholder.

"My man," said Mary, affecting not to boast, but really running over with pride, "my man does not have much time for the garden. He just cuts at the trees a little, and looks at the boys' work, and taches them a little about the pig; but after supper he has to dress himself and go to the meeting of the co-operative store, where he is manager, or he sings in the bass in the International Club, or he takes his turn on the sanitary committee of the Union." Poor Mike, too, then, he had come to enjoy the sweets of "eventful living," and his wife had come to the pride of having her husband "sought-arter," second only to the pride of being "sought-arter," herself, in the not forgotten days of seventeen.

Boys and girls both might now be trusted outdoors; and outdoors was a joy and delight to their mother as to them. There was no longer the horrid watch and anxiety there had been in the wynds and courts of the city. Every summer the large market farmers who surrounded them at Rosedale were glad enough to hire the children on jobs to pick peas and beans and the small fruits; and, in fact, we got our vegetables the better in the city market, because we had sent, not an orna-

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mental, but a working population, to our suburbs. It was their gain, and it was ours too.

Mary's grandest moment was when she asked me to tea. When I got up to go she said, with a reality far beyond any of the tones of artificial civility, that I must stay to see the children and take a cup of tea. In Back-street-court-place she would have welcomed me had I looked into the crowded kitchen parlor bed-room at tea-time, but had I come in before tea-time she would no more have asked me to stay than she would have asked me to hear her square the hypothenuse. But now I should not see the children, nor Mike, she said, unless I stayed to tea. And she was sure I should be late at home, which was true; and I was glad I stayed, because I saw the children, which was best of all.

In they came, clattering and explaining, — the youngest first, by some miraculous law, then two or three of the biggest, then a miscellaneous assortment, wound up with him, always the last, who had on this occasion got into the brook, and brought in his shoes in his hand. Clattering and enthusiastic were all the party, each telling his part of the story on a somewhat high key, and all explaining about the quantity and quality of the berries, which were indeed manifold. Mary sympathized, applauded, wondered, and quieted, tried to bring them to consciousness that the old minister was there, promised that they should have the blackberries for tea and for breakfast, bade Phelim and

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Owen go quick for the milk, whispered to Mary Ann that she was to run to the baker's and buy some tea-cakes, and bade the others go quick to their rooms and wash themselves and brush their hair that they might be ready.

Their rooms! Why did not she say their thrones or their palaces? Heavens! had not I seen all those children lying asleep together in one room, fifteen feet by twelve, in which all the cooking of that family had been done that day, — all Mrs. Aminidab Johnson's family washing done, — and in which the white muslin dress that Selina Johnson wore to a birthday ball the next night was ironed while those children slept, so that Phelim and Owen might carry it home in the morning? Such, dear reader, is the stowage in every Back-street-court-place within half a mile of where you read these lines! Their rooms, indeed!

"And come into the sitting-room yourself, 'your Riverence,'" continued Mary. "I would have asked you in before, but it seems more sociable here, and more like old times." Nor had she reason to apologize for her well-blacked Banner, her neat kitchen table, and brilliant tin ware, nor for the pretty garden view before which I had been sitting. But I went into the sitting-room, knowing I must be out of the way now while she "got tea."

Reader, I have taken tea with that same woman's sister Margaret in the cabin both were born in, outside Carrick-on-Suir. It was a stone cabin with a mud floor; a partition of board partly separated

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us from the pig, who had the front of the doorway, but who was visible to the inquiring eye. I made my call at twilight, and found Mary's nieces and nephews seated on low blocks, or on their heels, looking in the fire of peat. One of them ran for Margaret, to whom I had come to bring a message three thousand miles, from Mary. Instantly, when she appeared, had a troop of ravens been sent out to borrow tea and sugar, that I might feast; instantly had two oat-cakes been set up against the stones on the hearth; soon had the kettle boiled and the tea been ready, and then we had all repaired into Margaret's bedroom, — size, as I live, six feet by five, — my Reverence carrying with me the only chair in the house, while John, the husband sat on the bed, while the tea-pot and oat-cake smoked at the little table, and Margaret, having in fact nothing to sit upon, stood and served. That grandeur of one chair, borrowed tea, and a barefoot life by a peat-fire was what this Mary Quinn was born to. Yes, and for my notion, I think it was better for her and her brothers and sisters than the tenement life, upper story, three flights, in Back-street-court-place, where the children feasted and slept in the corners left by Mrs. Johnson's and Selina's spotless drapery. But to be ushered out by this same Mary, not into the five-foot-six bedroom, to feast from a groaning taper-stand, but into the comely sitting-room, — with its six painted chairs, its sofa and ornamented centre-table (shade of Saint Patrick), its portraits of Dan O'Connell,

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Theobald Mathew, George Washington on his death-bed, and framed testimony of membership of the Siloam Division; to see the cheer and joy with which that woman remembered that she was not living either in a pig-sty or in a barrack, and the sweet saintliness with which she thanked God that she was not; — to see this, and to know this, and to remember this, was to make Rosedale glow indeed with the true roseate hue. I should not have selected the pictures, or furniture, but she had. They were her taste, if not mine, and there was the glory. "Excuse me for a moment," said the matron; "Honora will be downstairs presently," and retired, intent on hospitable cares. I had enough to think of to make it unnecessary for me to read the last "Harper," or Mr. Hoadley's "Genghis Khan and his Coadjutors." I only had the "Harper" in my hand that I might not seem neglected when my pretty little Honora came in.

And that was really the same child whom I had seen faded and dead in the alley-ways of the town! She remembered the things she said then, and had the book Polly gave her then for a Christmas present. The same child? What one thing in her was the same? This nut-brown face against that limy-white skin, these hard round arms against those skinny fagots of muscle and tendon, this modest, simple look against that eager, inquiring, dissatisfied, anxious glare! And when I talked with her (the child knew me as well as she knew her father), — when I talked with her, here

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were undertakings, and friends, books, walks, collections of butterflies, a party to Mount Greenback, a picnic at Paradise, — all this against the stupid town life of such a child, who has gone to school and come back if she is good, and gone again and come back again; but to whom one day has been as another, because her mother cannot trust her much in the streets, and there is for her no possibility of society in its forms of simple, light-hearted pleasure! Dear reader, if you care to go into Back-street-court-place in Boston or in New York, you may find as many hundred Honoras as you choose, who never saw the sea on the beach, never picked shell from sand, never planted seed in ground, never watched bird's nest on tree, never crunched moss with foot, never sailed chip on stream, never hunted butterfly over grass, never rested under shady tree, never waded across mountain-brook, never picked berry from bough, never ate peach or pear, never rode on horse or ass, never sat in wagon or sleigh, never enjoyed one of the little pleasures which are as the daily food of your children, which they think of so little that they are begging you to-day for something more, because these are things of course to everybody.

So, you see, Honora was herself the heroine of a romance to me. There is the reason why I read so few novels, dear boy; it is because I see so many. And here comes in the great shy Frederic, — my Riverince's godson, — who has endued him-

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self rapidly in his Sunday jacket because of my staying to tea, and who is shy and ill at ease both because I am there and because he has on the jacket. But I administer a story of the good fortune of Dick McKelvy, who has gone to Mexico with the army, and I show Fred a burning-glass of a pattern he has never seen, and he becomes communicative. Can it be possible! This godson, who was erst a little wild, you must know, — who really, if you will not mention it, got into the lock-up one day because he threw marbles at an auctioneer, and, which was ten thousand times worse, at the common law, slapped the policeman who tried to stop him, — this godson, for whom I then and there had to go bail that he should keep the peace of the State, else he would have been sent to the house of correction, — this wild godson of mine is the most sedate, if the most enterprising, of human beings. He has formed alliance, offensive and defensive, with Hod Bates (Hod is short for Horace). "You know Hod Bates?" My Reverence had not that pleasure. "Well, Hod is a first-rate fellow, and his father owns a saw-mill up at Number Nine and two townships in the Seventh, and Hod is going up with the men next winter to take care of one of the camps, and he has asked his father to let me go up and take care of the other; and if he likes and I like, I am to have a chance at the mill when it begins running in April, — the fellow that is there now is going to Illinois," &c., &c., &c. Fred is on a larger stage

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now, and the accumulated steam which erst fired marbles, as from a Perkins gun, on my excellent friend Cunningham with his hammer, is now to drive the mill which is to cut the plank, which is to lay the floor of the court-house, in which you, my dear Frisbie, are to lay down the law which is to save from ruin these States in all coming time! This is the house that Fred built!

A slight commotion, and it is announced that Mike's train passes the window. Ten minutes more (for the horse-cars are not Metropolitan, let us be thankful), and Mike's step is heard at the side door. Two minutes for a second wash, for brushing the hair even with Methodistical precision, and for a Sunday coat, and Mike emerges into the sitting-room. His ride out of town has been his visit to his club-room; he has picked up all the gossip of Naguadavick and of Rosedale. He tells me more news than I have heard in a week, and does the honors with infinite volubility. Thirty seconds more, and Mary's tea-bell rings. That Mary Quinn should need a tea-bell! that the little hawks are not sitting on their perches waiting to descend on the visible meal! And we go in to sit, not on the bed of her bedroom, but in the neat kitchen, at her pretty table, where everything, dear Amphitryon, is served a great deal hotter from the stove than you will ever have it in your palace, for all your patent contrived double dishes and covers, and for all your very noisy dumb-waiters.

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On that hospitable meal let the curtain fall. It was the eaters, not the eaten, that had the fascination for me. As it happened, it was only the day before that I had walked through A Street in South Boston. It was vacation, and the wretched Irish children were sitting on their haunches as Baker describes the Abyssinians, looking across the street at nothing with their poor lack-lustre eyes. What should they do? Mr. Nash had given them baths. But they could not swim all day! The city had given schools, but they could not go to school all the year! Poor wretches, — afternoon had come, and supper-time had not come, — what room was there in those heated tenements, — what play for them outdoors? And these miserable, pseudo-Abyssinian children were of the same blood as Phelim and Honora and Owen. Nay, maybe they were their cousins. Maybe; and what is certain, dear reader, is that they were your brothers and sisters, and were mine!

So I drank Mary's tea from her wonderful new service of "chaney." I ate, in the right order, of bread, toast, gingerbread, pie, and tea-cake; I praised the children's berries and had a quart put up for Polly and the children; I kissed the little ones good-bye, I shook hands with the eldest, cried "All right!" to Phelim as he stopped the horse-car, entered it, crossed to the steam station, and in thirty-seven minutes and nineteen seconds, from house to house, I was at home in Polly's arms.

They did not sell season tickets on the Great

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Northern; they sold package tickets, and for his six hundred and twenty-four passages yearly Mike had to pay sixty-two dollars and forty cents. His interest money on his house was forty-six dollars and fifty cents. These two amounts made one hundred and eight dollars and ninety cents a year against the three dollars a week which Mike used to pay for two nasty and deadly rooms over the open drain in Back-street-court-place. He had, thrown in beside, the steady improvement in his property, his children's health, the value of their work, as it appeared in the garden and the results of the garden, and, above all, the feeling that no man was his master, that he was independent, was subduing the world, and in short was one of the governing classes. Mike was not the only workman in Naguadavick who saw the advantage of that line of life.

"This is certainly better," I said to myself, as I rode into town, "than having to crowd Mike and Mary and their friends as we did five years ago. All our ministry at large, and all our home missions, and all our provident associations, and all our relief organizations, and all our soup kitchens, were but a poor apology for such a success as this. We are getting back here on the true American principle, 'where every rood of ground maintains its man,' woman, and child, — nay, is it not the principle of the prophet: 'Every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree'?"

"We must have land enough too," I said. "In

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a circle of fifteen miles' radius around Naguadavick there are about four hundred and fifty thousand acres. So many acre homesteads, supposing an acre were the average. That gives homes for two million persons, and Naguadavick will not need two million inhabitants, while there are only one million people in the whole State."

And so I returned home.

To live thus, near Boston, and to let our laboring men live thus, we need to provide for the laboring men as carefully as we have already provided for the men who live on salaries. For this, we need express trains from points so distant that land is yet cheap. And we need unswerving regularity in the administration of these trains. These requisites granted, such an arrangement becomes a blessing to Boston, to the neighborhood, to the laborer, and to the railroad or common carrier, who intervenes among them all.

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HOW THEY LIVE IN VINELAND

VINELAND is a village of about three thousand inhabitants, closely surrounded by farms, where there reside nine thousand more, thirty-five miles from Philadelphia, on the way to Cape May.

Eight years ago no person lived in the village thus occupied at the present time (1869) and hardly six families on the lands now used for farms.

No extensive manufacture has called these people together. There has been no discovery of mines, mineral spring, or other marvel. The railroad gives them no new facility, or any which is not shared by a dozen other places. Nor is the soil any better than in a hundred others.

Vineland has become what it is, a busy, thriving place of twelve thousand people, by the steady development of two or three simple principles, which might be tried anywhere, if there were a scale sufficiently large for the experiment.

I contribute to this book, therefore, a brief study of these principles as they have been illustrated by the growth of Vineland. For I believe that in the

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application of such principles to the settlement of small towns as cities of refuge near our large cities is the salvation of our large cities to be found. I believe these principles are of general application, and that the success of Vineland need be by no means exceptional. They are substantially the same principles which, in the sketch here attempted of the life of the people of Naguadavick, are relied upon for the success of the colonies which they established in their railroad villages. As I am well aware, however, that the possibility of founding such villages on these principles will be doubted, I am glad to sustain it by a sketch of the origin and success of Vineland. I ask any person who is incredulous to go and visit that town.

First, and chiefly, Vineland relies — as the imagined towns of Rosedale and Aboo Goosh rely — on what I may call the natural passion for holding LAND, and the beneficial effects of FREEHOLD on the Freeholder. We have forgotten these effects in America, simply because land was to be got for the asking in our fathers' days, and is to be got for the asking now in many regions. Therefore, in a social condition formed by men who were almost all freeholders, we neglect the advantages of FREEHOLD as we do those of air, water, light, and the salt sea. But, as we pile people together in cities, — as we separate them from their mother earth, — as we make them tenants of one and another landlord, we do our best

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to unmake the virtues of two centuries' growth, which sprang from the holding of one's own home in fee-simple. The freeholders of New England, in 1775, were a different race of beings from the privates in the English regiments under the command of General Gage whom they met in battle. The institutions which they made, when they established, in 1780, the Constitution of Massachusetts, — and when they established afterward the other constitutions which on that were patterned, — were all well based on a supposed state of society, where almost every man owned his home, had a stake in the country, as the English say, and had that steadfast desire to improve the town in which he lived, in all of its institutions, which to such *real* estate belongs. Real estate, indeed! It is the only estate which gives man firm foothold. It represents the only wealth which does not easily take wings and fly away!

So long as the American systems are tested in States where most men still have freehold, as in the State of Vermont, for instance, they work as regularly and as precisely as they ever did. Let me copy literally the opinion of one whose opinion in such a matter is worth much more than mine. I take it from a note on my table addressed to me, which I copy literally, only omitting the name of the town in Illinois where it is written. It is from a boy now seventeen years old, who in Massachusetts knew the inside of at least one jail, and was always in hot water.

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JULY 27, 1869.

Mr. Hale Dear Sir i Write these few lines to let you know that i am Well and hope you and your family are the same i have been west onwards two years i have been living on a farm since i came out here i have clothed myself and laid up my money i have been geting $250 a year i have thought of buying a farm and takeing my mother out here if i thought she would come i like this state very well the reason is that a poor man can get a home in a little while if he uses his means proper more so than in the east i wich you would give me some information where my mother is and tell her to write to me as soon as possible as i am anxious about her if you think i am worth noticeing i wich you would write to me as soon as you get this letter and give me some advice on this matter and tell me what you think i had ought to do.

Now that letter is a little deficient in commas, but the spelling speaks sufficiently well for the two or three winters' schools to which this boy was sent in a mountain town in Massachusetts. And I would give more for the letter as an exposition of the real worth of Illinois than I would for fifty "hifalutin" articles in the Chicago or the Springfield newspapers. That Irish boy of seventeen has found the root of this matter. He can get a home in Illinois, though he is poor, and he can send for the half-cracked mother, who spent the best of her life, after her husband deserted them both, in taking care of him.

Land, — or Freehold, — in short, is really a prime necessity. It is necessary that almost every

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man should have a fair chance at Land, — held in his own right, — if you mean to govern America by its original institutions.

Now, if a man means to be a farmer, there is no trouble about his getting this land. Between Lord Ashburton's line on the northeast and Cape Florida on the south, and Nootka Sound and the rest of the Pacific Ocean on the west, there is plenty of land — and the best of land, if a man wants literally to subdue the earth — to raise the food from it for his own household, and to sell to the more civilized lands the surplus he has left. According to the free-traders this is what we all ought to be doing. We ought to stop this singing of songs, wearing of clothes, printing of books, carving of statues, digging in mines, and ought to devote ourselves to the "providential duty" of America in raising breadstuffs and cotton for the rest of the world. But even Adam Smith made books, instead of working at a loom in Glasgow, as by his own theory he should have done. And the good sense of the people of America prefers God's order to the order of the Economists. It prefers to develop each human gift, as it appears, and so to vary human industry that, on our own soil, there shall be fair chance for each class of human power. If Jonathan Edwards happens to be born here, we give him a chance as a metaphysician, though by the theory he should be raising Indian corn. If Allston is born here, we give him a chance as a painter, though he should be

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raising indigo. We once let Eli Whitney try his hand as an inventor, though he should have been laying stone wall in Worcester County, by the theory. By our latitude in that one case we created the cotton crop of America. We let Fulton build steamboats, and Norris and Ross and Winans build locomotives, and De Witt Clinton build canals, and Nathan Hale build railroads, though by the theory all of them should be hoeing, or at the best grinding. And so, after two or three centuries of varied industry, we have a civilization of the highest grade, — wholly different from the low agricultural civilization of Southern Russia, of Poland, and of Ireland. We have millions of people gathering in and near large towns for purposes of commerce and manufacture; and yet we have and we love institutions which are based essentially on the idea that the very great majority of the people of the State shall be freeholders, and shall be controlled, in their motives and in their action, by those considerations which to the possession of Land infallibly belong.

Nobody but Mrs. Partington expects to sweep back these thronging millions from the towns to the prairies by nice little half-column articles in the daily papers, on the joys of Agricultural Life. If the men who write these idyls like the prairies, why do not they go to them themselves? That is the fierce question which young men from the country and young girls from the country ask, — men and girls who have forced their way to the

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large towns and their excitements and occupations, precisely because their own tastes or aptitudes lay in the direction of commerce or of handiwork or of fine art, and precisely because they did not choose to continue in the duties which the life of a farmer compelled. We cannot undo the eternal laws of our civilization. We cannot keep our bread and eat it too. We cannot have large cities, with the stimulus they give in civilization, and at the same time send all our young people to fence in prairies, and raise breadstuffs. The plaintive appeals addressed by those who have got their seats for the spectacle to those who are crowding on the outside — that they will all be pleased to go away — are scarcely heard. When they are heard it is by those who are quite incredulous, though they are told that there is not even standing room within.

I. FREEHOLD is taken for granted in the theory of American institutions.

II. COMPACT CITIES are necessary for modern civilization.

How are these two necessities to be reconciled?

Where the cities are not large the tendency and habit of American institutions asserts itself, and the workmen in the shops of cities are at the same time freeholders in the immediate neighborhood of their work. In the city of Worcester, in Massachusetts, there are about thirty-five thousand persons at the present time, of whom I suppose nine tenths are engaged in manufacture. As in all

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manufacturing towns, the proportion of persons not living in families is large. There were in May, 1868, 9137 men over eighteen years of age. I suppose five thousand of these may have been heads of families. To live in, these families had 3,849 houses, the average number of inhabitants to a house being as low as eight and nine tenths, — singularly low for a manufacturing town. The number of resident persons, firms, and corporations which pay taxes on real estate was as high as 2,924. It would probably be safe to say that in that manufacturing town one half the voters are freeholders, own their own houses and reside in them, having obtained freehold in the neighborhood of their work. A circle of four miles diameter, of which each point would be within two miles of the city hall, would give twenty-four thousand lots of a quarter-acre each, allowing a quarter of the space for roads and parks. On the usual computation of seven persons to a family, a city whose workshops occupied a square mile might give a freehold of a quarter-acre to one hundred and thirty thousand people, all within a mile and a half of the workshop square; and yet no person should live in a house with more than seven inhabitants.

The advantage which newly formed towns like Worcester have in such regards is very great. In old towns like Boston it is very difficult for the laboring man to get freehold near his work; he becomes a tenant, and the tenement-house system comes in, with all its disadvantages.

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But at this point the invention of railroads relieves, or may relieve, the crowd upon the towns.

Any village within fifteen miles of a commercial or manufacturing town is within half an hour of it by express train. Now half an hour between home and work meets the requisition of a laboring man.

A circle of fifteen miles' radius includes rather more than	433.580 acres
Give a quarter of this, or	108.395 "
to roads and parks, and you have left . . for workshops and homes.	325.185 acres

Give eight thousand acres to shops and warehouses, — that is, a block three miles by four miles in the middle of the circle, — and you have left three hundred and seventeen thousand acres. This, if you chose to divide it so, would be a freehold acre-lot for so many families; for a population, that is to say, of two millions and a quarter, none of whom should live in the "business part of the town," none of them in a house of more than seven inhabitants, and each of them with a garden of an acre.

This is the theoretical combination of the advantages of freehold and the advantages of compact cities.

But, as every reader knows, the practice does not approach this theory.

1. In cases of seaboard cities a large deduction must be made for that part of the circle which is covered by water.

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2. The railroad companies in general are compassing sea and land to get another barrel of flour or another passenger from a thousand miles away, unconscious that they can make their richer market at their doors. One passenger from New York is shot into Boston with the highest speed science can give, for a thousand who are left to linger along in the doldrums of local trains. But the time of the distant traveller is not a whit more important than that of the neighbor.

3. The landholder thinks his duty done when he cuts his land into small lots and offers it for sale. The truth is that land of itself is the most worthless of commodities. To induce the laborer from the city to buy the land, many intermediate steps must be taken. Of many of these steps we have valuable suggestion in the experience of VINELAND.

It is perfectly true that in the neighborhood of all large cities may be seen tracts with the lines of paper roads dimly shadowed on them, with one or two cottages ornées tumbling to ruin, which are held up as the illustrations of the failure of efforts to induce laboring men to live in the country. In truth, they are only illustrations of the folly which supposes that, in a country of intelligent men, any man can sell by the foot at high prices what he bought by the acre at low, without doing anything himself to improve the condition of the property.

1. People will not establish themselves in any village of small holdings, unless it is large enough, or promises to be large enough, to give them

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society, and, with society, the amusements, the instruction, and mutual advantages of other kinds which society affords. The town must be large enough for two or three churches at least, for good schools, for public entertainments of different grades, and for the vivacity which belongs to city life, or the laboring men will stay in the city. This requires an enterprise involving at least one thousand families. Six hundred acres of land, at the very least, are needed to offer to each settler the attractions which are indispensable. One or two thousand would be better.

In the establishment of VINELAND, Mr. Landis, the founder, was not looking to draw men out from cities. I suppose he would be quite as willing that men used to city life should not come. He was trying to build up a community of small farmers. But even he saw the necessity of compact village life. The centre of Vineland is a village of six hundred acres, crossed by eight streets, running one way, and in the middle of all, by the broad avenue of which the railroad is the middle; and across the other way by nine streets, with Landis Avenue. The village lots were originally fifty feet wide. Mr. Landis gave land for the erection of churches; and, as he could, encouraged horticultural, scientific, and other societies, which aimed at entertainment and mutual improvement. Outside of this village, Mr. Landis laid off farm lots, from five to twenty acres and upwards, which now cover a tract of more than forty thousand acres.

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I am confident that the success of Vineland is due, first, to the very magnitude of the scale on which it is planned. Most of us would be willing to live in a community of ten thousand people. But it is only exceptional persons who really prefer the solitude of a hamlet of twenty or thirty.

2. The new-fledged freeholder, who has bought himself a half-acre lot in some Mount Vernon or Mount Bellingham speculation near a large city, is apt to find that all the hardships of land-owning come upon him long before the advantages can develop. The day of the auction sale he was quite a hero. He had a free ticket to ride to the spot. He had champagne, crackers, and cheese without charge. He was, that day, the companion and friend of all the directors. The new roads were in perfect order. The trains came and went exactly as the exigencies of the sale required. But before he has owned his land a month he has learned that the fence to it will cost him more than the land cost him. The road has washed badly in a shower, and he cannot find anybody whose business it is to repair it. No grocer is yet established in the neighborhood. And the railroad no longer runs a train in and out when it is wanted. He does not know any of the other new land-owners. He finds that the directors of the land company no longer know him; and that they are naturally quite indifferent to his difficulties. The only new acquaintance he makes is the tax collector, who begins assessing his real estate at the auction

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price. And when he talks with a mason about building, he is told they must begin by digging a well on each of these little lots, for which he begins to think they have all paid very high.

In Vineland Mr. Landis met most of these difficulties in advance, by methods which, as I believe, must be imitated by any one who wishes for success. He went and lived in his own town, and made the establishment of the town his business. There was at least somebody on hand who wanted to have the establishment succeed. By a master stroke of policy, fortunately easily imitated under the law of Massachusetts, he took away all necessity for fencing, by keeping all cattle closely confined. On the other hand, he bound each purchaser to make certain improvements within twelve months; so that there cannot be in Vineland many of the odious empty corner lots, waiting to become valuable, which disgrace most new towns. Among the improvements required of each purchaser was the seeding with grass of the sides of the highway, the planting of shade-trees along the streets and avenues, and a fixed line was given, before which the fronts of the houses must not be carried. By these arrangements alone many of the drawbacks which sicken a new freeholder of his bargain are effectually removed.

If you go to Vineland, you find near the station a decent-looking hotel, which, when I saw it, made no pretence, but seemed comfortable enough, — which is, clearly enough, in the interest of the pro-

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prietor. You enter your name on the book, and before long a man accosts you, who asks if you wish to see the place. If you say you do, he says it is his business to show it to you, and that if you like to take his guidance, he will be ready with a carriage when you say, — without charge to you. Meanwhile you can look at the plans, where you will find the prices of unimproved property marked. He will own that he shall try to make you see the place to advantage, that he has a commission on each sale he makes; but you are of course at liberty to go with or without his guidance. Probably you take his guidance. He drives you up and down well-built avenues and roads, shows you village lots, farm lots, the general plan of the settlement, and answers your questions as well as he can.

You finally think you should like such or such a place which you have seen, and say you will go home and ask your wife. "As you please," says the agent, "but if you buy at first hand you must take your chances. If another purchaser appears to-morrow, why, we shall sell to him." If you agree to purchase to-day, favorable terms are given as to times of payment, which extend over four years; but invariably the conditions which have been alluded to are exacted. No person buys unless he expects to become himself a settler. It is evident, from all conversation with the people of the place, that they have taught themselves to regard any land speculator who comes between

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the original holder and the inhabitant of the land as an unendurable nuisance. But they do not regard Mr. Landis so, I think. Their purchases have made him rich, and they know it. But he has identified himself with the success of the place. He has kept up the highways at his own charge. The business of the town is raising fruit. Mr. Landis appoints an agent who carries all fruit for the settlers to Philadelphia or New York, sells it, and remits the full proceeds to the producer, without any charge on them. This is, of course, in theory, false political economy. But see at how low a charge it encourages the beginnings of the industry on which the town is to rest. Under a similar policy he has borne the principal part of the expense of draining three hundred acres of swamp, from which muck can be drawn for manure, and has given to each settler the privilege of drawing for his own use as much as he needed. During the winter of 1866–67 fifty thousand wagon-loads of this muck were removed thus by the settlers from the lands of the proprietor for manure for their own farms and gardens. I was told that the settlers went with confidence to Mr. Landis as a friend who would pull industrious men out of difficulties. I see that he is an officer in almost every one of the innumerable societies.

In the year 1866 the Agricultural Society paid an aggregate amount in premiums of two hundred and twelve dollars, while the Floral Society distributed in premiums twenty-three dollars.

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In the same year (1866) Mr. Landis distributed the following list of premiums: —

One hundred dollars to be divided in two sums, for the best essay upon the history of the place; to be determined under the supervision of the Historical Society.

One hundred dollars, to be divided in two sums, for the best essay in Prose, and the best in Poetry.

One hundred dollars to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society, to be distributed as premiums for the best specimens in Produce.

One hundred dollars to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society, to be distributed as premiums for the best specimen of Fruit.

One hundred dollars, to be divided into two prize gold medals with proper inscriptions, to the two male and female scholars who shall each be pronounced the most proficient scholar, independent of any other consideration.

One hundred dollars to the two male and female scholars over fourteen years of age, and not over eighteen years of age, who shall each be pronounced the most proficient scholar, independent of any other consideration.

One hundred dollars to the Band of Music, for which they are to give six public concerts, — three in the open air in summer, and three in winter.

One hundred dollars, in two gold medals, with proper inscriptions, to the persons most graceful in and proficient in gymnastics.

Fifty dollars, in a gold medal, to the lady who cultivated the best flower-garden with her own hands.

In addition to the premiums offered by the Agricultural Society in 1867, Mr. Landis offered the following: —

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Twenty dollars and certificate for the best acre of broom-corn.

Twenty dollars and certificate for the best acre of field carrots.

Twenty dollars and certificate for the best acre of field turnips.

Twenty dollars for the best-kept farm.

Twenty dollars for the best-kept orchard, not less than two acres.

Fifty dollars to the lady who cultivates the best flower-garden with her own hands.

One hundred dollars, to be divided between the two male and female scholars, not over eighteen years of age, who shall be pronounced the most proficient scholars.

One hundred dollars, to be divided between the three persons who are the best players on the violin, cornet or bugle, and flute; to be played at the Fair, and decided by the committee.

Fifty dollars to the lady most proficient in gymnastics.

Fifty dollars to the gentleman most proficient in heavy gymnastics.

I may say, in brief, as a summary of this part of my observations on Vineland, that it is the only new place I ever visited where I have found the greater part of the women satisfied. Pioneer life — the establishing of new communities — comes very hard upon the women. The men have the excitement; the women generally have hard work at home without excitement. The men find their society as they do their daily work. The women generally are left alone to theirs. But in Vineland, even when it was but four years old, I found in-

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tense activity everywhere, and I spoke to no woman who was not well satisfied with the social experiment which was undertaken there.

3. It will not unfrequently happen that the purchaser fails to make the improvement to which he is pledged, and that the land therefore recurs to Mr. Landis. In this case, when he offers the land again for sale, he changes the price from what it was, as the circumstances may justify. But in general the price of unimproved land remains unchanged, Mr. Landis relying for his profits on the continual improvements of the settlement, which of course quickens sales, as the population enlarges. What reason he has for such reliance may be judged from the following record of progress.

In 1861 one shanty was built on the new village lot.

In 1862 twenty-five houses were built, a store, and a schoolhouse.

In 1863 one hundred and fifteen houses were built, and at the end of the year three hundred and sixty-nine purchases of land had been made.

At the end of 1864 six hundred and seventy farms had been sold; and on the 1st of January, 1865, nearly two thousand persons attended Mr. Landis's annual reception. As a token of regard they presented to him "Appleton's Cyclopædia."

In 1865 about two hundred buildings were erected, and at the end Mr. Landis had sold about fourteen hundred properties. Nearly one thousand contracts to build were made in this year.

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At the end of 1867 nearly two thousand farms had been sold.

The following table, recently published, shows what various institutions had come into being in this period. Many of these are doubtless larger on paper than anywhere else, still they represent something.

I. Manufacturing Interests.

1. American Building Block Factory.
2. Twelve Stone Quarries.
3. Three Brick Yards.
4. Six Steam Mills, Planing Mills, and three Lumber Yards.
5. Door, Blind, and Sash Factories.
6. Carriage Factories.
7. Saw and Plane Handle Manufactory.
8. Wood-turning and Scroll-sawing Manufactory.
9. Shoe Factory.
10. Pottery and Stone-Ware Manufactory.
11. Straw-sewing Business.
12. Crates and Fruit-Boxes Business.
13. Bookbinding and Paper-Box and Fancy Varieties Business.
14. Clothing Business.
15. Hoop-Skirt Manufacturing.
16. Button Business.

II. Agricultural and Kindred Societies.

1. Vineland Agricultural and Horticultural Association.
2. Ladies' Floral Society.

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[Strawberry Festivals and annual Fair and Exhibition under the auspices of the above.]

3. Pomological Association.
4. Fruit-Growers' Association.
4. Co-operative Association.
6. Landis Avenue Improvement Association.
7. East Vineland Agricultural and Pomological Society.
8. South Vineland Fruit-Growers' Club.
9. Lincoln Mutual Benefit Farmers' Club.
10. North Vineland Agricultural and Horticultural Society.
11. Forest Grove Agricultural Society.

III. 'Change and Business Facilities.

1. Private Bank.
2. Safe Deposit Company.
3. Mercantile Association.
4. Vineland Loan and Improvement Association.
5. Three Post-Offices, one of which does a far larger business than any other in West Jersey.

IV. Temperance and Physical Reform.

¶ Intoxicating Liquors Voted out of Vineland, July 10, 1863.

§ Township law to that effect.

1. Independent Order of Good Templars.
   a. Alpha Temple.
   b. Liberty, Excelsior, Rising Sun, and Koh-i-noor Lodges.
2. Health Association.
3. Phil-Athletic Club.
4. Base Club.

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V. Educational Privileges.

1. Sixteen District Schools, at convenient distances from all parts of the Tract.
2. Four private Schools.
3. Classical Institute.
4. Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Academy.
5. Methodist Conference Seminary, now building, 142 feet long, 56 feet wide at the ends, and 44 feet in the centre. Height from ground to top of cornice, 50 feet. Lofty French roof, spacious cupola, porticoes, piazzas, balconies, &c. Style, — Large Italian (whatever that may be).
6. Societies of Art and Learning.
   - *a.* Vineland Historical and Antiquarian Society.
   - *b.* Pioneers' Association.
   - *c.* Literary Association.
   - *d.* The People's Lyceum.
   - *e.* Hamilton Mutual Benefit Society.
   - *f.* Vineland Library Association.
   - *g.* Harmonic Society, Glee Clubs, and Cornet and other bands, &c.
   - *h.* Dramatic Association.
   - *i.* Social Science Association.
   - *j.* Lectures, exhibitions, festivals, and other varied intellectual entertainments, periodical and extraordinary.

VI. Benevolent Societies, &c.

1. A. F. of A. M. : — Masonic Hall.
2. I. O. of O. F.
3. Philanthropic Loan Association.

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VII. Public Halls, Parks, Squares, &c.

1. Plum Street Hall.
2. Mechanics' Hall.
3. Union Hall.
4. The Park, covering forty-eight acres.
5. Thirteen Public Squares.
6. Siloam Cemetery, covering fourteen acres, beautifully laid out.
7. Public Adornments.

VIII. Religious Societies.

1. Episcopalian. — Trinity Church (Gothic), on Elmer Street.
2. Presbyterian. — Church (Light Italian), on Landis Avenue.
3. Methodist. — Church (Romanesque), on Landis Avenue.
4. Baptist. — Reed's Hall. Large Church (Byzantine Romanesque), now being erected on Landis Avenue.
5. Free-Will Baptists.
6. Sabbatarian.
7. Baptist Congregational. — Church (Italesque), in South Vineland.
8. Union. — Church (Italesque), in South Vineland.
9. Adventist.
10. Unitarian. — Church (Plain Gothic), on Sixth and Elmer streets.
11. Friends of Progress. — Plum Street Hall.
12. Catholic. — Church soon to be erected.
13. Young People's Union Christian Association.

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IX. MISCELLANEOUS.

1. Journalistic.
   a. Two weekly newspapers: "Vineland Weekly" and "Vineland Independent."
   b. One bi-weekly: "Vineland Democrat."
   c. Two monthly: "Vineland Rural" and "Farmers' Friend."
2. Political.
   a. Union League.
   b. Grand Army of the Republic.
   c. Two Campaign Clubs.

The steadiness of the price of unimproved lots is an inducement to every resident to persuade his friends and relatives to come and assist in the enterprise. Almost all settlers, in this way, begin to feel a pecuniary interest in the success of the whole. If a settler and his wife are pleased, — if they see the rapid advance of the value of land, given by some improvement, — they become themselves the best advertising agents; they write to relatives or friends to show to them the advantages of an investment here, and thus add to the growth of the establishment. They cannot invest in unimproved lands themselves without making the required improvements. But they can invite their friends to come and make them, and it is evident, from the rapid growth of the place, that this is what they have done.

That Mr. Landis is himself kindly regarded by the people who have come together in the town

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which he has founded seems evident from the direction which a thousand straws take, blown by the wind of its popular opinion.

4. Early in the settlement of Vineland the people of the town, led undoubtedly by Mr. Landis, determined, with great unanimity, that they would not have the sale of intoxicating liquor, or what they call "saloons," and we call "bar-rooms." They sent out of town the first dealer who sold beer to the boys and wood-choppers, and called a meeting which passed resolutions and formed an organization to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors. This was July 10, 1863.

They then, by a very curious arrangement, petitioned the Legislature of New Jersey to pass a special law precluding the sale of any intoxicating liquor, beer, or wine, within the limit of Landis township. The Legislature did this by a vote of sixty-three to four, on the ground, probably, that the people asked for it, as the State of New Jersey has no such general policy. Each offence against this law is punishable by a fine of fifty dollars or by imprisonment or both.

Of course this peculiarity keeps from Vineland all settlers who wish to have the privilege of buying and drinking liquors in public. There is no restriction on a man's buying liquors elsewhere and bringing them to his house to use. But he must not sell them in Vineland. Mr. Landis, and the great majority of the people there, are very willing to give up any settlers whom they thus lose.

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There is, indeed, in most new enterprises of land-settlement, no lack of openings for them. The result of the policy is shown succinctly in the following report from the Town Constable and Overseer of the Poor, published in the spring of 1869.

As Constable and Overseer of the Poor there are some things in my department which show so conclusively the favorable working of the system upon which Vineland is founded, that I will give the information to the public, so that the facts may be known and the example of this system followed.

The two principles in Vineland which we recognize as uppermost are: First, That land shall not be sold to speculators; second, By the decision of the people that there shall be no grog-shops, liquor saloons, licensed taverns, or lager-beer shops.

What is the practical working of these principles? I will state a few facts which are probably unexampled in the United States, at least. Though we have a population of ten thousand people, for the period of six months no settler or citizen of Vineland has required relief at my hands as Overseer of the Poor. Within seventy days there has been only one case, among what we call the floating population, at the expense of four dollars.

During the entire year there has been only one indictment, and that a trifling case of assault and battery among our colored population.

So few are the fires in Vineland that we have no need of a fire department. There has only been one house burnt down in a year, and two slight fires, which were soon put out.

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We practically have no debt, and our taxes are only one per cent on the valuation.

The police expenses of Vineland amount to seventy-five dollars per year, the sum paid to me, and our poor expenses are a mere trifle.

I ascribe this remarkable state of things, so nearly approaching the Golden Age, to the industry of our people and the absence of King Alcohol.

Let me give you, in contrast to this, the state of things in the town from which I came, in New England. The population of the town was 9,500, a little less than Vineland. It maintained forty liquor-shops. These kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night watchmen, six policemen. Fires were almost continual. That small place maintained a paid fire department of four companies, of forty men each, at an expense of three thousand dollars per annum. I belonged to this department for six years, and the fires averaged about one every two weeks, and mostly incendiary. The support of the poor cost two thousand five hundred dollars per annum. The debt of the township was one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The condition of things in this New England town is as favorable in that country as many other places where liquor is sold.

T. T. CORTIS,
Constable and Overseer of Poor of Landis Township.

5. The aim of Mr. Landis, from the beginning, has been to build up a community of which the central business should be small farming. He has no such aims as had the founders of the villages described in this volume, who wished to make homes for the laborers of Naguadavick. His

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advertisements, his reports, and his plans all refer to the advantages of the place for light farming, or market gardening, or the raising of fruit. To this object he has applied himself, — and in his effort he has succeeded. Of course a great many people are dissatisfied and go away. In the Vineland papers are long advertisements of improved property offered for sale. But this will happen in all new places. The restless people go to them; the restless people leave them. People who succeed in them leave them for a larger field. People who fail leave them to try other circumstances. Indeed, I think I could show that of a given number of persons in a community, even as settled as is Boston, the chances are, taking the average of years, that one twelfth will have removed from that city before one year is over. Vineland is no Eden or Fairyland. It requires work, perhaps as much as any place in the world. But by a few simple arrangements it is made easy for people with small capital to establish themselves there. It follows that large numbers do establish themselves, and that, of those numbers, a large proportion remains. The following letter from a "comparative cripple" — a carpenter-farmer — will show what has been done in a single instance, which seems to be in no way exceptional.

VINELAND, LANDIS AVENUE,
near Main Road, May 6, 1868.

MR. EDITOR, — I have thought that a truthful record of my farming and "getting along" experience generally

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in Vineland would be of some importance, especially as bearing on the prospects of success which have hitherto opened, and still continue open here, to an *industrious* person of *small capital.* To that effect I hereby treat you to the following "fireside talk," which can be any day fully verified by the closest investigation.

I have resided in Vineland for four years. I came here with my family, consisting of my wife, one son, who lost an arm at Gettysburg, and two grown-up daughters, from Canaan, Maine. My occupation there was the manufacturing of bedsteads and general teaming, with some little farming. This brought me in, during six years, an average of one hundred dollars clear annually; but I must say that my ambition was but very poorly satisfied with such small "pay" for very heavy work.

As it happened, my daughter came across a "Vineland Rural." We all perused it attentively, and, after careful deliberation, unanimously decided that we would give a fair trial to Vineland, more on account of our health than anything else, as we had for some time come to the conclusion that a milder latitude than that of Maine would be decidedly beneficial to us all. And I would here say that I was then a comparative cripple, and have been for a long time constantly suffering from a most annoying chronic disease, which all people, professional and otherwise, naturally pronounced irremediable.

Well, I came and saw Vineland, travelled some over the track, investigated, thought, pondered, and finally made up my mind to settle. After paying my debts in Maine, and moving my family here, I found that we had left, in all, two horses and one fifty-dollar bill. But we made up our minds *not* to feel discouraged, come what will. I went at once to work *with my horses,* stump-

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pulling, at four dollars per day. After a while, and by pretty strict economy, I bought the machine, improved it somewhat, and pulled all the stumps put in my way, "on my own hook." As we had in the mean time (as well as for some time after) no house to go into, I hired two rooms at two dollars per week; bought a small cook-stove and a few other necessary utensils; "kept house in a small way," and got along pretty comfortably, on the whole. In a short time, comparatively, I was enabled to pay one fourth cash down; namely, one hundred and twenty-five dollars for twenty-five acres of wild land, five acres on Landis Avenue, on which I reside, and twenty on Chestnut Avenue. Then I bought me another machine, continued to stump for my neighbors and to clear my own land, bought another pair of horses, and also a pair of mules. From then till now, I "kept at it" pretty closely. We all of us lived well enough, got supremely satisfied with the capacities of the soil, raised excellent truck and fruit, and this day I have *all* my land *cleared*, thirteen acres thoroughly stumped, three acres set to grape-vines; three acres in blackberries, two acres in blackcap raspberries, half an acre in Philadelphia raspberries, beside four hundred and twenty-five apple-trees, three hundred and seventy-six pear-trees, twenty peach-trees, with some currant and gooseberry bushes, all in fine growing condition. From what I have tested in the cultivation of sweet and Irish potatoes I have determined to set four acres in each. I also raise every year lots of garden vegetables, — onions, beets, carrots, parsnips, cabbages, &c., — and with this garden produce we are highly satisfied.

My dwelling-house, which I intend to enlarge and trim up generally as we go along, is of wood, sixteen feet

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by twenty-six main building, with an L thirteen feet by twenty-three, all one story and a half. The stables are thirty-six by twenty-eight. And, by the bye, this leads me to state that I intend going into raising grass and hay at no distant day, having already been duly deliberating on *that* subject, as a thing which, by proper attention, will *pay* and *pay well* in Vineland. The nearest calculation I can make, as to what I have done in Vineland, and what Vineland has done to me, is simply this: I know full well, from comparison and the offers which have at times been made to me, that my land and buildings in their present state show a market value of at least Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000), and that my machines, teams, and farming implements are worth at least Two Thousand Dollars ($2,000), making up a total of Twelve Thousand Dollars ($12,000), which I call my Vineland Industrial Luck. In fact, we would *not* by any means sell out at a much higher figure.

I have never found any place like Vineland for an industrial man to get along in. Besides, it has proven itself to my experience and knowledge, to be a very healthy place, particularly in my lung diseases. I am myself, for all my hard work, in a much better condition than I had been for long years before moving here. I need not praise our pure, sweet, soft water. The working season, as compared with that of Maine, is just this: you can work out from May to October, or November, at farthest, in that "upper region;" here you can, on a fair average, improve your land from February to Christmas, and sometimes even to New-Year's Day.

My son and daughters have helped me considerably in work; but *they were all well paid.* In fact, except a little during my first summer here, I have had no work

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whatever done for me which has not been strictly paid for.

My family has not had one single fit of homesickness since we arrived. They are so highly satisfied with Vineland that none of them would leave on any account. Besides, all my children have been well married in Vineland.

There are no two ways about it. A man that has a mind to work, and has some *ambition* in him, will surely get rich, even if partially crippled, and quite as poor as I was when commencing operations here. But if a man will put his little all in a house to begin with, and *will not* keep up his *industry* and *ambition*, why, then he deserves *not* to get rich anywhere, and he has only himself to blame.

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. B. WASHBURNE.

I have said that I know of nothing exceptional in this case. I do not, however, fail to remark, that the name of the writer is that of a family many of the members of whom, when they have emigrated from Maine, have done so to some purpose, for themselves and for their country.

Here is a most condensed statement, from which I have attempted carefully to prune the enthusiastic declarations which old Vineland settlers always make, of how much they like the place. It is the history of a town, which has been made out of nothing in eight years, without remarkable physical advantages. This town now contains twelve thousand people, living in great comfort, none of whom had large means when they went there. It

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is a town which evidently is established, and has remarkable prospects in the future. To speak of a single point only, which settlers will appreciate, — here are two hundred miles of well-built roads, in this little tract of say forty thousand acres.

It seems to owe its growth and beauty and prosperity to a few general principles which might be carried out anywhere. In the statement of a Committee at the Paris Exposition of 1867, which gave Mr. Landis a medal as the founder of Vineland, these principles were stated as four.

I. That the land should be laid out with reference to practical convenience.

II. That it should be laid out with reference to beauty.

III. That societies for mutual improvement and entertainment must be formed, and temperance enforced, in order to promote the physical prosperity and mental improvement and happiness of the people. For this, also, small farming and compact population are considered necessary.

IV. The lands and town lots are sold to actual colonists only.

From these principles spring the details thus described in the same paper by Mr. Landis: —

MATERIAL ELEMENTS.

1. The general plan of laying out the land, by which peculiar facilities were afforded to industrious people to obtain land for homesteads. To accomplish this it was laid out in five, ten, and twenty acre lots and upwards,

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at a small price, payable in one, two, three, and four years.

2. The requirements that the houses in the town plot be set back from the roadside at least twenty feet, and on the farm lots at least seventy-five feet, in order to afford room for flowers and shrubbery.

3. Requiring all colonists to plant shade-trees upon the roadside, and to grass the roadsides.

4. Requiring colonists to build and settle upon their lands within one year, and selling no land to other than actual colonists.

5. The introduction of fruit-growing and the general improvement of agriculture and horticulture.

6. The introduction of American manufactures.

7. The making of roads and other improvements at my individual expense.

MORAL ELEMENTS.

1. The introduction of good and convenient schools.

2. The formation of agricultural and horticultural societies.

3. The formation of church societies, for the encouragement of morality and religion.

4. The formation of literary societies and libraries.

5. The introduction of a new temperance reform, which, in its practical operation, appears to do away with all the evils of intemperance.

To this statement, which includes the secret of the prosperity of this place, I add the following words from Mr. Landis himself.

"The reason why many settlements fail is because the projectors expect to make an easy speculation of them without much labor and time, and

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because they have no definite system which will insure the increase of the value of lands upon the hands of the purchasers, as well as the general prosperity of the settlers.

"No prosperous settlement can be made without the personal application by the proprietor of much care and labor over a period of many years. He must expect to make the enterprise an exclusive and legitimate business."

I believe the last statement to embody a most essential suggestion.

Vineland, in short, is a wilderness settlement in the heart of civilization. You have not to carry your family, your furniture, and your stores a week's journey toward the West. You have not to wait a week for your letters from the home you have left behind. I have never forgotten the moment when I first stepped on the platform of the station there. I was in a new settlement, four years only from the wilderness. The people were that day grubbing up the brush where a new church was to stand, in a spot which but just before had been forest. From the car there landed with me two families of the settlers. A woman with one carried a canary-bird. A man of the other waited at the baggage-car for a mould of Philadelphia ice-cream. They were new settlers, — acting like new settlers. But, if they chose, they had canary-birds and ice-cream as well. The incident suggested to me the contrast between Vineland and a log-cabin in township No. 9, in the seventh range.

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HOW THEY LIVE IN BOSTON, AND HOW THEY DIE THERE

"THERE is not one word in the paper," said Laura, as she threw it over to her husband, both of them sitting on the piazza, above the sea at Manchester. "I do not see why they choose to print so much trash from day to day." So she took up "Littell's Living Age," and began reading some of Crabb Robinson's *bons-mots*.

For fifteen minutes there was silence.

Bernard laid down the paper in his turn. "I hardly see why you say there is nothing in the paper," said he, looking a little pale and worried. "It is true there is no battle, and there has been no accident on the Erie Railroad for three days; but this account of the death of these poor little children, whose fathers and mothers loved them as much as you and I love Ben, is to me as terrible as a battle, and cuts as near home as a railroad smash."

"Children, — my dear child," said Laura, pale in her turn now. "I saw nothing about children. What is it? Whose children were they?"

Bernard read: —

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From Our Own Correspondent.

The mortality of the infants in Bethlehem, which has made every Christian mother curse the name of Herod, is more than equalled in the terrible suffering which I do not venture to describe. The *ayuntamiento* appears powerless in the havoc; the physicians give me no encouragement that the plague is stayed. With my companions, I have in the last week attended at the funeral rites of seventy-five of these little innocents; and unless we receive some relief, which we do not anticipate, I shall be obliged often to send to you the same melancholy information.

"Melancholy information!" said Laura, bitterly. "Is the man a stone? — is the agony of a baby and is the wretchedness of the mother only a paragraph in his string of news? Where is this, — in Mexico or in Spain? Why did not I see it? Give me the paper!" And she took it.

"Why, Bernard," she said, after a moment, reproachfully, "you are not making fun of me! You could not make that up to quiz me!"

"No, darling," said Bernard, sadly, looking over her shoulder; "I only added the words for the want of which it missed your eye. There is the story, enough sadder than I made it, and the story will be there next week, and next week, if you take pains to look for it. Only now you know where to look, and you did not know before. The trimming which ladies wear on their summer dresses in Wiesbaden is so important that these people can give a quarter-column to describe that; but the

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death of seventy-five infants in their own town is only worth half a line of minion. I will make it a little clearer for you." And then with his pencil he drew a line around the words, **CHOLERA INFANTUM, 75,** in the table which I copy below: —

CITY MORTALITY. — The deaths in Boston during the week ending at noon to-day numbered 196, — 102 males, 94 females. Americans, 149; Irish, 36; English, 3; Scotch, 1; Provinces, 4; Germans, 2. Consumption had 20 victims; cholera infantum, 75; dysentery and marasmus, 11 each; brain diseases, 9; cancer, 5; diarrhœa and lung disease, 4 each; accident, apoplexy, convulsions, intemperance, peritonitis, and rheumatism, 3 each; diphtheria, debility, infantile and puerperal diseases, typhoid and scarlet fever, old age, premature birth, 2 each; anæmia, inflammation of bowels, croup, dropsy, fistula, exposure, heart disease, measles, necrosis, paralysis, scald, and syphilis, 1 each. American parentage, 73; foreign parentage, 123. — July 31, 1869.

"That means, dearest, that there were seventy-five households fighting death over the cradles of their babies last week, and that seventy-five fathers and seventy-five mothers were defeated, and that life is hardly worth living to them now, because their little ones are not. If it were half round the world, and if it were an *ayuntamiento* that was puzzled, it would make a paragraph; but seeing it is only in Suffolk Street and B Street, it is not of so much consequence."

"Oh," said Laura, through her tears, "do not be

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bitter about it, — these people, as you call them, are no more careless or negligent about them than I am. We are so happy here and the children are so well," — and she looked anxiously at big, bouncing Ben in his wagon, — "that we forget there are other people in the world. Who are these children? I read the deaths in the papers every day, and there have not been many names of children, — nobody's name that I knew."

"No, dear," said Bernard again, "you did not know them, and I did not, and they are not the kind of people who send their deaths or their marriages to the newspaper. They are the children of the people, who stand up to their knees in water, that the stones may be laid firm that support the causeway on which is laid the gravel that your and my carriage rolls smoothly over. They are the people who, with naked skins in a temperature of a hundred and ten degrees, wheel the coal to the retorts that there may be gas enough at Selwyn's to-night, if you and I fancy we should like to go and see Laura Keene in 'Midsummer.' I do not know," he added after a pause, "how I should have this cigar in my mouth at this moment if there were not a good many of such people somewhere. But, for all that, their names do not get put into the newspapers when they die, unless, by bad luck, somebody kills them."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Laura, rousing herself with something almost of agony in her manner, "that it is sickly in Boston, and that I

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have not known it all this time? That Emily is there with all her children, in the midst of an epidemic, and that I have not known a word about it? That was not kind!"

"No, dearest," said Bernard again, more sadly than before, — "no, dearest. Emily's children are as safe as yours, probably safer, so far as human wisdom goes. There is no epidemic in Chestnut Street, or Mount Vernon Street, or Beacon Street, or in Worcester Street, or Chester Square, or on Telegraph Hill, or on the Highlands. There is no epidemic anywhere. Only where people live sixteen families in one house, with their swill-barrels in their entries and their water draining on the floors, the chances for life are not as good as they are at Emily's house, where each child has a bath before she goes to bed and a room of its own to sleep in. All I mean is that these people live so that it becomes a very easy matter for their children to die."

Laura sat in silence a few minutes, pushing by Crabb Robinson and the paper both. Then she said to Bernard, "Why is it, Bernard, that I, who have lived all my life in Boston, know nothing about these places that these poor children live and die in?"

"Why is it," said he, "that I know nothing about them, — that I take all I tell you from the printed report of some poor fellow who is trying to thorn up me and the other governors of this country to do something about it? It is simply the old story; as somebody said in London, 'When the nice people of Belgravia and the rest

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of the West End shall be making their answers at the day of judgment, they will have some reason to say, "When *saw* we thee sick or in prison, and did not minister to thee?" — even after it has been explained to them that seeing one of the least of his brethren is seeing the Lord. For in Belgravia they do not see St. Giles, and as for visiting the prisoners, they would find it hard to get a permit; and as to feeding the hungry, they are afraid to give them potatoes lest they should turn them into beer.'"

"I don't care for that," said Laura. "I do not mean to be cynical or satirical about this thing. I do not live in Belgravia, and there is no place in Boston that I dare not go to, if you go with me. I move we go and see some of the people to-morrow. There is no danger that it would hurt Ben, is there?"

"Not the slightest, child," said Bernard; "we will go as soon as you like. Will you be ready at the 10.28?"

"Yes, or earlier. I will be ready for the early train at 8.40. We will drive up to Beverly and take it there."

So was it that Laura and Bernard made the following observations.

After endless charges to Katy that Ben should be kept out-doors till he took his nap; and that after his nap there should be this and that and the other, they drove to Beverly in time for the early train.

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It was not more than ten minutes late in Boston; and before ten o'clock they were on their way to the City Hall. Laura felt all the excitement that she felt when she first entered Paris. For, because she had lived in Boston all her life, almost of course, she knew nothing about it. In Paris she had been taken to see the Hôtel de Ville, and there was a good deal about it in her journal; in Florence she had, of course, gone to Uffizi; in London she had been taken to Guild Hall to see Gog and Magog, but it had never occurred to any one who managed the education of this really well-trained young lady to take her either to the State House in Boston, to see the machinery of the government of the State, or to the City Hall, to see how that of her native city was carried on. There were pictures at the Uffizi, and only some photographs at the City Hall.

So there was all the interest of novelty to Laura, as her husband led her up the palatial stairway, and brought her into the City Registrar's handsome office. There was a little of the fear that she was out of her place; but this vanished at once when the Registrar so courteously received her and her husband, though they were both strangers to him. Bernard introduced himself, and said, almost abruptly, being himself perhaps a little nervous, "I am sorry to see you had a bad week last week." The Registrar understood him on the moment, spoke of the seventy-five cholera-infantum deaths, and gave to his visitors

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such detail as showed to them at once that he was no mere man of figures, and that his tables had to him the terrible interest which Bernard had given to them when he read to Laura. The Registrar stood there and sounded the trumpet week by week, and that with no uncertain sound. If those children died when there was no necessity, his at least was not the reponsibility.

He had at once invited Laura into his airy and elegant office, and had given her a chair. In a moment more he brought to her husband the large folio, in which every detail reported to him of the deaths of the last week was written down. Bernard having gained his permission to use these tables, explained to Laura what they were to do.

He had brought with him a little memorandum-book, which he gave to her, that she might copy upon it each of the names of the seventy-five little children who had died from this single disease. She selected these from all the other deaths. She did not enter the birthplaces of the children, nor the names of their fathers and mothers, nor the other facts which she found in the Registry. Her little table, which I will only copy in part, assumed this aspect: —

BOSTON. CHOLERA INFANTUM. July 24–July 31, 1869.

No. 1. Mary A. Murphy, 1 y. 7 mos., 22 Davenport Street, Ward 15
" 2. Sarah Eaton, 2 mos., 102 Portland Street, " 4
" 3. Edith M. Dillman, 5 mos., 19 Trask Place, " 13
" 4. Gertie F. Tucker, 6 mos., Eutaw Street, " 1
" 5. John McLaughlin, 8 mos., 61 Prince Street, " 3.
" 6. Mary McCarty, 2 mos., 225 Havre Street, " 1.
and so on.

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While she was copying, Bernard, on a little map of the city he had with him, was making red crosses with a pencil, midway in the streets where the deaths occurred. He had finished almost as soon as she had. Then he returned the Registry to the office, with his thanks, and they both went down again to the carriage, leaving for some future day an investigation of the various curiosities of the City Hall.

"Drive to Suffolk Street," said Bernard, as he entered the carriage; and then to his wife, "Well, darling, it begins to look real now. How much more one feels it when he sees the names of the little things!"

"Do we ever feel anything, Bernard, till we look at it piecemeal, or in the detail? Did you notice, — no, the figures were not on your side of the book, but, Bernard, almost all of these children are less than a year old. Now we always thought that the second year, while they were teething, was the dangerous year for children. But see there," and she took out her note-book, "in my first twenty-two names there is Will Sullivan, three years old; one boy of one year, and one girl of one year and seven months; and all the others are less than a year." She found afterwards that on her whole register there were but eight who had passed twelve months.

"Now," said Bernard, "look at my little map." And he showed her the map. "The worst street," said he, "is Island Street, down on the flats in Rox-

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bury, where the bad smells come from. If you had ever been there you would wonder that any of them were left alive. But of old Boston, which is all we can do to-day, here are the places."

"Queer," said Laura; "they are in two rows, with a white belt, half a mile wide between."

"Yes; but that belt, you see, is the business part of the town, where nobody lives, and Fort Hill, which they are digging down, and the Common and Beacon Hill. Here at the North End is Copp's Hill; you see nobody has died there. On the original three mountains of Boston, on its high lands, not one of our seventy-five babies lived or died."

Laura studied the list then with some care. There was not one child on her list from Beacon Street, Chestnut Street, or Pinckney Street. And it was not merely hillsides that were exempt. There were no deaths in Union Park, Worcester Street, Springfield Street, Chester Square; not one death in any of the very nice streets where most of her friends lived and she visited most. And the largest parts, as she had said, were in two clumps together.

"What are these clumps?" said she.

"This on the north is what used to be called the Millpond. It was filled up half a century ago. Of the thirty-seven children whose homes I could find, seven lived there.

"This on the south is the Church Street district, joined to the region north of Dover Street. They

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are trying now to raise the Church Street district. In this clump there are fifteen children.

"This death in Eliot Street must have been on upland; these in Russell Place and Phillips Place, and these in Prince Street, Cooper Street, Holden Court, Langdon Place, and Samoset Place, at the North End. But of all the other thirty, I think the homes were where God Almighty made the water flow. But it is not that so much. It is that the poor wretches have no air. What was it Sargent used to tell us, that the science of health was the science of getting people into pure air. You shall see as soon as we set foot on the ground what chance there is for breathing, night or day. They have fared well enough in Rutland Street, Waltham Street, Tremont Street, on Commonwealth Avenue, Newbury Street, and Marlborough Street, though these streets are all on made land. These are well-drained and well-aired streets. Air is what you want. Now look here."

The carriage stopped at the corner of Dover and Suffolk Streets, and the coachman asked, "What number?" But Bernard dismissed him, telling Laura that for what was left they had better go on foot. So they came to a wooden house, with rooms each side of the door, two stories high with attics; not so large, as he bade her observe, as the house they had left in Manchester.

"How in the world are you going to get in?" said Laura, timidly.

"Oh, I shall walk in," said Bernard, and he did,

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the door being wide open. He tapped at the first door, and immediately a stout Irishwoman appeared, to whom Bernard addressed himself. The moment there was any evidence of conversation, she was joined by another and another.

Bernard whipped out a little note-book and pencil.

"Can you tell me, ma'am, how many families there are on this floor?"

"There's four, sir, live in here, and this woman lives in the room opposite."

"And how many children are there?"

"I've got one girl, and Mrs. McDaniel here, she has two boys, and Mrs. McEna she has one girl and two boys, and Mrs. Liener here, she has one boy," and Mrs. Liener blushed and was pleased and confirmed the statement. Bernard asked if they had all been vaccinated, and was assured they had, with the additional assurance that the McDaniel boys were men grown. Meanwhile Laura availed herself of the freedom of a free country to look into the rooms right and left of her which the interlocutors had left open that they might enjoy the colloquy.

Upstairs then proceeded Bernard, Laura following. The first door gave no answer to his tap, the second was wide open, and Laura saw a woman lying on the bed, not asleep, however. Laura took the census here, — there was this woman, who had two boys, Mrs. O'Brien, who had one girl, and Jerry Regan, who had no children, who occupied

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the four rooms on this floor. Upstairs in the attics were only the McDonalds (other McDonalds from the first floor), and the Farnums, each with one boy. Here were nine families, but none of them were named K——.

So Bernard asked the second Mrs. McDonald if there were not a little child named K—— who died here last week.

"Oh, that, sir, was in the basement," said Mrs. McDonald. And it proved that they had let the basement go by, not suspecting that there was any.

Thus far the twelve rooms, of which they had inspected eight, were almost exactly alike, but that four were attics. Rooms nearly square and about ten feet by twelve. Some of them had two bedsteads, always with high, cumbrous head and foot boards, while in one, as Laura observed, which had a cooking-stove, there was no bedstead. Some of them were tolerably neat, — one, in which the woman was lying down, hopelessly dirty. Of the children spoken of, they had only seen one. He was the junior McDonald, in the attic, who, under the auspices of Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Farnum, was walking his first steps, and crowed and laughed at the visitors very prettily. All the other children had sought wider quarters. From this inspection they went down the narrow stairways into what was called the basement. It was almost wholly below the street, and in no way differed from what is usually called a cellar. Here they found Mr.

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Kellarin and Mrs. West, but still no Mrs. K——. The floor of the entry was wet from the overrunning of the water-faucet which supplied the house, and all the region was damp, as a cellar is apt to be which is much below the tide level. Bernard asked Mr. Kellarin, who seemed to be rather cross, if Mrs. K—— did not live here. "No, — no such woman here!"

"But did not a little child die here last week?"

"Oh, yes, — that was in the back room; no one is there now. She has moved next door."

"Thank God for that," said Laura to her husband, as they crossed the wretched alley. "Nothing can be worse than where she was."

True enough. That floor was wet from the slop of the water. The air was wet, because the sun never kissed it. The rooms were so chilly and so dark! And the smell!

Across the alley was a little brown house about as big as the coachman's house at Manchester. It was every way nicer than that they had left, though so small. Here poor Mrs. K—— came to meet them at the first door. Laura felt that it was she, she looked so sad and so sick. Just a black rag of some kind she had put around her, and when Laura spoke to her kindly and asked about her little boy, and the poor woman told her it was her only child, and that he was sick such a little while, the two women were sisters. The four families in this house were all young. K——, Leonard, Driscoll, Agin, with their wives, — they all had

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but two boys and one girl, — only seven people to live in four rooms, which if you had put them together would have made a room twenty feet square.

In the house opposite, which they had visited first, were thirty-one persons in fourteen so-called rooms. What had been the yard of this house had been taken up by another tenement building.

I must not attempt to tell in such detail of each of the visits which Laura made this busy morning. Bernard told her, as they drove back to the train at ten o'clock, that she had knocked off more calls in her three hours than he ever did in his most successful work of his most successful New Year's Day of his bachelor life in New York. "You have added to your visiting list," said he, "as nearly as I can make it up at this moment, thirteen Mrs. Flahertys and twelve gentlemen of that name, eleven Mrs. Sullivans, six Mrs. Feenans and their husbands, three Mrs. McLanes, and two Mrs. McTanes, besides miscellaneous names not to be mentioned."

"Well," replied Laura, stoutly, "I wish all my other friends were as cordial to me as these good women have been, — I wish they would be half as well employed when I called on them, — and I wish, on the whole, that they made as much of their advantages as these people do of what we cannot call their advantages."

It is certainly true, that in many instances the instinctive vigor of a woman, and that Divine

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Principle which has given to a wife the establishment and the comfort of a home, — which among this class of persons is a principle still respected and accepted, — sustain the women who are forced to live in these crowded cells with their husbands and children, so that they often retain decency, order, and even neatness, where one would say it is impossible. Sweetness of air, freshness, or cheerfulness, it is, of course, wholly beyond their power to give.

Laura and Bernard had been snubbed scarcely anywhere. Once, when Laura was the spokeswoman, and asked timidly, "Does not Mrs. Weiss live here?" she got a very sharp "No." When poor Laura varied her question, the answer was, "No, she died here;" and Laura, who had only taken note of children's death on her memorandum-book, found that mother and child had died together. The landlady, to whom she was talking, knew nothing of her tenants, — or pretended to know nothing, — and made haste to usher her guests out of the wretched grocer-shop, where, if they had asked for bad whiskey, they would have had good chance for more cordial welcome.

They called at one house which always reminds me, as I go to my train, of the front of a menagerie cage, where the little monkeys may be seen among a few of larger growth, performing behind. It is four stories high, and has no entry or hall in it, every room opening by its one door on the four front piazzas which rise above each other. Each

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room has, in the rear, two closets only lighted from the doors, one of which may be eight feet square; the other is narrower. The front room, which opens on the piazza, is fifteen by thirteen perhaps. This is a suite for a family. And any day you pass you may see the children of forty such families disporting themselves on the piazzas. The reason why there are no windows in the back wall is that there is another similar building, which has been squeezed in there in a space so narrow that it is not nine feet from the windows and doors to the wall opposite, — and, of that nine feet, four or five must be given to the piazza. Stop on your way down Lincoln Street, Mr. Alderman, and look at that building; do not be satisfied with the Lincoln Street front, but try the other front, and guess what are the chances for life there. As the building is arranged, it will "accommodate," I believe, sixty families, — nearly as many human beings as would be permitted by the United States statute on an emigrant vessel of the same size. Yet on the emigrant vessel there are windsails to pump out the air, — there is the certainty of fresh air on deck, and the best of it. And there, at the worst, the imprisonment is but for a few weeks. But, in this anchored hell, the child who is born must live five years before he has wit enough and strength enough to run away.

Here are Bernard's notes on the houses where he and his wife first called. I have only described the first tenement of the first two.

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13 Emerald Street. Two tenement-houses adjoining each other. There are thirteen families in one and ten in the other. The water-pipes are put up in the most shameful manner. They must of necessity freeze up at the very first frost. Only one faucet for each tenement-house, — *i. e.*, twenty-three families have two faucets to draw from. There is no way of getting to the faucet without wading in dirty water, the drains being all out of order. Two of the most filthy privies entirely open for these twenty-three families, so much out of repair as to be dangerous to enter. The boards are broken away, so that you can see into the vaults. The only reason why the people in the house are not all dead is because they keep their own places much cleaner than anybody could naturally expect. Miserable places, out of repair, the plastering off the walls and ceilings,—no chance to whitewash, for there is no place to whitewash in many of the rooms.

Tenement-House 72 Middlesex Street. Sixteen families live in this house. The staircase is so narrow and dark that it is a wonder how the children, with whom it abounds, are not daily injured. In the event of a fire it might be that not one of the families upstairs could be saved. There is very fair accommodation here for water. No water-closets, however, and but one privy in four compartments for the whole sixteen families. The passages below are in a filthy condition, owing to unsuitable arrangements for the refuse.

Their whole inspection was on the southern side of the white stripe across Bernard's map. And they had not time that day to go to Island Street. Once or twice they came upon nice, cheerful

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houses, where Laura said the people had good friends, she was sure, and she would not offer her sympathy. But there were many of these poor Irishwomen who were glad of her visit, and with whom she will keep up her visiting acquaintance long.

"I know," said Laura, as they rode home, "that you hate to be constantly making laws, and controlling people by laws, and I know how your father says that the best government is that which governs least; but I should think something might be done to give such people as these a better chance."

"My dear," said Bernard, "our system in Massachusetts about laws is that of Ensign Stebbins. We take great pains about making the laws, and we take equal pains to let them alone when we have made them." And Bernard took from his pocket a little blue pamphlet which contained the tenement law of 1868.

"How many of these houses had a fire-escape? Did you notice?" said he.

"What is a fire-escape?" replied Laura. "Did any of them have one?"

"Not that I saw," said Bernard. "But here is the act: 'Every such house shall have a fire-escape.' That is Section 3. From Section 4 I learn that these water-closets in Emerald and Middlesex Streets must have been 'approved by the Board of Health.' From Section 6, that that basement in Emerald Street could not have been occupied 'without a permit from the Board of

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Health; ' nor at all unless it was ' perfectly drained.' From Section 8 I learn that all these houses must ' have suitable conveniences for garbage,' and so on, and so on.

" How many times have you noticed the owners' names to-day? "

" Not once," stared Laura.

" Nor I. But listen: ' Every tenement or lodging house shall have legibly posted or painted on the wall or door in the entry the name and address of the owner,' — that is the law, dear Portia. And here is the law about whitewash: ' Every house thus occupied shall be whitewashed every April and October.' My dear, the law might have been made for Sybaris. But the only time I ever heard of a prosecution under it, an ex-mayor defended the landlord, knew how to rip up the indictment, and that was the end of that. Oh, there is law enough, dear child."

" Well, what can we do? " persisted Laura.

" Do, child? We can make public opinion. The first time Dr. Shurtleff asks you to go to ride, ask him to stop and call with you on some friends of yours in the Crystal Palace. That is the best thing you can do."

But for himself, Bernard sent me his observations, and I determined to print them.

I confess that I was surprised, when I first looked over this list of seventy-five deaths by cholera infantum in the last week of July, to see

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that, of the whole number, twelve were in the three wards which are made of the territory of Roxbury. It seemed curious, at first sight, that the mortality in a so-called country town, just now annexed to the compact city, should be even larger in proportion to the population than that of the more compact section. But a moment's examination of the localities removed my surprise. These eleven deaths were all of them in houses on the low, flat land, which would once have been called saltmarsh, which ought, perhaps, never to have been built upon at all, without such elevation of the streets as should give proper drainage to the houses. All of them but two or three proved, on inquiry, to be in tenement-houses of the most crowded character.

My first visit among them was in Island Street; it is not yet accepted by the city, which takes no responsibility for its drainage or its grading. It will be known by residents in Boston as the street which leads to the so-called "Island" where were the odious bone-burning establishments. Here twin children had died in a hut, standing by itself, worth its annual rental perhaps, which I think would be considered in any comfortable country town in New England unfit for the residence of men, but which here was regarded by its occupants as particularly desirable because they were alone. Two of the other deaths were in Adams Street and Chadwick Street, which, though they run down upon the flats, are occupied by a class of

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tenements much superior to the others. I visited every tenement in Phœnix Place, which is a fair enough illustration, in its melancholy uniformity, of the whole class. It is a narrow court of eight houses, — four on each side. They are lightly built of wood, all on the same plan. The two end houses have each a shop in one side. All the houses are parted in the middle by an entry with a staircase; — on each side of this entry is a "suite" of rooms, always two. In no case did I find any family occupying more than these two rooms. Deducting the shops, then, here were thirty tenements, — each of two rooms, — and these were occupied by thirty families, of which the smallest was a man and his wife, — the largest a man and his wife with eight children. The population was sixty adults and sixty-five children in the sixty rooms, each of which was perhaps twelve feet square. The summer atmosphere of these places is odious, but I believe it is better than the winter atmosphere. The houses have the great advantage of standing separately from each other, so as to admit of end windows, and ventilation between every series of four tenements. But the lots are so small that all privy arrangements and deposits of offals are horribly near the open windows. The wretched way in which a woman in such a house tells you that her baby died yesterday, as if the child died of course, and she never ought to have expected that it would live, is a sad enough intimation that the tenants themselves know the risk they are running.

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I have not cared to go into detail, however. My object is accomplished in calling attention to the single fact that of these eleven deaths in Roxbury, by cholera infantum, not one took place on the proper upland. In the mortality of the same week in the peninsula of old Boston, out of thirty-eight such deaths, none took place on either of the hills, and only eight on land which had never been flowed over by the sea.

In the epidemic among children in the summer of 1864 one thousand children of less than five years of age died in Boston in one hundred days. I suppose that of the Boston people who read these pages not one in ten knows that there was any such epidemic. It did not rage among the children of people who read Fields and Osgood's books; it raged in such places as I have been describing.

If the deaths had been proportional among all classes of society, at least ten of these deaths would have taken away infants from the parish of which I am a minister, which embraces about one per cent of the population of the city.

But that is a body of people in comfortable circumstances, living in comfortable homes. And, in fact, in that epidemic not one of our children died. So untrue is it that

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres." [1]

[1] "Pale death steps on with equal step; although
A hut or palace is the scene of woe."

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HOMES FOR BOSTON LABORERS

IN addition to the statement I have made, as to the houses in which the greater part of the laboring men of Boston live with their families at the present moment, I am tempted to add some facts as to the details of the arrangements which might be made for them. They might all own their houses, — as so many of the laboring men do in our smaller cities, — and yet, at the same time, follow up their daily work in the very heart of Boston. To illustrate this possibility, I have published here the ideal sketch of the life of the suburbs of Naguadavick. To show some of the detail in practice, I have published the historical sketch of Vineland and its neighborhood. The object of this volume is not fulfilled, unless it shows how similar arrangements may be carried out for the laboring men of Boston.

I know very well that many persons suppose that such arrangements are made thoroughly well now. They know that there are a great many pretty villages around Boston, from which crowded special trains run in every morning, and to which they return at night. And people who will read this

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book will be apt to say that anybody who wants to live in Melrose or Newton or Hyde Park now can do so; that there needs no urging either of capitalist or of laborer; that the residence of laboring men in the suburbs is a thing which will settle itself, and may be left to settle itself.

I am to reply, then, to this comfortable *laissez faire* notion first of all. I have to say, that, as matter of fact, it is not true that what we call, popularly, the laboring men and women of Boston live in any considerable numbers in the suburbs reached by railway. Many of them live in Charlestown, Roxbury, and South Boston, where they can use the short lines of street cars to go to their morning work. But this number, even, is inconsiderable, compared with the large number of day-laborers needed for the day's work of the city. Of the classes of skilled workmen, of whom we do not speak as day-laborers, a considerable proportion live in the suburbs accessible by steam, — the places where they can obtain freehold. Mechanics, clerks in retail or wholesale stores, bankers' clerks, and other persons whose incomes are a little above the wages of the day-laborer, so called, avail themselves freely of the relief which even in their present management the steam railroads give, and bring up their children thus, — where only, perhaps, children should be brought up, — in the country. But the number even of these who are thus provided for is much smaller than could be wished; and the arrangements in many regards

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are cumbrous and inconvenient. Granting, however, that they can take care of themselves, there is left the much larger class of women who work in shops or stores, and the class, yet larger, of men who work as porters, or stevedores, or as hod-carriers, or at other hard labor in building or in factories, — who live, as they suppose from necessity, in such hired tenements as have been described. They no more think of the possibility of their purchasing their own homes than they think of translating the Hebrew Bible. Of one hundred and thirty sewing-women engaged at Jordan & Marsh's sewing-rooms, September 7, 1869, ninety-three lived in Boston proper, twenty-three in South Boston and East Boston, and only fourteen out of town. Of eighty-two the same day at work at Hovey & Co.'s, forty-five lived in Boston proper, twenty-seven in South Boston and East Boston, and only ten out of town.

I have to say, next, that emigration, though it be only emigration for ten miles, has, in fact, never thriven in this world, unless it has been well led. Unless, at one or another period of the emigration, the way has been smoothed and prepared by men of intelligence, and by the union of the several interests engaged, no emigration has ever gone forward prosperously. The people of this country are utterly indifferent to what they owe to the men who contrived the magnificent system of the Land Laws of the United States, which of themselves give exactly the encouragement to the Western

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emigrant that I would secure for the emigrant whom I would lead from Lucas Street into Dorchester to-day. And, for an instance on the other side, the reason that the South, eager for emigration to-day, cannot lure the laboring men it needs into its waste field by all its magnificent promises, is because no set of men care enough for that wave of civilization to put themselves humanely and deliberately at work, on a large scale, for the organization of emigration southward.

In the old communities of Greece this thing was better understood. To lead a colony, and thus to establish a state, was considered by Miltiades, and Themistocles, and Alcibiades, and Lysias, and Isocrates, — not to name a hundred others, — as being an honor as great as man could claim. I wish there were more of such ambition among the young men of spirit, of fortune, or of education, whom I meet every day, wondering and even asking what America has for them to do, now that the war is over. I am told that Lord Bacon classed the founders of cities among the first of men.

As the people of Naguadavick found, — in the experience of their history contained in this volume, — the enterprise of establishing a "suburb of ease" for laboring men near a great city requires the co-operation of three sets of people, who are wholly unused to act together. It requires the co-operation of the owner of land, of the managers of the railway, and of the settlers who are to buy

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their homes. Neither of these will move, if he have not confidence in the other.

1. The owner of the land must be willing to devote from six hundred to a thousand acres within half an hour's ride by steam of the city to the enterprise. He must look for sure but not exorbitant profits, to be secured within ten years.

2. The railroad managers must look to the growing up of traffic where at the beginning there is absolutely nothing; and, because that traffic is to be all their own, they must at the outset provide for it much more accommodation than its present returns will warrant. It is at this point, as I believe, that most such plans break down. The companies are willing to sell their tickets cheap enough, but they are not willing to run their trains at the outset often enough or fast enough. They want the village to exist before they grant the trains. But nobody will go to the village until they grant the trains.

3. No one laboring man will bell the cat in such an enterprise. No one will go alone, — nor will ten families go alone. The provisions must be generous enough to induce at once general attention among large numbers of people, or they will none of them move. The reasons for their hesitation are obvious.

I am glad to believe that at the present time there are good reasons for expecting the frank and generous co-operation of all these classes in the neighborhood of Boston upon the true principles

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which may insure success. The questions connected with such emigration have been discussed more than any others at the meetings of the Suffolk Union for Christian Work. They never came up for discussion there, but some intelligent man, who had watched the present difficulties, brought forward some important contribution toward their solution. The lines of railway running from Boston are so many, and pass through country so favorable for the purposes proposed, that every thoughtful traveller sees the possibility of relieving the city by colonies in its neighborhood. Fortunately these railways are under the management of men who, in general, understand that their interests and the interests of the public are identical in these matters. And the present condition of the worst tenement-houses in Boston is such as to compel the attention of laboring men and their families to any well-considered arrangements for their relief. Indeed, if the trade and manufacture of Boston are to enlarge in the next twenty years in the same proportion as in the last twenty, some systematic provision of healthy homes for her laboring men and women is the very first necessity of all.

I have attempted in this volume to show that that provision may be made by a system which shall involve the following details: —

I. A village site of say a thousand acres.

II. This must be generously laid out by the proprietors, who must maintain on the spot active

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agents, to care for the proper condition of the town till it can go alone.

1. These agents must keep the roads in condition.

2. They must see that drainage is systematically cared for.

3. In some localities it may be necessary that the first owners sink the wells.

4. All negotiations with the railroads must, at the outset, be made by the first owners.

III. The land should be divided, for our purpose near Boston, into lots of about 10,000, 20,000, and 40,000 feet, to provide for settlers of various resources. These lots should be offered for sale on easy terms, with great encouragement, however, for cash payments. Mr. Landis requires one fourth down, and the remainder in three payments in three successive years. The Illinois railroads require one tenth down, and the remainder in nine payments in nine successive years. Probably the first arrangement is the better for our purpose here.

The price of lots having been fixed at the outset, so as to give a handsome profit to the original landholder, should never be changed by him.

All sales should be made on condition of considerable improvements to be made within twelve months. This is necessary to assure the first settlers of neighbors and society, and to prevent land speculation.

IV. The co-operation of the original holders

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with the settlers in all enterprises of social improvement, education, and amusement must be heartily and intelligently granted.

V. The railroad companies, looking to the steady growth of such a village, must provide from the first, *and must assure* trains of cars which will place the laboring man at his work in Boston at seven in summer and at eight in winter.

It has been proposed by Mr. Quincy, who has taken so cordial an interest in such plans, that most of these companies, for the foundation of a new village in the view here advocated, shall give a free ticket for five years to each head of a family who will build a house in such a town. Then rely on the travel of the members of his family, and of other persons, for their profit. This seems to me honorable, simple, and satisfactory. I should ask nothing more in addition but careful study of the hours of trains required by laboring men, and some security for their permanence.

As to the methods by which such men are to get the money with which to build their houses, I will add a few words; but I do not believe the difficulty in the business will be found there.

Mr. Quincy has published in the daily journals details of the co-operative house-building systems of Philadelphia and of England, which have worked so satisfactorily that I need only refer readers who are interested to them.[1]

[1] See, for one of such plans, Appendix A.

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I am assured that at Hyde Park, near Boston, the public offer is made by responsible parties, that they will lend to any person who proposes to build there three thousand dollars for that purpose, if he invest, besides, three hundred dollars of his own, and pledge the whole to them. They are so confident of the increase of the value of real property in that town, that they are ready to lend on mortgage of real estate, with so small a margin, at the present time. This is an illustration of the facilities offered in such places.

In the German savings-banks there is a system which carries out with great simplicity the co-operative idea. The managers of those banks discount regularly to their depositors, on a regulation universally understood. It is this: Any depositor who can get two fellow-depositors to indorse for him can obtain a discount from the savings-bank, which thus becomes, not a bank of deposit for small sums only, but a bank of discount for small sums. In the town of Worcester, to which I have already alluded in these pages, its prosperity is largely due to the readiness with which the capitalists of the town have assisted the young mechanics and laborers in establishing themselves. It is this readiness to give credit on fair terms which has done so much to make that a place of FREEHOLD.

The details of the German system are given by Mr. Godkin in his valuable paper published in the "North American Review" two years ago.

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I apprehend, therefore, that working men and working women will have no real difficulty in building houses for themselves or in buying houses ready built, so soon as the places are arranged where these houses shall stand. The social condition might return of the agricultural New England town of two generations ago, in which a rented house was an exception to the general rule and habit of the community. The large rents which laboring men are now accustomed to pay have trained their families in habits of economy which will make it very easy for them to obtain dwellings of their own, as soon as these dwellings are offered to them. For the cells which have been described on page 186 the weekly rent is two dollars for one room and the two dark closets adjoining. This is about the lowest rent which any laboring man with a family pays for a home in Boston. Most of them pay more. It is easy to see how fast an annual payment of only one hundred and four dollars a year will eat up the principal and the interest of such a home as such a man may build for himself the moment land is offered him at a fair price. And the passion for Freehold is not extinguished among these people by a generation or more of tenant life. It is pleasant to conceive the ready response they would make to a programme like this, put in their way in the columns of their friends, the "Boston Herald" or "Boston Pilot," handed in to their doors on a broadside, or posted at the street corners: —

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Buy Yourself a Home

One Hundred neat Houses are for sale in the new Village of

MONTGOMERY

ONLY TWENTY MINUTES' RIDE FROM BOSTON!

By a weekly payment of

ONLY THREE DOLLARS,

any man may own, in six years' time, a pretty House and a Garden

RENT FREE!

☞ Large deductions can be made to purchasers who have cash in hand.

Free Railroad Ticket for Five Years!

An announcement like this would show very soon that the laboring class of people are not without reserved funds to draw upon, if they have only a simple and safe way to place them in real estate for their own uses.

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APPENDIX

A

THE Constitution of a Co-operative Society for Building, which has worked well in Philadelphia, is explained in the following letters from Mr. Quincy and Mr. Davis.

MODERATE HOUSES FOR MODERATE MEANS

I would now call your attention to a communication sent to me by Edward M. Davis, of Philadelphia, describing the workings of an association of which he is President, calculated to aid the frugal and industrious in *securing homes now* payable *out of future earnings:* —

It is *called* a Building Association, but *should* be called a "Co-operative Deposit and Loan Company," as it does not have homes built, but does receive and loan money.

There are 74 members and 1,000 shares. None of the officers receive pay, except the Secretary, and he only $2 a month. The Treasurer gives bonds for $1,000, but seldom has over $50 to $100 on hand, as the money is generally loaned the same night it is paid in to the association. We meet in a schoolhouse and have no rent to pay. Fuel and a janitor costs us about $15 a year. It is conducted for the benefit of the members, and not for the benefit of the officers, as is the case with many loan associations.

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The receipts of the association are: —

1st. "Dues" of members, consisting of fifty cents a share, payable monthly.

2d. *Fines* of five cents a share each month as penalty for failure to pay punctually.

3d. *Premiums* on money loaned paid by members who borrow.

4th. *Interest* received monthly at the rate of six per cent per annum on money loaned. When from these sources the shares are worth $100 each, a distribution is made in the proportion in which the stock is held, and the association comes to an end.

Only members can borrow money. Each one can borrow $100 for each and every share, but not over $1,500 at one time. The borrower must give to the association as security a first mortgage on real estate for the amount borrowed, and if there are buildings, they must be insured and the policy transferred to the association. The borrower must also transfer the stock on which he borrows; must pay the premium cash; pay his dues and interest punctually, and all expenses of conveyancing.

Our association was started twenty-two months since. As fifty cents each month has been paid on each share, the amount *paid in* is $11, but the shares are worth $14.10; the difference has been made out of premium, interest, and fines. Judging from the operations of other similar associations, by the time $60 has been paid in by members as "monthly dues," the shares will be worth $100 each; that is, the association will hold claims on the real estate of the members, and cash on hand, amounting to $100,000.

The loans are made by the President, stating that there are, say, $500 in the treasury, but that he will sell $1,500 if it is wanted, payable out of the first money in the treasury. Some one is willing to pay five per cent premium for it, another eight per cent, others more, and so on until it reaches, say, twenty per cent. The buyer has fifteen shares, and says he will take the $1,500. He gives security for

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$1,500, and pays interest monthly on the $1,500, but the premium of $300 is deducted, and he gets only $1,200 in money. His monthly dues are $7.50 and his interest $7.50. He therefore pays $15 a month until the shares are worth on the books $100; then his mortgage is handed back, marked paid, his policy retransferred, and his home is clear. This occurs at the same time necessarily with every borrower, for it is not regulated by what he pays for his money, or when he gets it, but by the *period when the shares amount to* $100. When they do, all the borrowers are out of debt. If there is cash on hand, it belongs to those who have not borrowed, and will be just $100 a share for them.

The time that it takes for a society to "run out," as it is called, depends mainly on the *premiums paid*. If they are low, the period is over ten years. If they could *average* twenty per cent, the period would be much shorter. Money borrowed in the first year of the association at twenty-five per cent premium does not cost the borrower quite eight per cent per annum. Then he has these great advantages: he can borrow an amount almost equal to the cost of his property; can return it in small sums, and in addition participate in the profits made by the association. It is the true mode of getting a home out of *future earnings*. Being the prospective owner of the place occupied, all the improvements inure to him. This system makes our small houses more tastily and insures their being kept in better order, because a home that is *owned* is more cared for than one that is rented. I think that what are called building associations contribute much more towards securing homes to our mechanics and laboring people than our ground-rent system.

A person paying $15 a month by this system at the end of about ten years has his house clear, but if he pays the $15 as rent, at the end of the ten years the landlord has the rent and the *house too*.

To carry out a plan like this it is necessary at first that some philanthropic persons in whom the people have con-

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fidence should, like Mr. Davis, be willing gratuitously to devote a few hours every month to the management of such an organization. As in the case of savings-banks, the success of one might lead to results in the highest degree beneficial both to the public and individuals.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

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HOW THEY LIVED IN HAMPTON

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY

14

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PREFACE TO NEW EDITION

I DO not know that the principle dwelt upon in "Hampton" has been illustrated in detail in any of the other books on co-operative manufacture. When my friend, Mr. George Holyoake, republished the book in London, he did me the honor to say that it was the most satisfactory statement which he had seen of the application to manufacture of the principles of co-operation. Mr. Holyoake, the father of co-operative trade, is a high authority. As the reader will see, I am not entitled to the credit of this handsome compliment; and I am glad to place that credit where it belongs.

As I believe, the emphasis here given to the importance of the work of the "manufacturer," as the link between the capitalist on the one side and the workman on the other, is of central and essential importance in all such undertakings. I shall therefore state here in some detail the history of this book. It was first published in 1888.

My friend, Mr. William Babcock Weeden, of Providence, is well known among all students of American history by his valuable book on "The Economic and Social History of New England."

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All his readers do not know, perhaps, that this is the same Mr. Weeden who, at the head of the Weybosset and other woollen mills, has, in the last generation, clothed millions on millions of people who have not known to whom they were indebted. He is so intimately acquainted with the principles and details of the sciences involved in the woollen manufacture that in such matters he is one of the first authorities.

Now, there is a great deal of loose talk about what is called "co-operation." In mixed circles, especially in circles where people talk about subjects of which they know nothing, there is a convenient habit of using the word "co-operation" as a sort of spell. Especially when there is friction between capitalist and workmen, as between the man who owns the land and the man who guides the plough, it is very convenient to say, in an oracular way, that all difficulties must be settled by co-operation. Then the talk drifts off either into rhapsodies as to the cleanness of the streets in Paris, or into guesses as to the fortunes of wheat, three months afterward.

Mr. Weeden, as an intelligent manufacturer, really knew what were the possibilities and the impossibilities in such matters. He took the pains to state them in a vigorous scientific paper which he read before the "Examiner Club" of Boston not long after the terrible pecuniary crisis of 1873–74. He pointed out in it the various elements of energy and of intelligence which must

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combine in the manufacture of all textile articles. And he showed what I may call the absurdity of supposing that because a man knows how to spin yarn well, he should know how to place a bale of flannel on the New York market. In reading this paper before the "Examiner Club" he presented to a thoughtful and intelligent jury his view of the recognition as an important factor of the duty of the "enterpriser," or "undertaker."

After hearing this statement, I told him that it ought to be presented, not only to such a circle as that, but to the "general public," to all sorts and conditions of men. I said that this could only be done in the concrete, — I suppose I said that nothing is ever really taught to the average man which has not been presented in the concrete, — as well as in abstract or theoretical forms. I told him that if we put this under the eye of a million readers, it would have a better chance of being fairly tested than if we left it to the study of scientific sociologists. Mr. Weeden was not displeased at the suggestion; and when I offered to furnish the ink, paper, and pen work, and to work out the drama, so to speak, with persons who should, as far as I could make them, present the scheme in living action before those who would read, Mr. Weeden agreed to contribute the details of the working plan, — so that there need be no danger that in the enthusiasm of authorship I should overstate or understate any possibilities or probabilities, or

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expectations, or dangers. I therefore dressed up this plan of co-operation not between two parties, capitalist and workman, but between three, — capitalist, "enterpriser," and workman, — in a short story called

BACK TO BACK.

It was published in two numbers in "Harper's Magazine." Here it met its million readers. Messrs. Harper reprinted it at once in their Half-Hour Series, in a little waistcoat pocket volume which the reader can command now if he will send twenty-five cents to that firm, in Franklin Square, New York City.

We had no reason to be disappointed in the attention it received. For myself, I was addressed at once by three different owners of moribund woollen mills, who offered to place in my hands the plant of these establishments if I would organize and set in operation "Back to Back" companies, where capital, enterprise, and industry should thus share righteously in the results. Unfortunately for me, — shall I say for mankind? — I had not been trained to the methods or processes of manufacture, or to those of the wool or woollen trade. And I was obliged to decline all three flattering offers. But, as I need hardly say, I have taken a personal interest ever since in the fortunes of the mills which might have been mine.

I have had reason to think, however, that Mr.

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Weeden's sensible and practical suggestions were not without their effect among the men who own textile mills, and those who worked in them. My friend, Mr. George A. Chase, now for many years at the head of the Bourne Mill near Fall River, has shown to the world from year to year the advantages which have been derived there from the system of co-operative work as far as they have adopted it, and the confidence he has in the system has encouraged me in attempting to explain it in more detail in the description of life in the imagined village of Hampton.

Mr. Nelson, the energetic and accomplished chief of the co-operative works at Le Claire in Illinois, is kind enough to send me from time to time the accounts of the triumphs won in that Arcadia.

The common remark of persons interested in social science is that co-operation in trade has succeeded in England, that co-operation in banking has succeeded in Germany, that co-operation for the building of homes has succeeded in America, but that there has been no successful enterprise on a large scale where a large number of persons have united together in the interest of manufacture, or any such system of sharing in the risk and sharing in the profits of the adventure, — as risk and profit are shared, say, in the whale fishery or mackerel fishery of America, or in the Rochdale co-operation of buying and selling. This familiar remark is referred to by one of the characters in this book.

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It is to be taken with a good deal of allowance, like most such remarks. Such enterprises as those of Guise in France, and of the great gas company in Manchester, England, as the Bourne Mill in Fall River and of Le Claire in Illinois, are very considerable exceptions, well worth careful study. These are all on a large scale. On what would be called a small scale, — that is, where the co-operators are not more than eight or ten in number, — there are literally thousands in our manufacturing States.

The phrase "Corporation is co-operation" is true; and to a very large extent — an extent much larger indeed than the average talker knows — it makes of the American working man a capitalist, and allies the capitalist to the workman.

To recur to the history of the inception of "Hampton," the plan of co-operation here brought forward had all been made public as early as 1877 in "Back to Back." For that little book, as I have said, Mr. Weeden had himself furnished all of what I may call the working machinery. The figures which show what was proposed and what was achieved are all his; and the definite statements of the agreements which bound the parties together. For ten years after the publication of that book, I had occasion, as I have intimated, to know that other people besides ourselves were interested in such figures, plans, and agreements.

In the year 1887, there was what seemed to me another opportunity for presenting them formally

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to the People of America. The Sunday School Union offered a prize for the best essay on capital and labor. I believed, as I still believe, that the plans worked out in Max Rising's flannel mill at Pigotsville would do good service even on a larger scale, "for other parts of America," as Thomas's Almanac says. I may say in passing that the latitude and longitude of the imagined Pigotsville are nearly those of my own summer home in Rhode Island already known to this reader. With careful conference again with Mr. Weeden, who gave his cordial interest to the preparation of the new book, I wrote in the summer and autumn of 1887, "How They Lived in Hampton." I was able to introduce into it some of my own theories and practices as to libraries, churches, banks, and saving institutions, as the reader will see. We put the book on typewriter and sent it to the Philadelphia competition.

No, it did not receive the prize. This was awarded to a gentleman on the Pacific Coast.

I have never been surprised, and have never been sorry. To say the truth, the book is only likely to interest those who are interested in that sort of thing, — to borrow Abram Lincoln's inimitable phrase. And I had and have no idea that any committee of clergymen — even though, like the judges in this competition, they be much above the average of their profession — care much about the manufacture of flannel, or dare much to give an opinion about it. So we soon had the

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manuscript on our hands again. What was well was, that it had got itself written. And this would not have happened but for the happy providence of the competition.

My friend, Mr. Stilman Smith, at that time the publisher of the magazine, "Lend a Hand," brought out the book at once, and we cast it in the face of a rather indifferent world. Then an interesting thing happened. As the ministers had been afraid of it (in my guess) because they did not know about woollens, now the literary critics were afraid of it because they feared it contained dynamite, anarchy, and other elements prejudicial to the civilization of the century, and to Philistine order in general. I do not think that any journal in America took pains to give any account of its contents to anybody. It might conceal socialism, anarchy, as I said, and a general destruction of mankind, including the counting-room of the "Thunderer" or the "Busy-Body."

To a young author this would have seemed discouraging. But to an old fox like me, — to one who had written "book notices" in his day, and who knew how badly they were written, — No. "The people who like that sort of thing" find out. There would come a letter from a back county in Kentucky, enclosing its modest post-stamps or money order. There would be some workman in Cincinnati who had seen another workman's copy in a smoking-car. And so from week to week the little book has advertised itself

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without much help, and certainly with no hindrance, from the critics.

I have a right, I believe, to speak with a certain confidence, after these experiences of forty years, as to the American wish or determination in the management of such affairs. As is intimated in the essay in the eighth volume of this series on the Nationalism of New England, it is pity of pities that our fathers did not carry on their first experiments with the inventions of Hargreaves — the spinning-jenny and the power looms — by the same mutual laws of co-operative industry with which they established the whale fishery.

It is but right, however, to note the dangers of such an establishment as is imagined at our little "Hampton." First, and chiefly, the inhabitants of such a village, with no other occupations than these here suggested, would become terribly sick of each other and of life. The truth is, that the making of textile fabrics is not the chief end of man. My friends, Hon. Hannibal Manchester and General Asdrubal Lanark, think it is; as I believe Adam Smith and Robert Owen thought before they were born. But all four of them, happily, are mistaken; and happily the proportion of spinners and weavers grows smaller every day. One man can make as much cotton cloth to-day as three men could forty years ago. It

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is as foolish to discuss social order as if the great majority of the world were mill hands, as it is to discuss it as another generation did, as if most men were drudges, — clowns, as Shakespeare would have called them, — or the riff-raff of Coriolanus's scorn.

I should say, then, that the danger of such an establishment as is described at Hampton is the monotony or uniformity of the life there. It is a pity to have a village made from one industry and only one.

If Mr. Spinner or Mr. Workman could import into their Arcadia Mr. Smith, or Mr. Sole, or Mr. Upperleather, or Mr. Pansy, or Mr. Cabbage, so as to vary the industries of the place, they would make a much more attractive Hampton.

I suppose that the weak spot in an establishment so well intended as Pullman, in the neighborhood of Chicago, was the monotony. I suppose that varying industries give an opportunity for the genius or native make-up of each child, which is quite necessary for the best civilization.

It may be said in passing, perhaps, that the chief end of man is to live to the glory of God.

EDWARD E. HALE.

ROXBURY, *June* 26, 1900.

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PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1888

THE author supposes that this essay on the Christian relations of the capitalist and the workman will be more generally read if it is presented in narrative form.

It is proper to say that the details bearing on the business of manufacture have the authority of a well-known and successful manufacturer of woollens.

I am myself the person who was invited, in 1873, by the proprietors of three different woollen mills, to take them and carry them on, on the plan proposed. I received these invitations because I had blocked out this plan, or rather a manufacturer of large experience had blocked it out for me, in a story which I published at that time in "Harper's Magazine" called "Back to Back."

Unfortunately for me, I was not trained to the woollen manufacture, and could not take, therefore, the difficult part which Mr. Spinner takes in this book, as Max Rising took it in that. I was therefore obliged to decline the three proposals. But in this book, as the reader will see, I have supposed that Mr. Spinner accepted one.

EDWARD E. HALE.

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HOW THEY LIVED IN HAMPTON

CHAPTER I

HOW THEY LIVED IN HAMPTON

HAMPTON was a little factory town where was one woollen mill, which represented an investment of perhaps sixty thousand dollars. The village was pretty, — a little more four-square and set in its plan than I should have made it, — but with evident arrangements of comfort for the workingmen and workingwomen. Lines of maples, about twenty years old, or rather less, shaded the streets, growing perhaps a little too near the fronts of the houses. The houses were not in blocks. They were separate from each other, and each house had the command, if I may so speak, of as much as an acre of land, as a home garden. I noticed, as I walked about the village and pushed my explorations into the back streets, that, in many instances, the lots connected with back lots, so that these gardens were considerably more than an acre. The mill was just off the village street, built close to the Beaver Brook, which was dammed up to make the waterfall which provided power.

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A church, a town hall, and a schoolhouse faced three sides of a little public square, which was planted with trees and flowers, in the midst of which there was a fountain. I noticed a stand for a band on one side of the square.

I had been following Beaver Brook, and what the geography would call its tributaries, far up into the woods and hills, and had returned to a late dinner, with a basket of trout quite as heavy as I cared to carry. The plan had been that we were to drive down the valley after dinner, and see what was to be seen of a certain mound in the fork of the river and brook, which either was or was not built by the Aztecs, or by Chippewas, or some other Indian tribes, and regarding which we were to form an opinion while we spent a pleasant afternoon. But the appearance in the west of black clouds, which made a thunder-storm certain, broke up these plans for a drive, and so I found myself sitting with Mr. Spinner, my host, on the broad eastern piazza, with the chance for a long talk, which business, amusement, or the interruption of guests had not permitted during my visit.

"Now you can tell me," said I, "how you came here, what you did first, and what you did last, why you did it, and where you did it, when you failed, and when you succeeded."

Spinner laughed. "I am not a story-teller," said he, "and I shall be apt to put the cart before the horse. The story will fail in what the magazines call artistic or æsthetic grouping or arrange-

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ment. But if you put me on my hobby, I shall ride him, and you will have to see his paces."

I said I wanted nothing better.

"I like to tell the story," he said. "I have seen it all, — I and Nancy here, — and we have been a good deal of it. But we should not have done what we have, nor would you see what you see here, but for the loyal help of the people here; no, nor if, on the whole, the country had not been behind us. At bottom, John, this is a country of workingmen. The wealth in the hands of a few rich men is easily seen and easily talked of. But, for all that, the amount in the pockets of the People — the People with a large P, as that man said in his speech — is vastly more than the amount at the bank accounts of a few nabobs. Indeed, I often think of that phrase of Quincy's, that the servant-girls of Boston owned the palaces on their Back Bay. He meant that the servant-girls made the deposits in the savings-banks, which enabled them to lend to the palace-builders all the money they wanted.

"So the country sympathizes with industry, with contrivance, with work. That sympathy shows itself in law, — well in fashion, though the newspapers do not think so, — in public sentiment. And this makes, Mr. Freeman, it makes no end of difference. I would not run a mill in Mexico, — not if you would give me forty-five ingots of silver to build into the foundation. Nay; when I remember how I heard a Manchester woman from

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England once, in a New Hampshire valley, hold up her hands to heaven and invoke its 'curse on them that built the chimbleys which shut out God's light,' from her old home, in the England she had deserted; when I heard that, I was glad I was not making cloth in England. I like to work where I have 'the country behind me.'"

Then Spinner asked me if I remembered where we had heard that phrase. I did remember it very well. Captain Greely had given an account, intensely exciting, of his Arctic adventures. And he told us how he encouraged the men by telling them that they had "the country behind them."

"Well," said Spinner, as he picked up the thread of his history, and as little Mary Spinner brought me a Bartlett pear and a fruit-knife, "to begin at the beginning, we began when everything was horribly depressed. I suppose that is a good time to begin. If the sand and gravel has been swept off the rock, you have a clean underpinning. You can build on the rock, and no mistake, and for that there is good Scripture. It was in the autumn of 1874. I had been the foreman in the dyeing-room — head-dyer I was called — in the Andalusia Mills, at Groton. Perhaps you remember how high up they went," he said, rather grimly, "higher than a kite. The selling agent knew as much about wool as I know about quarternions. He chose to buy our wool, as well as to sell our goods. He left the business mostly to his sons, who knew more of billiards than I know of teazles. And the up-

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shot of it all was that there was that first-rate smash-up. Stockholders and all were mad. Andalusia Mills were sold under the hammer to some Germans, and they brought in their own people to run them, if and when they opened again. So I and Nancy here, with our two babies, were left out in the cold.

"Meanwhile the country was drugged or flooded, or whatever you call it, with every sort of woollen goods. And it did seem as if the man was a fool who made any more.

"Just at that time I met at some sort of a committee meeting our old friend Thankful Nourse; we were both trustees of a workingman's building fund. I walked home with Nourse, and, well, yes, I told him a few bottom truths on the subject of investment. He had been in the Andalusia, and now had the pleasure of seeing the same stock quoted at '35, no buyers,' for which his father had given two or three hundred a share.

"I told Nourse that it was just what the Scripture said. He had had his good things, and now he had his evil things. I told him that if he had known how to manufacture woollens, and had chosen to use his knowledge, he would have saved much of his investment.

"'Instead of which,' I said, 'you chose to go to the Islands of Greece, and up the Nile, and across the desert to Damascus, and you left the business of manufacturing to some people who knew nothing about it.' Nourse answered, rather grimly and

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gloomily, that he knew that very well, quite as well as I did, and that he did not come to have his memory refreshed.

"'No,' I said, 'I did not mean to annoy you. But I meant to say this, that there are two different rates by which capital ought to be paid. One is the rate by which I am paid for my money when I do not take care of it, and take no risks. This is a much lower rate than the rate to be paid me when I take care of it myself, and when I do take some risk.'

"'Of course,' Nourse says; 'every one agrees to that.'

"Yes, every one agrees to that. But I have not found that all people agree to what follows. Yet I think it is clear. It is not very hard, in any country, to find out about what capital is worth, say, for idiots or fools of any sort, or for people who do not want to take care of their money, if they knew how. It is clear enough that the long government loans, such loans as the English consols, represent the minimum rate of interest. An idiot or his guardian would be sure of his interest. He takes no care of the investment, but his investment is sure. And I went on to say that while Nourse was going up the Nile, or was crossing the desert, or even if he had a paralytic stroke which lasted seventeen years, the Andalusia people ought to have paid him at that rate of interest, and that he had, indeed, in equity, an absolute right to it.

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"Nourse began to see what I was driving at; and he said that if that were all capitalists were to have, nobody would ever bother to use money for manufacturing. They would try government bonds and be done with it. 'And you fellows,' said he, 'who are now very willing to take our subscriptions to your stock, would find there was no money to build the mills with, or to buy the first bale of wool.'

"I said I knew that; and that I did not mean to limit them to that. But I said, that for what followed this minimum rate, they became, to a certain extent, adventurers. What followed was something like a second-mortgage bond, — not so sure in its essence as the first. 'You are entitled,' I said, 'to what we will call the Idiot Rate, — the average rate of "Governments," — though the sky should fall, in bad times or good times. But for after profit, you must take the chances, just as the retailer does, who sells you satinets and broadcloths, — or just as the tailor does, who has pieces of them on his shelves, and cannot sell them. When the Andalusia people paid you that swamping dividend of eleven per cent, six or eight years ago, three per cent or a little more came to you because it was the worth of the money, and nearly eight per cent came to you because that was a good year, and because then you had some intelligent people at the fore.'

"Nourse growled that it was long since he had had any such good fortune, — that he was a fool

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not to sell out then, and that he never, he hoped, should be such a fool again.

"But I went to see him the next day, and we followed up the conversation. I told him, that even in the depressed condition of affairs which we were in, there were as good chances as ever for going into the business of making woollen cloths. I said that I did not believe that wearing warm clothes in winter was going out of fashion.

"Nourse said that the tariff might change, and England and Germany might undersell us. He had burned his fingers once, and he would not burn them again, — and so on and so on.

"As for tariffs, I said that the country would long want a large revenue, and was used to gathering it by import duties. I said that the country was really governed by its workingmen, and that they would be slow to injure themselves. And I said that whether there was a high tariff or not, we are an ingenious people, and a numerous people; that the nearer the mill was to the shop on the one side, and to the man who made the coat on the other, the better was the chance of the man who carried on the mill. Anyway, I said, I had been educated to make woollen cloth, that was my profession, and I did not expect to give it up; that there were hundreds of thousands of Americans as good as I, who had been trained to that profession, and that we had somewhere between forty and fifty million people about us who were glad to wear the cloth we had made. He laughed good-naturedly,

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and said he was glad I was in such good heart. And I reminded him, that however much he had suffered by the Andalusia, I had suffered more.

"But, indeed, those were black times in our business. Oh! I cannot tell you how many mills shut down, — all the weak ones, — most of the little ones, — and indeed a good many which no one would ever have called weak until then. It happened that I wrote an article about manufacturing, in a weekly paper, which attracted the attention of some business men, and from that article it was that I received, through the editor's hands, three letters, from three different sets of people, asking me if I did not want to bring to life three different broken-winded woollen mills, in three different parts of the country. One of them was in Ohio; one of them was in Middlesex, in Massachusetts; and the third was a mill here in Hampton. I do not say it was this mill, though here is the old sluice-way, the old wheel in fact, and in part the old foundation. But, really, we have changed almost everything, and the village, as you see it, is practically new.

"If I do not tire you, or bore you, I will tell you how it came about."

I said it would not bore me at all; that, in fact, I had come to Hampton to find out, if I could, the secret of their success, and that the more he liked to tell me, the better I should be pleased. So Spinner began again.

"I do not pretend that I should have launched

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out into this if the Andalusia had held on. I had a good salary there, and it was very convenient and very pleasant to draw my pay with the rest, to salt down what I wanted, and to let a strong company behind me take all the risks of the business. I have never wondered that men are so eager to go into positions where they have fixed pay, regularly paid. But the Andalusia had not held on. It had been blown up 'higher than a kite.' I had Nancy and the babies in a world which was full of Thankful Nourses; I mean, full of men who were afraid of manufacturing, — that is, were afraid of the very enterprises on which my bread and butter and my babies' milk and spoons depended. That was really the reason why, when the third of these mills was offered me, I began to ask myself whether I had not better face the music; in fact, whether I must not face the music. The Ohio letter I had answered right away, with a civil refusal. But the Middlesex letter and this Hampton letter came together, by one mail. That interested me, and made me think something might be done, and I sent for John Workman, and asked him to come and see me.

"No. He is not one of the Worcester Workmans. That is another family. His father came from Maine, and afterwards went to Wisconsin.

"I sent for John Workman, and he came to me. He was out of work, as I knew he was, and I knew that he would know some of the best hands we had had at the Andalusia. The depression of all

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business was as hard for them as it was for the manufacturers. Well, I had much the same talk with him that I had had with Mr. Nourse, only now I began, so to speak, at the other end. But I told Workman that he and I had our chance now. We had often said that the rate of wages ought to rise with good times, if it was to fall with bad times. But I had three mills offered to me to carry on, and thought I was not without hopes that I could persuade Nourse to give some sinews of war. So I said to Workman that if he could get a lot of men together who were willing to work at minimum wages, but to be so far partners in the concern that if times improved their wages should improve, we had our chance. I told him that the 'bloated capitalists' were, for once, as badly off as the men who worked with their brains and with their hands, and that for once we had a chance to begin in our own way.

"Now, as I said before, in ordinary times, and especially in prosperous times, this would have been mere talk, and nothing more. But Workman had nothing to do, and he had a family to feed. He knew several of our best friends, as I have said; and they had nothing to do, and they had their families to feed. He brought two or three of them to me, and we had long conversations It ended in my getting more promises from them, which I was able to carry to Mr. Nourse. They were willing to take hold with me; I did not say on shares exactly, but really it was much the same

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way that the fishermen, or in old days the whalers at Nantucket, go, or went, for their enterprises. That is to say, everybody there was to be sure of his rations as far as anything could be sure; but for the rest, it all depended upon whether our voyage were a good one or not. The men wanted to divide every three months, but I would not agree to this. I said the voyage must last two years before there was a division. They were rather a superior class of men, — they were interested in the plan. They were all running behindhand, and drawing on their bank accounts; and they finally agreed that our voyage should be a two years' voyage before we made any dividend. That is to say, they agreed to just what Nourse agreed to. All that was to be absolutely promised was a 'starvation payment,' and the rest was to be part of the venture.

"Let me say, by the way, that in any such enterprise you are able to rely on the love of adventure which exists in all men's hearts. Why, Freeman, if you thought it was right, you would like to buy a lottery ticket yourself to-day, and you are really sorry that you know it is wrong.

"As for me, I was between the two, with Workman. We two were a sort of buffers, to take all the pounding. We were to be scolded by both sides, and have all the responsibility of everybody's failures. We were to be responsible with the present owners of the mill, whichever way we should take. We were to make the engagement with Nourse,

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and the engagements with the men. When we were fairly running, if ever we were fairly running, I was to buy the wool, and I was to sell the cloth. I was to make the journeys to New York, and I was to have money enough in the strong-box every Saturday night to pay the starvation wages we had agreed upon, and at the end of every third month to pay Nourse the 'idiot dividend' on his capital. Workman was to take the personal oversight of the manufacture, to turn the raw wool into woollen. That is to say, we were to be these hated middle-men whom we had abused so often, and whom we had heard cursed so often. I did not much like to be a middle-man; but it was very clear that Nourse did not mean to run this mill, but was going off to the Sandwich Islands. And the people who owned it did not mean to run it. If they had meant to, they would not have offered it to me.

"I showed the men's agreement to Nourse, and I got a half-way promise from him that if I started such a plan he might put in some money. How much he would put in, I did not know. But on the strength of his promise I drew fifty dollars out of my bank account, and took Workman with me, and we came down to see this place. I can tell you that it did not look much as it does now. It had been badly planned, badly managed, and had come to grief. A poor broken-winded mill at the best; and when we saw it, it had no wind at all. The people had all gone away except an old man

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who was keeper, and who had his machinery, such as it was, clean and in good order. But it would evidently take a good deal of money, and I no longer wondered that the people had written to me to offer it to me.

"If you care anything about it, I will show you to-morrow the papers that passed between me and them, and I should like to show you some photographs which show what it was when we took hold.

"But, to make a long story short, for Nancy wants us at tea, it ended in my persuading Nourse to buy the whole concern, and for the present to hold the deed. But he took me as partner, and John Workman as another partner; and we drew out our bank accounts, — I had nearly two thousand dollars then, and Workman had five or six hundred, — so that we might be in good faith partners with him in co-operation. And it was agreed that any man who worked in the mill three months might become a stockholder with us. Indeed, Nourse agreed to sell out all his stock if we chose. We were to allow him four per cent a year, as what we all called in joke the 'idiot's dividend,' which was to be paid as our first charge after we had paid what we called 'starvation wages' and our other running expenses.

"For the rest, I was to be permitted, for my salary as manager, to draw six hundred dollars a year, as the men drew their wages. Workman was to draw the same. After the end of the

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second year we were to see where we were. That is to say, the first voyage should then be considered over. Profits, for we took it for granted there would be profits, were then to be divided into three equal parts. Nourse was to have one third; Workman and I, as managers, were to have one third; and the men were to have one third. Of course, as fast as they bought out Nourse's stock, they also became capitalists, and took their earnings as such. The scheme would work, however, if none of them took any of his share.

"However, you had better see all this on paper, and I will show you the articles of agreement after Nancy has given you a cup of tea.

"When the papers were finally passed I had Workman with me, and he brought with him one of the best of the men who had agreed to try the new plan at Hampton, whose name was Holmes. We had gone all over the business pretty carefully, and I thought Mr. Nourse wanted to get away. But the other two still lingered, and finally Holmes broke the silence, and said: —

"'I wanted to say to you, Mr. Nourse, and I think Mr. Spinner would like to say the same thing, that we are not going into this thing as a mere matter of business. It is a matter of business, and we will hold to our promise as men of business. But we like the plan really, and we like it because it seems to us to be fair all round. There is a great deal of bad talk — you must excuse me if I say I think it is on all sides — about

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the relations of what people call labor and capital. For myself, I never called myself a laborer; I always called myself a workman, and I think there is a difference between work and labor. But that is neither here nor there. I, for one, do not want to encourage hard language between men like you, Mr. Nourse, who have money, and men like me, who want to do an honest day's work, who expect to be paid for it, but who do not expect anything more than our pay. I should think that, if you will let me say so, was the Christian way of stating this thing, and though I do not make much pretence as a religious man, I am a member of the church, and I do want to go forward in my every-day work, as I do in what I say on Sunday, on Christian principles. Now, if you do not think I am talking too long, — and my wife often tells me that I do talk too much, — I should like to explain what I mean by Christian principle.'

"Mr. Nourse said, with a great deal of feeling, that he was very much obliged to him; that he would stay all night to hear what he had to say. For he said he had made this thing a matter of prayer himself, and he wanted to know, if he could, what were the Christian relations which bound him to the men at work in the establishments where he had any interest. He said, very earnestly, that anybody was unjust to him who said he merely wanted to screw out of his money the most that could be got for it that he had read and talked and studied, in hope of finding out what

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these same Christian relations were. He would be very much obliged to Mr. Holmes if he would take all the time he wanted to state his view about it.

"Holmes seemed somewhat encouraged by this declaration, but he said, with a half laugh, that we should not want to stay till midnight. 'Indeed, it is all in very short language in the New Testament, where it says we must bear each other's burdens. It says that no man is to live for himself alone, and no man is to die for himself alone. For my part, I do not think I should work a day if I were not pleased with the thought that I was doing my share to clothe a man who cannot clothe himself as well as I can clothe him, — some poor fellow off in Dakota or catching whales in the Arctic seas, maybe,' he said, laughing. 'I want to do my share in the work of this world. It happens that I have been trained to do this as a weaver. I call myself a good weaver, and I think I am able to teach other people something about weaving. If I did not think so, I should go about something else; I would not come with Workman to this mill. But I want to do this as a disciple of Jesus Christ and a child of God. I want to do it in such a way that I shall not be ashamed of doing it when I come to die.

"'Now, Mr. Nourse and Mr. Spinner both,' he said, 'this plan of yours is somewhat new in the way in which you have set it up. It really implies, as far as I can see, all that I have ever contended

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for when I have made speeches, as I have often done, in our trade-union meetings. If you will let me say so, this plan, as Mr. Spinner has drawn it up, throws our business of manufacturing on very much the same ground on which most business is done in America. Men are used to such a union as I make, and as Workman makes, with Mr. Spinner and anybody he has with him to carry on this mill. Men know perfectly well that there must be a director or manager; there must be somebody to make plans and somebody to carry out plans; and we are not such fools as to suppose that that somebody is to work without being paid for it. I am not such a fool as to suppose that he will know how to do his work without learning how. We are not, therefore, jealous at all of the man who directs our industry, who manages the concern, who says what is profitable and what is not profitable, and who buys and sells our goods. If you will think of it, that is exactly what is done in every wholesale store or retail shop. There is a man who buys my groceries, for instance; he knows where to buy them and how to buy them cheaply, and, although he sells them to me for half as much again as he gave for them, I do not quarrel with him. It is a convenience for me to buy a pound of sugar instead of buying a barrel of sugar, and I do not quarrel with the man who gives me that convenience. But, behind the grocer, there is a bank, which lends him money and provides him with the capital which he is going to

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use. Now here, Mr. Nourse, I am not sure that you would agree with me, but I am telling you the average opinion of American workmen about the relationship of that bank to that grocer. They say that the bank provides him with capital at certain rates, which do not vary very much from time to time. There was once a time when they were even fixed by law at six per cent, or thereabouts. No one says that was wise, and I suppose it was not wise. Still, this is certain: those rates do not go up and down in exact correspondence with the ups and downs of business. When my grocer has very little custom he does not find that the banks lend him money any more readily because he wants it more. In fact, he does not tell the bank very accurately what the state of his business is; they do not ask him very carefully. They are careful to know if his credit is good, — that he does not press them too hard, — and if he is safe they lend him money.

"'I say that is the relationship in which people are in the habit of using capital in America. That is exactly the relationship which you have established with us in this contract you have made. Please to observe, then, that it is the arrangement which we are used to. It is the arrangement which we see succeeds in other forms of business. That is the reason why we like it better than an arrangement in which, if business happened to be very prosperous, if sales were very quick, and our goods particularly in demand, the capitalist should make

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the usual profit on that account, while our wages would rise but slowly, if they rose at all.

"'I think Mr. Spinner said that we are not above liking the excitement of good times, and we are men enough to take the pressure of bad times. Here is the reason why we are willing to share and share.

"'Beyond that, I should like to assure you, Mr. Nourse, who seem to represent capital in this conversation, and you, Mr. Spinner, who seem to represent skill in manufacturing and in trade, — I should like to assure you both that we shall like this plan, not simply because we think we are going to have more money in our pockets at the end of two years, but because it seems to us exactly fair. It seems to us that now we bear your burdens, and, if you will let me say so, that you bear ours. When I go to church, I am apt to hear a good deal of this talked about. And I find that I am very apt to get thinking that this is the practical side of the Christian religion; and if we can only succeed here on our part, and you on your part, in keeping this in mind, why, we shall be working out the Christian relations of capital to workmen. It will not be a great while, as it seems to me, before we cease talking about your part and our part, and shall feel that we are all engaged in one concern. This I can assure you of, — that under such a plan as this, you are certain to have picked workmen and workwomen. I do not know how much you have thought of it, but it is a great

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thing to have a contented set of people. It is not a bad thing to have a set of men who know they are trying an experiment, and I can promise you that while there is any hope that this experiment will succeed, the workmen, whom I do not choose to call laborers, will meet you gentlemen half way, as you have met us.'"

Such were Mr. Holmes's views as to the "Christian relations between capital and labor."

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CHAPTER II

THE PLAN

THE arrangements by which the Hampton Mills were set running were, indeed, substantially those on which they have been run from that day to this day. An act of incorporation was taken out, on the principle of limited liability, under the general corporation law of that State. This act originated, as all similar legislation in the world originated, in the act framed by Mr. Theodore Hinsdale in Connecticut, in the year 1837. It was an act and he a man to be celebrated and honored by all who believe in Christian Co-operation, and think that the law should sustain and protect all who wish to bear each other's burdens.

I will not print the act of incorporation here; for I shall make the plan more intelligible by copying the original agreement, as it was drawn up by Nourse, Spinner, and Workman. Eventually, Spinner and Workman printed this agreement, and kept copies of it in the office, to give away to people like me, who came to see the operation of the mills.

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HAMPTON WOOLLEN MILL.

Thankful Nourse of Arcadia, John Workman of Hopedale, and William Spinner of Crastis agree to form a corporation for the re-establishment of the Hampton Woollen Mills in the town of Hampton. This agreement is to last for five years, and afterwards, until one of these three parties expresses a wish to withdraw, when the partnership shall be dissolved, and the corporation, at the end of one year's notice given by the dissatisfied partner.

[In fact, neither of them wished to withdraw at the end of five years. And a private agreement by which they were bound to each other to consent to such withdrawal was, at the end of five years, cancelled by the three. Either of them now has the right to sell his stock, and on the death of either of the managing partners, the surviving shareholders would choose his successor.]

1. Thankful Nourse, for himself, his heirs, and representatives, agrees to furnish as required seventy-two thousand five hundred dollars for the purchase and repairs of the property known as the Hampton Mills, and for carrying on the manufacture of woollen cloth under the management of the said Workman and Spinner, already named.

2. John Workman, of the second part, agrees to furnish five hundred dollars for the same purpose.

3. William Spinner, of the third part, agrees to furnish two thousand dollars for the same purpose.

The sum of seventy-five thousand dollars thus contributed is to be the capital stock of the enterprise, and when capital is spoken of in this agreement, the sum now named, of seventy-five thousand dollars, is meant.

John Workman and William Spinner, of the second

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and third part of this agreement, agree to give all their time and skill to the manufacture of woollen goods at the said Hampton Mills; — they are to choose the workmen and appoint the foremen, and direct the manufacture. They are to buy the wool and other necessary material; they are to sell the manufactured goods for the best advantage of the concern. Acting as the firm of "Spinner & Workman," they are to have the control of the mill as entirely as if they had leased it from the corporation. They do this for the benefit of all parties concerned, as is hereinafter described.

It is understood and covenanted that the mill is to be carried on with the intention that the profits are to be divided between the owners, the two managers, and the workmen employed by them — that one third of the profits shall be paid to the owners, one third to the managers, and one third to the workmen.

In the estimate of profits for such division, it is agreed that there shall have been first paid as necessary expenses, —

1. Four per cent on the sum of $75,000 to the owners.
2. Six hundred dollars a year to each manager.
3. To each workman as may be agreed with him, but on a scale of wages intended to represent three fourths of the current rate of wages in his line.
4. If the mills do not earn four per cent, after paying the other expenses, the owners shall receive only the amount which it does earn.

It is further agreed between the said Thankful Nourse of the first part and the said Spinner and Workman of the second and third parts of this agreement, that, for the needs of the mill in carrying forward this enterprise, if said Spinner and Workman find it necessary to give their

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notes for discount at any time, the said Thankful Nourse, or his agents for him, will indorse those notes to the amount of thirty thousand dollars and no more. And the said Spinner and Workman shall have no power to contract other debts chargeable to the corporation, except for advances on goods manufactured. The accounts of the firm and of the corporation shall be accurately kept, and at all times open to examination by either of these parties or by any stockholder or any person commissioned by one third of the workmen in the mill, who are to be regarded as having the rights of partners in the concern.

A balance-sheet shall be prepared at the end of every half-year to show the profit or loss of the mills in the last six months.

If any balance of profit appears, after the expenses above provided for have been met, the owners representing capital as above described shall receive two per cent semi-annually on their stock invested.

The remaining profits shall be credited in three equal portions, but shall not be drawn for division till the end of two years.

One third shall be paid to capital as above described.

One third shall be paid to the managers.

One third shall be paid to the workmen, — to be divided in the proportion of the wages which they have already received. In the event of the death of any workman, or of his leaving the mill, his representative in Hampton shall receive his share of the profits, as if he remained in the employ of the corporation.

At the end of five years the mills shall be sold for the benefit of all concerned, and the profit, if any, shall be divided among all concerned, on the same basis as that described for the division of the semi-annual profits.

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[At the end of five years the enterprise was so successful that this part of the agreement was cancelled by all concerned.]

The part of the transaction which Spinner knew was difficult, and which Nourse thought was impossible, was the persuading a sufficient number of workmen to take hold on such terms as those described. But John Workman had always, after he had once enlisted, felt sure that that part could be brought about. He belonged, in particular, to a workingmen's club which had often discussed such subjects. The men were good fellows, who did not believe that "the other fellow" in a bargain was to have nothing. They had loyally tried to work out the question of wages on the same plan, which should not involve "knocking down and dragging out." Here was a plan with money behind it. On the other hand there was nothing. The Andalusia, where most of them had worked, was bankrupt. Men were really trudging about on foot, seeking chances as weavers and dyers, and there were no such chances.

What was offered was almost starvation wages, but there was no sham about it. And every man was sure of a chance for success. Every man was compelled to invest for two years the remaining quarter of his income, which was not paid him.

Workman was able to offer his tenement-houses at fabulously low rates, for the new company bought them with the rest of the abandoned prop-

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erty. And, from the beginning, Workman and Spinner agreed that the money of the company was to be made in manufacturing. It was not to be made out of rents or stores or the improvement of real estate in Hampton. The tenement-houses were valued at an appraisement, and stood at very low charge on the books. Workman said, therefore, that he would rent them for four per cent, — what had been called in joke "the idiot's dividend," and nothing more. This gave each hand a considerable advantage at the first, because he was a partner very soon, even at "starvation wages." The men began to buy their houses from the corporation on low rates and terms which will appear in another chapter.

Among Workman's friends there were several enthusiasts, each of whom undertook to engage ten or twelve hands in the departments needed. Much discussion pro and con went forward. At the last there was much shrinking of wives from the proposed removal. On the other hand, there were some people who had been wrecked in the original failure at Hampton. They were all too eager to take hold, if in any way they might. Some of them proved very good people for the purpose. Most of them were the people who would not have succeeded anywhere. By such means the hands were got together, and the mill began to convert wool into woollens.

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CHAPTER III

THE RESULTS

SUCH was the history of the new start of Hampton, and the plan on which the several adventures were formed. It is clear enough that if they had not been bound together by other ties than those of mere business, as it is called, the enterprise would never have succeeded as it did, — indeed, it would never have been. But they were united more closely. Every one of the leaders believed that, in the true order of society, — the order which the Saviour of man lived and died to establish, — there was a right way to do whatever the world needed done. They believed, therefore, that there was a right way to make woollen cloth, if only they could find out what it was. They meant to find it out; they were not afraid to ask God's blessing on that endeavor, nor to say to each other that they had asked it. With notions and aims as high as these, Mr. Spinner had carried his plan, not now conceived for the first time, to Mr. Nourse.

He, too, had made the whole subject a matter of most serious inquiry. He had no wish to grow rich from the results of other men's industry, unless they, in their places, had a chance to prosper also. He knew, however, that manufacturing enterprise

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or mercantile adventure have their laws, as absolute as those of rainfall or of tide-waves. He knew that, as he could not overpower those laws, more than King Canute could resist the flowing sea, whatever his wealth and power, he could not, on the other hand, withstand them by any degree of sentiment or tenderness. He knew that the laws of trade and of social order must be studied, and that allowance must be made for them. Mr. Workman, and Mr. Spinner as well, wanted to see the right thing done. They were both as proud that they were not born with silver spoons in their mouths as was ever any prince that he was cradled in purple. They were in no sort beggars for a change of position. They were workmen, and good workmen; they had been trained to their craft, and knew how to do their work. What they wanted was, that the share which they contributed in the clothing of the world should be as cordially recognized as every other man's share. They knew that many others had a share in it, — capitalist, wool-grower, transporter, merchant, tailor, and stitching-girl. They believed that a fair division could be made somehow, which should recognize how much each of these parties fairly earned and deserved to have. This they wanted for themselves and their associates. They asked for no more. But they were satisfied with nothing less. Had any one asked either of these men for charity, he would have received what he asked for promptly. For they all understood what the word "charity"

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means, and acknowledged the obligation it describes. But all of them knew that the relations between capital, which provided tools and materials and work, which uses tools to manufacture materials, should not be relations of sentiment, or of charity or of force. They should be relations founded on the eternal laws of God. And, as all of them were Christian men, they believed that these laws were revealed in the Gospel.

Recognizing, then, that for making woollen cloth, and bringing it to a fit market, three coadjutors were necessary, — capital, work, and the directing skill which should enable capital to use the workman's industry, — they agreed that these three agencies should share equally in the profit of the article produced. The reader has seen the simple plan which they adopted.

It worked better than they had dared to hope. For the first seven months, indeed, after the machinery had been renewed, the mills repaired, and the new system set going, they had uphill work. The market was flooded with the stock of bankrupt concerns, forced upon buyers by the assignees and creditors. Never, Spinner told me, had prices sunk so low, and never had the world looked so blackly on such adventure. But he had never given up his conviction that the world must have warm clothing, — at least in the zones which were north of ten degrees of Northern Latitude. He kept on making cloth, — better and better, he said, — as he was able to test his machinery and to

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train his hands, without overworking them. He knew, he said, to a quarter of a cent, what his cloth cost him. He was not yet obliged to sell a yard beneath that cost. He did sell a little at a very small advance upon it. And he piled up a good deal, waiting for a rise. After seven months, the flood came. It wavered at first, and then poured in, cheerfully and hopefully. Some jobbers, who had taken a little of his cloth on commission, had received very flattering orders for more, amounting almost to *carte-blanche* for price; so sound had the goods proved, and so well had the tailors been pleased who had used them. He was glad that he had insisted that the voyage should be a two years' voyage. But he began now to post very encouraging bulletins on his news-boards. He would not make goods by caucus, he said. But he did mean that men and boys should know which way the stream was running which carried the fortunes of them all.

He had, therefore, a regular habit of placing on his bulletin board such correspondence or other news as he thought the hands would be glad to read. I saved one or two of the old bulletins which he gave to me.

No. 23.

"Extract from a letter from New York: — From Mercer and Goodenough, this despatch is just received: Sold all A. A. at four eighths advance. Order for twice as much."

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For a considerable time after the mill began to run, they felt the worth of the new power enlisted. People were living very economically, because they had only three quarters of the wages they were used to. But every one of these same people had been living more economically, because they had no wages. That was undoubtedly a good stepping-stone for the new plan. After the beginning, however, there came a period of terrible depression of feeling. The absolute failure to sell any goods reacted on the men employed. They were used to receiving their pay without any great thought of the run of trade which supplied it. But to meet Mr. Spinner when he came back from New York, or to hear him talk, if he would talk, after he had received his mail, and to know that absolutely no money had come into the concern, — this dismayed men who knew, of course, that the thing could not run on forever on Mr. Nourse's original investment. They felt the reflection of the depression in the market, more, probably, than he would have done. This was the real "Slough of Despond" of the enterprise. Spinner spoke to me of it, and described it with a sort of shudder. And afterward Holmes and Dyer and Sheridan and Workman — indeed, all of the older hands with whom I talked — spoke of it, and with bated breath, as if they hoped they might never have to go through such an experience again.

"But this I have noticed, Mr. Freeman," said Holmes to me, "unless a man pulls through his

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Slough of Despond in any undertaking, he is no good. And I say that a woollen mill must live the life of a man. Anyhow, we went through it. It was a good lesson for every one of us who was in it.

"We had a revival meeting, if you will let me call it so, about when things were at their worst. No, I do not mean what I suppose you might call a religious revival, but there was a good deal of religion in it, and, if there had not been, you and I would not be talking here. Almost all the leaders spoke. These gentlemen you know, all spoke. And they put it to the hands, as you might speak to the men in a sinking ship, if you were encouraging them to pump. But they put it man-fashion. They made the simplest wool-picker there understand that if he deserted the ship he was playing false to every man and every woman in the land who was hoping for better times, better wages, and a better system. I know I told the men to go home and pray God to help to carry it through. I know I took my own advice, and I think others did.

"That meeting was the crisis. One or two fellows left us, — 'for their country's good.' But there was no grumbling after that, and even the work of the mill seemed to be better, and I know Workman said the same thing. It was some weeks before the business situation of the country seemed better. But we felt better as soon as we openly recognized the difficulty we were in, — well, and, so to speak, pledged ourselves to each other. Up to that time, we had all been prophesying success,

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— 'smooth things,' as I said last night. When that meeting came, we owned that the whole voyage was not a summer sail, and that every man had got to put his shoulder to the wheel, if we were to go through, — yes, and to pray God to help him. That is the reason why I say that we never really prospered till we had gone through the 'Slough of Despond.'"

It was not the Slough of Despond, but the reason of the thing, which induced Spinner and Workman, with Mr. Nourse's approval, to yield from the rigor of the original plan, which had demanded what Spinner had called "a two years' voyage." At the end of the first quarter of the second year the thing was well established, and in working order. Spinner had a large offer made him in New York for all the goods he had been piling up, and, though the market was probably still to rise, he determined not to bet on the possibility, but sold out for cash, so as to clear all his warehouses. And Spinner said to me that, on the whole, in his administration, he had gone on the principle that they were manufacturers and not speculators. "If I could sell our goods for what it cost us to make them, with a fair profit, and a fair margin to cover the losses on sales I was sometimes forced to make, because I needed money, — why, I thought I had better sell. I do not mean I had no right to hold on. Probably I had such a right. But I do not think the right is the same, when I am the manager, as I am here, for a hun-

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dred or two people who are joint owners in the goods, as it would be, say, were I the owner of the Andalusia, and owned all the goods myself. Now I am a trustee. Then I should be an owner."

I took to heart what he said. And as I looked over his books one day, I could see the advantages the concern had derived from his rule. It need not be said that the public gained a similar advantage. It is undoubtedly for the advantage of the public that prices should not change by sudden leaps, and that the movements of trade shall not be affected by what are rightly called speculative plans. The co-operators of Hampton did not, I suppose, consider this advantage in making up their system. But it was one of the many points in which they builded better than they knew.

Acting upon this policy, Mr. Spinner emptied his storehouses, and as he sold for cash on very short credit, he had money in hand. Why should the first voyage be a two years' voyage? They were already in port. He was able to declare his first dividend. Probably no person but himself and Workman had believed it would come out so well. They had made few losses, — nothing, indeed, of considerable account. And when the shares came to be divided among all hands it proved that, though so late a payment, it was large enough to compensate every one for the waiting.

"My deary," said the old woman who washed the windows, when Spinner paid her first money-dividend to her, "if I had had the money, I should

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have spent it." And her simple confession was doubtless true with a great many more of these shareholders, whose investment in work had been larger than hers.

From that time till the period of my visit the quarterly balance-sheet had been printed for the use of the workmen. It was theirs as much as it was Mr. Nourse's. They were his partners and knew they were, and by no sentimental statement merely. Gradually they came to use the language of owners: "*We* shall do this;" "*We* shall do that;" "*We* made a mistake in running so long on such a pattern;" "*We* made a good thing of this." From the beginning they felt the need of avoiding waste. "There is not a mill on this stream but uses twice as much oil as I do;" that was the boast which a young man made to me who met the requisitions of the different rooms for the oil of their machinery.

Spinner and Workman, in giving me the accounts which I have digested in these chapters, both spoke as if they were going back to a time far distant. In point of fact, the establishment at Hampton was made only seven years before. But they had seen so rapid a development since their original timid plans, that they found it difficult sometimes to carry themselves to those antediluvian days. More than once Spinner came to me, after he had narrated something, to say that, on recurring to his notes or his memory, he found that he had antedated or postdated occurrences,

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and that he wanted to correct his original statement; for they both knew that I was making memoranda, and that I wished to draw up some such statement as I am making now.

At the time I visited them the whole establishment was running on as steadily as any manufacturing town in the country. A considerable part of Thankful Nourse's share in the capital had been taken off his hands by purchase from different heads of rooms, and, in one or two instances, by the widows of former workmen, who wished to remain in the place themselves, and liked to feel that they owned a part of the plant. "Corporation is co-operation" — this was a favorite saw of Spinner, Workman, and of a man named Holmes, of whom I have spoken, and shall have occasion to speak again.

I copy one of their balance-sheets to show its form.

No. 37

Hampton Mills Balance-Sheet for Six Months.

CR.

By sales of manufactured goods, after commissions and expenses have been deducted .	$167,892.11

DR.

To amount work of operatives .	$15,297.14	
To amount paid salaries, Workman and Spinner	300.00	
For repairs (machinery and mill) .	6,981.12	
Wool and supplies	111,291.14	
Interest paid to Thankful Nourse, Esq., and to Workman and Spinner	1,500.00	
Balance of profit to be divided .	38,522.71	
		$167,982.11

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At the very beginning, the works had gone through their share of the difficulties of a beginning. After that Slough of Despond which has been described to the reader, there had come along heavy depression of business, which had very severely tried the temper of all these men, and which they thought might try the sympathies and steadiness of their friend Thankful Nourse. I believe, myself, that they quite misapprehended him in this impression. I did not say so to them, but I am quite willing to say here, that I think Mr. Nourse had had quite too much experience in business to suppose that there were to be years of plenty without years of famine following them. I do not believe that in New Zealand, or Boothia Felix, or Novgorod, or the Malayan Islands, or wherever his wandering disposition had carried him, he gave one anxious thought to the investment he had made at Hampton. I suppose that, like most other capitalists who have their passions under control, — or, why should I not say frankly, who are religious men? — he was willing to take the better and the worse together, and to submit with modesty and with loyalty to what he would frankly have called the "providence of God." I knew Nourse at one time very well, and I remember that one of his favorite axioms, borrowed from Mr. Carlyle, was, "There was no act of Parliament that I should be happy." And he would apply this axiom in a dozen different ways. He would say, there was no act of Parliament that the Anda-

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lusia should declare ten per cent; there was no act of Parliament that Mr. Hayes should receive two thirds of the votes for President; there was no act of Parliament that the Britannia should arrive after a nine days' passage. In other words, he was willing to live in God's world, subject to some orders besides his own, and was not in the habit of complaining, because in any one year or two years things did not turn out as he would have them turn out.

He had not said so to Spinner in his negotiations with Spinner, but all the same he had not come to the determination to invest in this tripartite arrangement without solitary thought and without prayer. He believed that he had done the right thing in investing his money as he had done, although he had done a thing wholly new. Having come to this determination, having asked God's help in making this determination, he held to this determination. If anybody had spoken to him about it, he would have been seriously annoyed; but, if it were a person to whom he thought he must make an answer, — as, for instance, to his wife, possibly to an old friend like me, — he would have said, probably, "I have put my hand to the plough, and I do not propose to turn back."

He would have meant that he regarded the capital given to him as given to him in trust to use for the best purposes. He had tried to use it for the best purposes when he made this disposal of it,

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and he would not worry himself, week by week, or month by month, or even year by year, in attending to the details. He would not dig up the tree which he had intentionally planted for a certain purpose in his lawn, because at the end of the second year or the third year he thought that the tree was not rooting itself properly.

So much for the difficulties of the enterprise as they affected capital. They were not so great as Spinner and Workman fancied they were. To neither Spinner nor Workman could Mr. Nourse say all I did, nor were they accustomed to look at it from the point of view which is, I am sure, the true one.

In another chapter I will show more at length than is worth while here the experiences these two gentlemen themselves had. They were occupying a position which appeared to be somewhat new. They were subject to a great deal of criticism from the men whom they were a little apt to call "sea-lawyers," although they had never been to sea. They borrowed this phrase from the sailors whom they knew very well in earlier life, who use it as an expression of contempt, by which they describe the men who are forever inciting sailors to mutinous or disrespectful thoughts of their employers while they are not themselves good seamen. There are such men in all industries, whether they go to sea or not. I have no doubt that Spinner and Workman both despised them, but still such critics had it in their power to make them

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very unhappy. Such critics were constantly trying to make the hands think that Workman and Spinner overestimated themselves, — took airs upon themselves, — and, when dividends were made, took more than they had earned. The phrase, which Spinner had himself used when he said that he was to be a buffer between two cars and, if he could, ameliorate the shock, seemed a very pat one to describe the misfortunes which belong to the midway position. Workman said to me one day, half laughing, that he thought they would have fared far better if there had been an old established name by which they could be called. In point of fact, they were called "managers" of the mill, and the dividend paid to them was the dividend paid to "management." He showed me a little treatise on the subject, written by I do not know whom, which said that in France the man would be called the *entrepreneur*, meaning the person who took hold between one end and the other. We have the same root in our word "enterprise," and Workman said he was tempted to call himself an "enterpriser," and he wished that somebody had invented such a word two hundred years ago. He said, if it could be understood when they were spoken of, that the whole thing existed because they were there, it would be better for them both, and he felt that if some good word could express this every time they were spoken of it would be a good thing. "Now," he said, "the word 'manager' has in itself not a bad sound, but when we

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speak of managing a thing, we sometimes imply that we are managing it in an underhand way. It is not always so. I believe nobody thinks the 'manager' of a theatre is necessarily a mean man; but the moment we speak of a 'political manager,' we have the idea of a trick. I could wish, therefore," he said, "that we were not called the management, but we are, and we have to bear our burden as well as we can."

Nor were the workmen free from their share of annoyances. On the whole, the body corporate of Hampton sloughed off the inferior and dissatisfied people. The management was strong enough, and their friends were strong enough, to say squarely to the sea-lawyers and other such, that if they did not like to stay at Hampton there was no act of Parliament by which they need stay there.

They could be dismissed, at very short notice, from the mills; and I was amused to find that this democratic management was very much more peremptory in such dismissals than were the directors of many a manufacturing establishment which I had seen before, who were, to a large extent, afraid of irritating or wounding the feelings of their hands. There was no reason for any such fear in this case, because the hands were, practically, with the management, the directors of the whole concern. On the whole, as I say, the hands were loyal to the plan. They were more and more interested in the plan. It cultivated their self-respect, and, as the reader has been told, it proved

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profitable to them. But none the less were they subject to invasions from committees of inspection and committees of various delegates from county conventions, from "Federations of Toilers," from "Organizations of Industry," from "Unions of Handicraft," and from various other organizations which had much more picturesque and mediæval names. And these delegates either had some "wrong," showing that they were offended by the somewhat independent attitude of Hampton, or they had some new plan for the coming of the kingdom of heaven which they wanted to propose to the Hampton workmen. Now the Hampton workmen were, in fact, the most democratic set of people in the world. They were not proud, they appreciated good-fellowship and *camaraderie* as much as any men did; but they were beginning to own their own mill, they did have a third part of the profits of it, they wanted it to succeed, and they wanted it to succeed in their own way. They disliked to be lectured about the conduct of their business as much as any purse-proud capitalist in Lynn or in Germantown dislikes to be lectured about his. Still it was not a nice thing, it was not an agreeable thing, to be placarded in all the workmen's journals of the country as being only a mitigated set of *scabs*, or as being pretenders in wolves' clothing, or as being people who, having got a snug thing themselves, were trying to kick down the ladder by which they had risen. All the same, they had

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this burden to bear; and it was among the difficulties of the earlier days at Hampton.

It is better to speak of all those difficulties together, than to attempt to convey, in any historical narrative, the way in which they played in with each other, antagonized each other, and at the same time corrected each other. Gradually everybody, probably, came to feel that, to borrow Mr. Nourse's maxim, there was no act of Parliament that Hampton should go on without its rubs and periods of starvation. On the whole, it had become more and more a fixed institution, with its own traditions, — and that is a matter of great importance, — with its own habits, which sprung from these traditions, and with that success which belongs alike to established traditions and established habits.

To sum up, under a few general heads, the more remarkable of these successes, I think I should say, first of all, that the system had brought in and kept in a very superior set of workmen and workwomen. There were not so many women engaged as there would generally have been in a mill of the size, and, as will be seen in another chapter, there were very few children engaged. But I knew enough of the woollen manufacture to know that the intelligence, quickness, promptness, and effectiveness of the slowest and poorest hands in any room was well up to the standard of the better half of the workmen or workwomen who would have been engaged in the same room in an ordinary es-

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tablishment. I spoke to Spinner about this, and he said I was certainly right. He said he had thought of it a great deal; he at one time tried to put in figures some statement of the advantage which they derived from the clear and undoubted superiority of their work-people. He had not found it possible to make any tabular or distinctive statement. "But it amounts to this," he said: "they are all determined that this thing shall succeed; they are determined the cloth shall be good, and shall maintain the reputation that it has in the market. If there is any new style, if there is a bit of new machinery, if there is a new fad about dyeing, — no matter what it is, it is a thing that interests them as much as a new baby interests the people in the house where it was born. They pet the baby and cuddle it and do everything they can to make the new plan prove satisfactory." In the long run, this is evidently so. I am disposed to think it springs from self-respect quite as much as from self-interest, to which it might ordinarily be ascribed, and is of great value in any work. And when you come to any change, — when one of the heads of a room, for instance, finds it for his advantage to take a higher place in some other mill, when you want to promote somebody to the vacant position, you find that the people who have been faithful in few things are really able to be masters of many things, and that you can promote them without difficulty, and without injury to the running of your organism.

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I am not quite sure whether I am right, but the saving of material proved also to be very considerable. Even in such a detail as this of oil, which is a very considerable charge in a woollen mill, the young men who had the care of the oil-room were so careful that, very early in the affair, Workman and Spinner found that these fellows had driven up the others to care, amounting almost to parsimony, indeed, which involved very considerable reduction. Among the papers which I brought away, as memorials of my visit, is a little printed bulletin, numbered 13, which is a boast that, in the four weeks preceding, seventy-three gallons of oil had been saved compared with the expenditure in the corresponding four weeks in the preceding year. In the reduction of the amount of wool used, Workman himself acknowledged to me that he had been surprised. They told me that, at the beginning, it was not infrequent to find that, with the same number of yards completed, one per cent of wool had been saved in a single week. Of course such improvement as this could not go on forever. But it hardly ever happened that the hands relaxed the care to which they were trained, partly by self-interest, partly by loyalty, and partly indeed by pride. They entered into the feeling of an old-fashioned housekeeper, who hates to see things thrown away. She even wants her children to eat after their hunger is satisfied, because she does not like to have anything left on the plate. Everybody in every department of these mills had

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that same unwillingness to see anything lost which might have been made useful. In another chapter, I will describe at some length the pride which I found all the leaders of the system taking in the young life of their village. Seven years had changed the boys and girls of ten into young men and women of seventeen, — the most miraculous change which takes place in human life. It required no hint from those who were most interested, to make me see that these young men and maidens were people of a type quite different from the young people of their age whom one would find in a manufacturing town, where everything had been neglected, and where no central power was trying to bring out the very best training for the young, and to surround them with the most cheerful and happy influences.

Without going further into such details, it may be said that nothing is so successful as success. The financial success of Hampton appears to me, now that I am looking back upon the whole, as the least interesting and the least important feature in its administration and in its history. I shall hardly be believed, but I think that four out of five, nay, perhaps that all of the leading members of the community would say, that they have ceased to think of the financial success as being the first matter which they considered. They found themselves in a place where there was no longer any irritation in the discharge of their daily duty. Everybody knew he was justly treated. There was no longer that angry question why things were

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not otherwise, which, under other circumstances, would have embittered the first waking at morning, would have embittered every morsel of food, would have embittered the hour when he retired to bed at night. This was all gone. Whether the thing succeeded or not, the thing was fair, and this sense of fairness gave an evenness to people's lives which the older members of the community knew how to value. Next to this, I should say that there was a certain enlargement of life, which they could hardly define themselves, perhaps, and perhaps did not compare with the somewhat limited range of the life of people who were taking care of themselves and taking care of none beside. These people were living, not a mere personal life, but in the life of the community. They had all common interests, and these interests were really large interests. To be taken out of themselves, to be thinking of something better than their own headaches and heartaches, — this was in itself an advantage which, whether they knew how to state it in words or not, affected every hour of every day.

The great essential of all society is, that the lines of promotion be kept open. A man can bear even a very hard life, if he has reason to think that next week something is going to open before him which will enable him to throw off this or that discomfort of to-day. On the other hand, a man will chafe in a very prosperous life, if you tell him that, by any fatality, he must live on with that machinery, in

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that habit, eating that food, and doing that work forever. Open promotion is the central word for American society and American life. This open promotion was the privilege of every man and woman, boy and girl, in Hampton. It might not come very soon, but every one knew that it was ready and possible. It will be shown in another chapter that the boys and girls were by no means chained or constrained to a future in which they should be operatives in a woollen factory, their life long. Already there were instances where the young people who had this taste or that gift, leading them into other occupations, had followed those tastes or used those gifts. Nobody felt compelled, by the law of the instrument, to accept one position or another. There was, on the other hand, that openness of choice which seems to be the requisite of any happy life.

This is a poor enough statement of details, and a poor enough effort to analyze the prosperity of a successful community. Perhaps it would have been as well to say that these people had, on the whole, tried to meet the duties which came to them, as Christian men and women. They had done their best, on the whole, to carry out the Christian law of love; they certainly were living daily with the loyal hope that the future was to be even better than the present; and this love and this faith were based on an abiding faith in God, whose law they were trying to obey. I am not sure that I heard any man say so while I was in

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Hampton, but when I look back upon their life, or what pleased people to call their experiment, it does not seem to me that that experiment was so hazardous, for I always remember who said that, if any community of brethren would trust first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all the little things of time, for which petty men are selfishly anxious, will certainly be added to the endeavor of that community.

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CHAPTER IV

THE STORE

I DID not like to hang about the counting-room for an unreasonable length of time, and yet I was so much interested in what I saw at Hampton that I did not abridge my visit. As I have intimated, I could occupy myself in the woods and by the brooks, but I also found that I became acquainted among the workmen and their wives and children; and bearing in mind all along the object of my visit, I followed up such acquaintances. Travelling as long as I had been, there was one and another matter which I wanted to refit in my little luggage, and so I went into the "store" once and again for my purchases. It is the standing miracle of a place like this, when it is well kept, that the clerk is able to supply you with everything you need, from a heron's wing to a hand-saw. I found that they could fit my watch with a new crystal just as readily as I found that they could sell me hooks and flies of the last London patterns. Sometimes the store was wholly empty, and I was the only customer. Sometimes, on the other hand, there would be twenty or thirty

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people there, almost always women, for I observed that the women seemed to be the purse-holders and were intrusted with the buying and selling of this community. I stored up many questions to put to Spinner about the mechanism by which these results were obtained, and one afternoon, as we were driving together, I brought them all out, and made him answer them all together.

"I see you have got on quite a central affair," he said. "I shall make but a blundering story of it, for indeed the system is one we have hit upon from hand to mouth, if indeed it be a system yet, and yet I think it is beginning to work well.

"When I came up here first with Workman, I said to him that whatever else we did, in our new capacity as manufacturers, we would wash our hands of 'store-pay,' with all its complications, jealousies, and iniquities. You can see yourself that there is a great temptation for a man who comes into a new neighborhood, actually cuts down trees and builds houses for a community, to take upon himself the maintenance of the country store. It is very easy to persuade such a man that it is his duty to do so; that he should keep his workmen from being cheated; and, in four cases out of five, it is very probable that he does. Still the thing is false in theory. Either a man is a manufacturer or he is a tradesman. If he is a manufacturer, he is, so far forth, not a tradesman, and if he is a tradesman, he is, so far forth, not a manufacturer. Precisely as the

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head of a factory had better not be the leader of a military band, or as he had better not be a publisher of school-books, he had better not be the man to keep a country store. At least, that was what I said to Workman, and what Workman said to me. We had seen endless jealousies among workmen because they supposed their employers were cheating them in this way, and he said that, in our model town here, this difficulty should not exist. I do not think we gave much thought as to what should come in its place; I suppose we were too easy about that, and imagined that it was one of those things which would take care of itself. In which easiness of ours, however, we were much mistaken, for the thing has given us as much difficulty as anything has given us which we have had to handle here. It has given us the more difficulty because we are what you see, — the only element of life here; there is absolutely nothing but what we bring here, which divides this place from such a wilderness as you saw yesterday when you were fishing above Jotham's Ledge.

"We both saw, when we looked at the property we had bought, that there was a building for a store, which the old company had carried on. Its reputation was of the worst. They had paid their workmen in orders on the store, and, rightly or not, the workmen thought that these orders had been the means of endless cheating. When we began to talk with men about coming

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up, the natural question was where they were to do their marketing, and how they were to buy their groceries, and so on. This question we could only answer by the proud statement that there was to be no store-pay, — that though we did not pay much we should pay cash, and that they might buy where they chose. This pleased the workmen very much, till they found that buying where they chose meant going down to Wentworth or going down to Whitby's. And before long, there came a drummer up here, who saw we had an empty store, and asked if we did not want to have a store up here, and we said we did. Before a week was over, he communicated with his employers, and they had sent up a clerk who had prospected, and we had a store established here, purely on Adam Smith's principle, that the demand created the supply. The man hung out a big sign, and his goods began to come in.

"I found very soon that the people disliked him and his quite as much as the people before them disliked the store-pay of their employers. Naturally enough, his principals pushed off on us what they could not sell at home, and, in particular, they pushed off on us the wares, such as they were, of which they were special agents. The boys laughed very much because there was an immense display of canned tomatoes and canned corn and other such stuff, and they said they were expected to live on canned vegetables that were ten years old. Somebody would take

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the cars down to Wentworth, and the next day would have his groceries sent over the road here, for a quarter dollar, and then would brag to the others about how much he had saved by his little journey. So they very soon starved that man out. After him, the Wentworth people tried to establish a branch here, but on the whole they gave that up. It was better for them, though it was not so well for us, to have our men send their wives over the road and do their shopping at their headquarters establishment, than it was to be keeping a couple of clerks alive here through the machinery of a separate store.

"It happened that at that time George Holyoake was in the country. I do not think his message was introducing the Rochdale system here, but I knew he knew all about it, and I sent to him and asked him if he would come and see us in the course of his travels. So it was that our people had a chance to hear him talk one night, and he was good enough to give them an off-hand talk on the working of the Rochdale system, and said something as to the reason why it had not introduced itself more fully in America. The reason is, in brief, that our people like to move from place to place as much as they do, and the Rochdale plan really rests, though I hardly think the Englishmen know it, on the understanding that the more intelligent workmen in a mill stay by the mill from the time they are born till the time they die. At the bottom of his boots, the Englishman does not like

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to move from place to place with his family; while at the bottom of his boots an American does. However, we had had a great deal of trouble from the supply and demand system, and Workman himself and some other of the more intelligent men were well disposed to try the Rochdale system, as Holyoake explained to us. Mark my words. You are going from place to place in America, and you hear a great deal of talk about co-operation in trade; but I tell you that the man is a fool who thinks he knows more about the principles of co-operation than these hard-headed Englishmen have found out in the course of seventy-five years of every kind of experience. They do not theorize a great deal in England, but they do know facts; and the Rochdale system, which is a difficult system to explain, has come into being from the observation of the failure of more systems than were ever tried in America. So far as I have seen, the experiments of co-operations in trade in America have failed very steadily, because in every instance there was a man who was more or less a crank, who founded the store, or whatever he called it, and he was determined to try his own system. Now the Rochdale system is not any man's system in particular; it is the result of a great many failures and some successes, and the fact that it works as well as it does in England is a certain and strong argument in its favor."

I said to Spinner that I ought to know what the

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Rochdale system was, but that I did not, and asked him if there was any brief statement of it. He said "Oh, yes!" and he telephoned to the store to ask them to send over to me one of their little reports, which had an account of the system as they meant to apply it; and I will print it in the form in which they gave it to me at the end of this chapter.

"The upshot of it all is," said Spinner, "that the store is well kept and not badly kept. Old Randolph was right when he said that there was no manure like the foot of the owner. They have turned out a good many clerks, and a good many have resigned because they wanted to turn them out, but I am disposed to think that those young fellows they have there now understand the business quite as well as if they had been sent up from New York for the purpose. I know very well that the two young women who keep the accounts and write the letters understand the business a great deal better than most of the people I see in similar capacities, when I am in Broadway. Here is something gained at the beginning. In the second place, nobody can complain; or, if he does complain, he carries his complaints where he ought to carry them, instead of bringing them to me or to you or to Workman or to anybody else who has nothing to do with it. What do I care whether the 'boiled shirt' which one of my pickers buys is made according to the last London fashion or not? I would not be bothered with such things, — and

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as this thing works I am not bothered with it. The man who buys the shirt is to a certain extent the man who sells the shirt. At all events, if the person who selected the shirt has selected it wrong, it is the fault of the buyer, who ought to have been at the quarterly meeting and chosen somebody else in the directory. You can hardly understand, living as you do, what a relief it is to be relieved from all this nonsense.

"Then, in general, all these co-operative shops have the great advantage that they have no need whatever to advertise their wares or their existence. You will find that the largest co-operative shops in England hardly advertise at all. Every purchaser is interested in making somebody else purchase, and he is 'touting,' consciously or unconsciously, for the shop all the time. When anybody comes to make a visit here, — you, for instance, — the visitor goes to the store and buys there. And when you bought a watch-key the other day it was to the advantage of every man in this village that you bought it here instead of buying it in New Haven. If you only take into account the relief to you that you do not see the long bragging advertisements in the village newspaper, it is a good deal; but really these people have no occasion whatever to advertise.

"Of course they have no occasion whatever to keep adulterated goods, or to keep anything which is not what it pretends to be. Why should a man cheat himself? Why should the person who is

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going to buy the goods send an agent down to New York to buy pickles which are artificially stained, or coffee which has been made out of paste, or anything else which is not what it pretends to be? You are pleased to compliment our shop; really, this freedom from all temptation to buy inferior articles has a great deal to do with the merit of what you have seen.

"Whether such a system as I have described to you can be made to succeed in America on a scale larger than that upon which we are trying, it is more doubtful. But I am quite clear about this, — that if some man who knows this country well, and knows the habit of our workingmen, will give the same pains to this subject here that Holyoake has done in England, we shall get an American adaptation of the Rochdale plan which will answer our purpose. The adaptation which we have made here may not be such as they would need somewhere else. What we have done is to give rather more capital stock to the undertaking in the beginning than could be supplied by the simple co-operative principle. Holyoake would have rebuked us for this, I think, but it was really necessary in the conditions in which we were. I hope as heartily as he would do, that gradually we may have the affair more precisely on the English basis, but that is still a matter for experiment with us. I say this because I do not, as I have said, care to vary much from the only successful experiment of this sort which has been tried in the world.

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"I had been greatly impressed by what George Holyoake says in all his books of the desirableness of each store maintaining, as a store, its reading-room and other methods of instruction. There was a very decent room or hall in the second story of the store building, which we had turned over to them; and, after communication with Mr. Nourse, I agreed to let that room go without any additional rent, and to be at the cost of fitting it up with tables and chairs, for a reading-room. It serves, of course, for the business meetings of the proprietors of the store, and the men bring to it such newspapers, magazines, and books as they care to have there. They are permitted to smoke there, and it becomes a very respectable club-room for the village. After a while, the women complained that, although they were often stockholders in the store, they could not stay where the men were smoking; and it ended in my giving the use of another room, which was a sort of back building, which was fitted up for a general reading-room, as it was called, where smoking was prohibited. I think, on the whole, this has proved to be the more popular room of the two, and there is a little competition between them as to which shall get the latest magazines and the best, and the presence of the women adds the element of attractiveness to the place, which, to a considerable extent, competes with the attraction of the pipes and the freer rules of the original room. All this you will see if you go through the store; or, if you

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look at the accounts, you will see that something — not much — is spent for the library and reading-room in every quarterly distribution. When they are prosperous, they are likely to make rather a larger distribution; then when they are poor they appropriate nothing at all; in fact, this goes more or less by fancy, according as the drift of any meeting is led by a parsimonious member or by one who has more liberal views."

I took an early opportunity, therefore, to go into the store in the forenoon, after the women had gone away. There was no one in when I entered, but, at the sound of my entrance, Mr. Ledger, the storekeeper, appeared from a room behind, which, as I afterwards found, was the reading-room.

I told him that people spoke to me about the Rochdale system as if of course everybody understood it, somewhat as people speak about the Christian religion as if everybody understood that. But I said I had found a great many people talk about the Rochdale system who knew nothing about it, and that I was willing to confess that, though I had bought coats and hats and slippers and portfolios at the co-operative store in London, I did not know why they were cheap, and indeed I hardly knew why I went there.

I found Mr. Ledger was an enthusiast in the matter, and was only too glad to have a hearer to whom he could talk for one of the quiet hours of the middle of the day, when he hardly had any

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customers. I observed that there was a boy, who attended to the one or two children who did drop in for some trifling purchase.

He said that the idea of co-operation in the purchasing of necessary articles was, as I knew, an idea which had been experimented upon, nobody knew how far back. "Nothing is easier," he said, "than for a dozen families to think they will buy their coal together at wholesale, will divide it in the quantities they want, and so make the profit which would ordinarily go to the retail dealer who keeps a coalyard. But practically, you know such schemes as that never continue many years. There are so many conveniences in the coal-yard, that after all you go back to them, and persuade yourself that the profit you made was not worth the trouble. I remember that when I lived in Boston I could go down to a certain point, perfectly well known, at half-past five in the morning, and I could buy my fresh fish there, at the rate of about a cent and a half a pound. But I never did go there. I went to a fish dealer, who made me pay anywhere between ten cents and twenty cents a pound. I did not want more than five or six pounds of fish, and it was really not worth the while for me to get up, perhaps before daylight, go out to the place where fish was sold at wholesale, and bring it back. In that story is told the whole of the reason why we pay so much as we do for articles at retail, and why, on the whole, it is an advantage for us to pay it. I suppose there is no

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profit more fairly made than the profit of the retailing middleman, much abused as he always is. However, as I said before, nobody can say how far back experiments of groups of people buying to please themselves have been tried. Sometimes it has been tried successfully for a good many years, but nothing ever came of it.

"Now the peculiarity of the Rochdale system, which has made it succeed and grow, is this. The more a man purchases, and the more he can make other people purchase, the larger is his interest in the concern, and the larger his profit. If ten men should subscribe five hundred dollars apiece, to make five thousand dollars capital with which to carry on this store, they would have, of course, an equal interest in the profits of the store. They would try, as they could, to induce as many people to come there and trade. But there would be only these ten people who had a personal interest in the success of the store.

"If, on the other hand, every person who deals with us is personally interested in making the store successful, why, every one of them will bring in more customers; every one of them will buy with us, rather than go down to Wentworth or to New Haven to buy; every one of them will advertise us in whatever way he can. As a matter of justice, or, I think, as a matter of religion, the people who really sustain the store by buying goods at it, are the people who ought to make the profit if there is any profit to be made. It is exactly like a mutual

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life insurance company, you see. Supposing the year is a healthy year, ought not the people to have the benefit whose lives are insured? or, if it is an unhealthy year, ought they not to pay for the unhealthiness? Just in the same way, if, for any reason, the store is a profitable store, I think, as a matter of Christian justice, the people who deal at the store ought to have the advantage. What does a profitable year mean? It means that the price which has been put on the retail of the goods was rather higher than the necessities of the business demanded. In other words, the man who bought raisins and sugar here paid us rather more than we need have asked him. If he paid us more, why should not we give it back to him, if we mean to deal — as, of course, we do mean to deal — on terms coming as near to absolute justice as is possible in human affairs?

"But this, you will say, is theoretical. Taking the thing practically, here am I, managing this store. I was brought up to this sort of business. I have owned a store, and I have been a clerk in a store. To be an owner means that I have come out at the end of the year not knowing how I was to meet my notes in February. This on the one hand; on the other hand, I have been paid a salary, once a week or once a month, from the time when I had three dollars a week for sweeping out a store, to the time when I had twenty-five hundred dollars because I was the best person they could employ at Pickering yonder. Now, I

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am working here on a salary. I am one of the kind of men that like to work on a salary. Some men do, and some men don't; but after one has had the experience of the ups and downs — the good fortune and the bad fortune — of what is called business life, if he is such a person as I am he likes the regularity of a paid salary. A paid salary I have here. Besides that, I own some stock in this store; on that stock I draw my dividends. Besides that, I buy almost everything I need for my family here. I buy just as any other customer would buy, and, according to the amount of my purchases in a year, I am also entitled to a dividend."

By this time I was a little confused, and I said as much to Mr. Ledger. He laughed, and said: —

"The whole thing is so simple to us that we take it for granted that everybody will understand it at the first blush. But if you will study the little book of directions of ours, and then come in and see me to-morrow, I will try to make it clear to you."

Accordingly I took his book of directions, which I copy here for the benefit of people as little informed as I was.

HAMPTON CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

For the information of members, of purchasers, and of all concerned, the following statement is printed, copied from distinguished writers on the subject of co-operation. It will show the principles on which the store is conducted.

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Persons who wish more detailed information will receive a copy of the Regulations of the Store, by application to Mr. Ledger, at the store itself.

Principles of Co-operative Trade.

In a properly constituted store the funds are disposed of quarterly in seven ways: —

1. Rent, and expenses of management.
2. Interest due on all loans.
3. An amount equal to ten per cent of the value of the fixed stock, set apart to cover its annual reduction in value, owing to wear and tear.
4. Dividends on subscribed capital of members.
5. Such sum as may be required for extension of business.
6. Two and one half per cent of the remaining profit, after all the above items are provided for, to be applied to educational purposes.
7. The residue, and that only, is then divided among all the persons employed, and members of the store, in proportion to the amount of their wages, or of their respective purchases during the quarter, varying from six per cent to ten.

The peculiar distinction of a co-operative store is that a fixed interest is divided upon capital, say five per cent upon the shares each member holds, and then all net profits are divided to the trade upon the business each member has done.

No credit is allowed, of any sort, to any purchaser. The store buys for cash, and its members have the advantage for such purchase. It therefore sells for cash, and for cash only.

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To secure the necessary capital for making a store which shall meet the needs of Hampton, the first twenty dollars of profit earned by any purchaser will be charged to his credit, as one share of his capital. After he is the owner of one share of capital, he will receive five per cent annual dividend on that share, and his profits will be paid to him in cash at the quarterly settlements.

The store cannot keep open accounts with persons who are not regular customers. Unless purchases to the amount of one dollar are made in each quarter, the purchaser loses all right to a dividend.

The prices of the store will be as low as the best stores in the neighborhood. The quality of goods will always be what it is represented. We have no motive to cheat ourselves, and, as the purchasers are the same persons who sell the goods, we have no motive to tell ourselves lies.

We spend nothing for advertising. If you wish to increase the business of the store, tell your neighbors the truth about it, and bring them to see.

Rules and Regulations.

1. Every person above the age of 14, residing in this town, may become a member of the co-operative store, on the payment of twenty-five cents.

2. This money will be placed to his credit.

3. Each share of the company costs twenty dollars. So soon as members have paid for one share, they are privileged to attend quarterly, annual, and social meetings. Members are urged to complete the payment for their shares as soon as possible.

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4. For the amount of all purchases made at one time, the purchaser, if a member, will receive a metal check, stamped with figures indicating the amount of his purchase. He must present these checks. They are the only vouchers recognized for his purchases.

5. When he presents these checks, once a quarter, the cashier will give him a statement, made from them, of the amount of his purchases.

6. He is entitled to a dividend in proportion to the amount he has bought. Thus, if he has bought one hundredth part of all the shop has sold, he is entitled to one hundredth part of all its profits.

7. Until his first share is paid for, his dividends are passed to his credit, in payment for that share. But it is a great convenience to the store for members to pay in cash for their first shares, at once.

8. On each share, thus paid for, he will be paid quarterly a dividend of one and a quarter per cent, — amounting to five per cent in a year.

9. The receipts of the store will be divided quarterly, after the expenses have all been met, including rent, cost of management, an allowance for depreciation of the goods and furniture, and six per cent interest on capital. The residue will be divided among the purchasers.

10. Purchasers who have not become members of the society will receive only half the dividend to which they would be entitled had they joined the society. And no person will receive any dividend unless his purchases have amounted to the sum of one dollar at one time.

Officers.

1. The Officers of the society are a President, five Directors, a Secretary, and a Treasurer.

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2. They make their own rules.

3. They appoint the Storekeeper and his Clerks.

4. They are responsible for all purchases, and for the careful management of the property.

5. The books of the society are open to the inspection of any member, on the approval of a majority of the whole Board of Management.

The Quarterly Meetings are held on the afternoon of Tuesday after the second Monday of February, May, August, and November. The Annual Meeting is held in November, at such a time as may be ordered at the quarterly meeting of that month.

And when I left Hampton, Mr. Ledger, knowing that I had some thoughts of establishing a co-operative store at Pigotsville, where I had an interest, gave me these cautions to officers, which he had digested from the English writers.

THE MANAGEMENT: OFFICERS AND EMPLOYEES, THEIR APPOINTMENT AND DUTIES.

1. *The Committee and Officers.* — There is almost always a Chairman and Secretary, sometimes a Treasurer, and a varying number of committeemen.

Election. — The Chairman or President of the society is generally chosen by the members in quarterly meeting, sometimes by the committee from among themselves. The Secretary, if a paid servant, employed for accounts and other matters of business, will be, and in the opinion of most Co-operators certainly ought to be, appointed or dismissed by the committee. If the Secretary is only a

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minute secretary for committee-meetings, etc., he will be one of the committee, and will be appointed by them, or might be elected, if desirable, in general meeting; and in this case, all the other duties are undertaken by a paid official, whether general manager, cashier, or otherwise. The Treasurer may be chosen in either way. If there is no Treasurer, the Secretary will discharge his duties. In the opinion of some Co-operators, a Treasurer is not necessary.

Auditors. — It is most important that good men should be selected. They ought to remember what a grave responsibility rests upon them in signing balance-sheets. They should be careful of their own reputation, and not run risks or try to screen the committee. They ought to have a full knowledge of accounts, which is not always found.

Payment. — In most societies committeemen are paid for their attendance at the weekly committee; but it is most desirable, in fixing the scale of payment, to avoid the likelihood of men trying to get on to the committee simply *for the sake of the fees.* This is a danger to be carefully watched in the co-operative movement. The work of its managing men (not its paid officials, to whom it is a profession) should be that of volunteers, who are repaid in moderation for their expense of time and trouble, and who will withdraw or resign their position at once, without a moment's hesitation on the score of money, if that is being done of which they so strongly disapprove that they believe this to be the right course; otherwise they are not independent, and may tend to get into the hands of men more powerful than themselves, who are well aware they will not resign if they can possibly help it.

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The Secretary may receive some additional fee for his clerical labors.

Sub-committees. — In most societies there are sub-committees to give special attention to the various departments of the society work, — one for groceries, another for bakery, another for butchery, etc. In the earlier stages of a society it may not be desirable, but later on it becomes almost a necessity. As a rule, workingmen committees have only the evenings free, and the whole committee could not possibly all of them go into the matters requiring attention. Subdivision of the work is necessary.

Duties of Committeemen and Officers. — The Chairman should have firmness, impartiality, coolness, keenness, and tact. It is no good having a Chairman, however virtuous, good-natured, or consistent, if he cannot keep a meeting in order. The Secretary should be able to work hard and continuously, must be well up in figures, and must write well and quickly. A bad Secretary can bring a society to grief very quickly. He ought not to try to dictate to the committee, and, whatever his own opinions, ought loyally to carry out their decisions. In a committee there are always likely to rise up rival parties. This ought to be avoided as far as possible. A member should firmly state his opinion, and accept a defeat with good temper, or, if the matter is serious, resign. He ought to feel himself *free* to resign, if necessary, as has been mentioned before. Party spirit on a committee is to be deplored. The members should not send hot-headed firebrands into office. They should send steady-going, able men, who have a capacity for patient, persistent enthusiasm that commands success and is not afraid of difficulties. The committee should aim at keeping the

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confidence of their members; should remember that the constitution of the society is republican; should not mind criticism, but welcome it. It should be considered a golden rule that the committee should never unnecessarily keep anything back from the members, unless its being known is likely to be injurious to the society. Committees should desire publicity and criticism of any kind within reasonable limits. They should not be thin-skinned, or make too frequent appeals to the forbearance of members. Members ought to have the moving power in as many matters as possible, and this power should not be taken from them.

Publicity and frank and full discussion of all matters concerning the welfare of a society are essential to its well-being. Many a society has come to a bad end through the want of this. The committee should never be jealous of rising talent among the members. There are plenty of outlets for activity; and, *perhaps more than anything else*, what is needed now is that committees should encourage young members to be personally interested in the fuller and higher development of Co-operation in many different ways. A great deal can be done in the way of training up good and loyal members and active and efficient officers in a society where a good spirit prevails, and where the best men have an influence such as they deserve.

Servants of the Society. — All servants of the society are almost invariably appointed and dismissed by the committee.

The Manager. — Upon the question what kind of person is the storekeeper, manager, or buyer, depends, to a very large extent, the success or failure of the society. Is he to be the master or the servant of the committee?

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What is to be the relation between them? A manager has great opportunities of influence through much intercourse with the members, and he can use it well or badly. Many managers of co-operative stores are first-rate men, and zealous Co-operators. Yet there are great temptations to managers to aim at personal power rather than the general welfare of the society.

Checks on Managers. — Some societies are content with a guarantee or deposit similar to that demanded from the Secretary or Treasurer. Such a guarantee merely provides against certain kinds of dishonesty. It does not provide against waste.

(*a*) The English shops have advanced so far in their system that they provide for what they call *Leakage Bonds*. To aim at lessening waste and preventing possible fraud, many societies arrange for a leakage bond or agreement, to be signed by the manager. In this he binds himself to return as much money as is equal to the value of the goods intrusted to him, subject to a deduction for leakage (*i. e.*, waste and loss in weighing out). Opinions differ as to the leakage allowable, and it depends partly on how the accounts are made up; 2*d* or 3*d* in the pound is a very ordinary average allowance.

(*b*) *Check Systems.* — There are many ways in which a fraudulent manager or shopkeeper can cheat a society, and no methods can obviate this altogether. At the same time it is very important that in order to remove temptation, and keep the business up to the mark, there should be a check system, with a view to seeing how much cash really passes through the manager's hands.

Let it be understood that the mere having of checks or tokens, metal or otherwise, as explained before, to enable members to claim their dividends at the end of

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the quarter, is not a *check system* in the sense of being a check upon managers and shopmen. You may or must have checks, as they are called, to give to members; but it does not follow that you have any check on your manager, or that the committee know whether they get all the cash which is paid over the counter. For instance, non-members who know nothing about the dividend may come in, (but add) pay, and go away without any check, the shopman pocketing the money and not being found out. It has been found also that with the metal checks employees may pilfer the checks, and their friends bring them in and claim dividends at the end of the quarter. With the paper checks, one being given for every sale, there is some security, but even this has not always worked well.

In large stores, the method of the shopmen giving the customer a ticket, who takes it to a boy, who gives metal checks in exchange and registers each shopman's sales, has been found fairly satisfactory. For the whole subject, which is a difficult one, see "Manual of Checks," published by the Central Board. Apparently, the ideal check system has yet to be discovered. Still, it may be said generally that a good committee can soon find out if a manager is doing really well or not, and that, as in so many other matters of management, the only thing to be done may be to say to a manager, "We do not charge you with dishonesty, but simply with want of managing power. Experience shows every day in every kind of business, that, of two men with the best intentions, one can make a good profit and the other will make a serious loss. We have given you a good trial, and tried to help you. We propose to part with you and take another manager."

The Employees. — The shopmen, baker's men with the

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cart, and others employed by the store, will be appointed by the committee, who, if they are wise, will give their managers and branch managers a good deal of power in this matter. Get good managers, and trust them in minor matters; give them power over those below them, if you think they will use it well; and while always willing to investigate complaints, show the employees that you do trust your manager. If the committee as individuals listen to the complaints of shopmen, clerks, and others, they may do a great deal of harm. Branch managers should be made as far as possible responsible for what goes on at the branches, and, if possible, should have a pecuniary interest in the success of the branch.

Bonus to Employees. — Many societies have begun this plan, and under pressure from their members have given it up. It may fairly be said that, if Co-operators believe in the principle of workmen having a pecuniary interest in their work, they ought to apply it to the shopmen in their shops. Many Co-operators show by their votes in meetings and by their practice that they do not believe in this principle. On the other hand, many do. Some committeemen would gladly apply the principle if they could prove to their members that a real saving is effected by it. If it is to be conceded as an abstract principle of justice, not many societies will carry it on that ground. It is worth considering, whether the plan which has been tried in some societies, of giving a bonus on wages, at the same rate as the dividend declared, *e.g.*, 1*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* in the pound, according to the success of trade in each quarter, is not a mistake, except in very small stores. Rather it would seem that each small group of employees should be made to feel a direct personal interest in the part or branch in which they are engaged. Then they

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have much more chance of getting something by their efforts than they have as individuals of raising the general dividend for the whole store *1d.* or *2d.* in the pound, which will bring them but little after all. Where departmental accounts are kept, it ought not to be difficult. If societies and committees would turn their attention more fully to this subject, and not listen to isolated instances of failure, it is probable they would find that there is a good deal more in this matter of profit-sharing by employees than has yet been found out. The number of employees employed in distributive work in stores is about 13,000. Almost all societies close the store for one half-holiday in the week, generally not on Saturdays. In addition to this unusual privilege, the hours of labor are usually considerably less than the hours in private shops. The Saturday half-holiday for shops was largely inaugurated by Co-operators. They felt that shop-keepers had as much right to the holiday as they had. For rules for shopmen, see a useful paper at the end of "Model Book-keeping."

Average Working Expenses. — These vary a good deal: in some stores, they are as high as seven and one half per cent or more, in some below five per cent; but a great deal depends on local circumstances. It is impossible to lay down a rule. Inquiries should be made of societies in similar circumstances.

Stock-taking. — Quarterly stock-taking (or half-yearly, where the accounts are only made up and dividends declared half-yearly) is a most important matter, and it may become a fruitful source, not only of error but of fraud. It must be done on a systematic principle, and the members of committees should personally superintend it. Stock ought to be taken at *cost price*, unless the goods are deteriorated, or the market value has gone down. In

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that case, they should be taken at what they would cost to buy at the time stock is taken. In no case ought goods to be put at more than cost price. To do so is to appropriate the profits before the work of selling has been done, and the expense of selling provided for.

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CHAPTER V

THE ENTERPRISER

I ASKED Mr. Spinner one day, with a good deal of curiosity, in what consisted the difference between their plan and other arrangements of co-operative workmen. I had always been taught, at college, and by the superficial writers on modern social order, that, while different nations had had different forms of success in Co-operation, no one could yet claim that success in co-operative manufacture which he felt sure the Hampton plan had secured.

It is generally said that the co-operative system of house-owning which in America is called the Philadelphia system, by which a Philadelphia workman comes to own the house he lives in, is peculiar to America.

It is generally said that the co-operative system of savings-banks, — as it was discussed by Mr. Scheffer, — in which the small depositors are themselves the capitalists who lend to the small borrowers, is a system peculiar to Germany.

It is said also that the Rochdale system, the system of co-operative buying and selling, as it has been described in the chapter above, called

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"The Store," has succeeded in England, and nowhere else. And it is popularly said by the general writers on this subject that co-operative experiments in manufacturing have been short-lived, or have been on too small a scale to be of much account in the great exigencies of modern commerce.

Mr. Spinner replied by saying that there are a good many large exceptions to the statement that co-operative industry has not succeeded on a large scale. The fishing industry in Great Britain, in France, and in America, has always been conducted on this principle. The men who go on the voyage divide the profits of the voyage by a scale determined long ago, — in which the master's rate differs from the mate's, his from the expert seamen, and his from the novice or the boy. The great cheese factories of the dairy towns are conducted very largely on this principle. The farmer who sends in only a gallon of milk a day is a shareholder in the enterprise of the year, and receives his proportional dividend as regularly as if he furnished half the milk needed for the enterprise. The difficulty comes, unquestionably, — this was Mr. Spinner's theory, — when the kind of manufacturing is such as to require a large investment of capital. In the cheese factory the raw material is the principal charge. In the fisheries the daily labor is the principal charge. But the factory requires a much larger plant, in proportion, than either fishery or cheese factory.

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This difficulty had been met by the Co-operators at Hampton when they agreed with Mr. Nourse to pay him a regular interest on the capital he furnished for this purpose.

But even then the Co-operators in manufacture meet a second difficulty. They are trained to make goods. But they may make as well as Aladdin's genii, — and this will be of no use, if they cannot sell. More than this, — it is of no use to make well unless you can buy the material cheaply and to advantage. It is clear enough that a man who is weaving cloth cannot be buying wool, — perhaps a thousand miles away, — nor selling cloth, after it is made. The workman who spins and weaves and dyes is another person, in another business, from the manager who has to buy wool in one market and to sell cloth in another. And, if the workman has to be dependent upon some commission merchant who undertakes for him either of these duties or both, he is in as uncomfortable a position as when he was dependent upon the capitalist. In practice, in the ordinary system, the capitalist undertakes this middleman's affair. He buys the wool, and sells the cloth, — if the enterprise is like that at Hampton.

But there is no reason, in the nature of things, why a capitalist should know how to buy wool or sell cloth any better than the weaver or spinner. It is a business wholly distinct from the business of lending money. And, in point of fact, the failures of manufacturers come in quite as often because

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the men who have this part in charge do not carry on their business well, as because the goods are not up to their standard when the workmen have failed in their duty.

"It is here," said Mr. Spinner, "that you find the distinctive part of our system. Nourse furnishes the money. We pay him for it, — as we would pay any bank for money which we needed. The workmen make the goods. We pay them for their day's work, exactly as you would pay the painter who painted your house. But thirdly, we make a separate business of contriving the work, determining on the patterns and plans, buying the material, selling the goods.

"This is not the affair of the workman. He does not know how.

"It is not the affair of the capitalist. He does not know how.

"In our plan it devolves on Mr. Workman and myself. We think we know how. We try to learn how. And the whole thing will go to destruction if we do not know how. In point of historical fact, there would be no mill here on this basis if we had not made the negotiation with Mr. Nourse, and made him believe it possible. The old workmen and their wives know this; and the hands generally understand it. In practice it is so clear that 'managing,' — buying, selling, contriving, — are different operations from spinning, weaving, and dyeing, that the thing explains itself, so soon as men look into it.

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"Very well. As I explained to you, we are recognized as interested to the amount of one third on the success of the concern. That is a rough average, probably not quite accurate, but nearly so, — and convenient. We are paid living wages, — as if we were foreman of rooms, perhaps, head-dyers, or whatever. But, when the yearly balance is made up, whatever the profit is, Nourse receives one third of that profit, the workmen receive a third, — just in proportion to their wages, — and we receive a third. If we were paid in proportion to our wages only, we should not receive so much. But you see, that is as broad as it is long. If we were not to have this fixed share, — one third of the profit, — we should never undertake the management of the affair. Why should we? I am as good a master-weaver as the head of either of our weaving-rooms. Why should I undertake all this business of buying, selling, planning, and in general ordering, if I am not to be paid for it?"

Thus Mr. Spinner made me understand that the failure of most co-operative enterprises has resulted from the badness of the general management. This has resulted from the unwillingness to pay the general manager. The natural suggestion is that capital shall have half the profit and the workingman half. This is not founded on any fixed law, but it seems to be a convenient and easy division. It does not work. The reason is that there is a third and wholly distinct business in-

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volved. This is management. It means buying and selling, planning, directing, selecting, enlarging work or reducing it. It requires a different training and a different use of time from the others.

Spinner showed me figures which he had drawn out very carefully from the books of some of the largest American establishments and from those of some of the smallest. He had drawn them off very carefully in tables. They showed what proportion of the gross earnings of these mills, year in and out, went for the workmen, what proportion went for material, what proportion went for the profits of the owners, and what was the interest on the capital at the market rates for the year. Of course, one year varied from another. One figure was up and another down, as the market for wool varied, or that for cloth, or that for money, or that for work. But, on the whole, in the average, it was curious to see that his rough division into thirds came out about fairly. To give to handiwork one third the profit, to management one third, and to capital one third, after each had been paid the minimum of its living rate, was evidently an arrangement almost exactly just. One year with another, you could hardly do better.

"In a word," he said to me once and again, "co-operative enterprises generally fail because they do not pay the management."

I said to him one day, that he had made this sufficiently clear to me. Most business men

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would accept the statement as quite central, that the managers of an enterprise must be well paid or they will fail. Authors, for instance, do not find it well to print and sell their own books. They find it better to write them, and delegate the printing and sale of them to other men who make that their business. The money which the author receives for his part of the work is pretty generally agreed upon. In America, it is ordinarily ten per cent of the gross sales at retail prices. The profit of the retail dealer is also generally agreed upon. It is forty per cent of the retail prices of the books he sells. There is left, then, to the wholesale publisher, the printer and the binder, to the freight companies which carry the book from place to place, and to the newspapers and magazines which advertise it, fifty per cent of the gross sales. This rough statement shows that in the business of the manufacture and sale of books a very large part of any profit is paid to management. The proportion will differ, of course, in different sorts of adventure. If I manufacture plain sheetings, I make an article for which there is a steady demand. The risk of putting it on the market is less than if it were a volume of sonnets or a novel. But, on the whole, men find that it is better to intrust the sale of their work to people who are used to that business, and to pay them well for it. An author may print his own book, or pay the printer for doing so. But he will be apt to have a very large pile of his own books in his own attic or cellar.

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In the long run, he will find it best to pay for the oversight of publishing.

I said to Mr. Spinner that I could well see that men acquainted with general business should recognize the truth of his maxim, that you must pay well for management. But I said I should not think that when the day for the dividend came the workmen would like it. I should think they would be jealous of that part of the plan.

He replied rather grimly, as if I had hit a spot which it was disagreeable to him to talk about. I have observed that visitors who are not quite at home with their hosts are a little apt to bring up the most delicate questions, as if the solution could be given in an epigram. Thus, in old times, an English traveller would ask a Southern planter if he thought the system of slavery abstractly just; and an American clergyman to-day will ask an English bishop why he does not prevent the sale of clerical preferments. In somewhat this way — inopportune, I will confess — I asked Mr. Spinner whether the work-people liked the arrangement by which "Management" took one third of the profit. I saw in a moment that it was a matter a good deal discussed, and that the renewal of the discussion with a novice annoyed him. I could not help that, however, and, in truth, I did not much care. I was there, not to entertain him, but to find, if I could, what was their solution of the problems of capital and the industry it needed, — or, if you please, of industry and the capital it needed. Mr.

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Spinner had said, again and again, that the essential part of their system was the distinct recognition of the value of the management. I did not understand the system, — that was very clear, — until I knew whether the workmen liked the theory as well as he did, who was himself a manager.

His mere manner was enough to show that this was familiar ground to him, which he had had to go over till he was tired, with every new inquirer. Very well; I could not help that. Of course it was to be often explained, if it was the distinctive part of their system.

He asked pardon, however, for the annoyance on his face, which he saw that I observed. Then he really laughed at himself. "It is ground so familiar to me," he said, "that I forget that it is new to others, — as the ticket-master forgets that the woman who asks him questions to-day is not the same woman who asked them yesterday.

"I do not think the 'old men,' as we call them, though most of them are not forty, ever have any question about this part of the plan. Indeed, they know, as well as I do, that it is essential. They know that none of them or any of us would be here, unless the managers had laid out the system. As I said, they know, as a fact in history, that Workman and I persuaded Nourse to come into the plan. They know, also, that we are the people whom he looks to, — that he deals with us as far as there is any dealing between him and the concern, — so that we are a necessity. What is more,

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however, they know that, in fact, the thing works well, — that they receive, on the whole, much higher wages than they ever had before they came here, — that the work of the mill is better than it was in old times, and the reputation of our goods higher in the market. They know that we work with less waste and more profit, because we are working on this general plan. So far, good. And so far as those who began with us go, there is never any discussion.

"But you are quite right in thinking that newcomers, who have not worked with us long, invariably question this part of our arrangement at first. They say that Workman and I have the lion's share. The boys caricature us sometimes, well; even the older ones will fling at us in the club meetings and other discussions. Of course there have been a thousand other plans proposed. Of course, any hand new at the bellows thinks he can blow better than the old hand did, and makes his new suggestion. It generally amounts to this, of course, — that a considerable sum would be saved to the workmen themselves if a committee of management of their own superintended the work, as Workman and I do now, — if a fixed allowance were made to them for their compensation, and then the whole profit were divided in proportion to the wages. I do not see that they are apt to wish to increase Nourse's share.

"But I ask nothing better than that a critic shall have to put his plan on paper, and make it popular

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with the rest. Observe, there is no annual meeting where it can be proposed as a practical scheme. Every one knows that these works are not run by caucus or in town-meeting. No one is here long who does not like to be here. And, unless the man likes to come, and take wages at our rates, he does not come. Still the whole scheme is certainly democratic, and rests on the substantial satisfaction of everybody. Naturally, it attracts more than an average share of theorizers or schemers. So that in any debating-club, as at the Union, it is very likely that an Ideal Plan for its improvement shall be brought forward. And in this country, particularly when times are bad, there will be a plenty of broken-winded flannel mills, or other concerns which have shut down, where the owners are open to offers to buy cheap. There was a young man here, named Crichton, who wanted to persuade some of the other young fellows to go up to Eden, twenty miles up the river, with him, and work out a plan he had. So, in one way or another, we have had plenty of plans for improving on our method of sharing.

"This is the reason why I say so confidently that the making an equal allowance to 'Management' has proved necessary, — I mean an allowance of profit, equal to that assigned to Work and to Capital. It has proved necessary, because so many of these other plans have been proved inefficient. The men will not trust themselves and their families to an annual caucus. They will not

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go into a scheme which may be over-set in a minute. And capital will not trust itself, unless there is somebody to trust itself to. Theo. Brown used to say that when you made a stocking, you could not 'make believe' round once, and then knit into the 'make believe.' There must be something to knit into. In practice, there must be a management, which may contract with the men and compact with the property owner."

I said that it was the fate of middlemen to be unpopular. Spinner said that I need not tell him that. But he said that that was one thing which they were for; that some one must stand the brunt; and that, if he and Workman were honest and impartial, and carried open accounts, which every one might see, he would risk any unpopularity.

"In truth," he said, "with every year there is less and less of such complaining or such criticism as you inquire about. The scheme rests on its substantial justice. When you buy a piece of meat in the market, or hire a cab at the Forty-Second Street Station, you do not complain because the butcher makes a profit, or the cab-driver. You do not suppose that either of them is there as a philanthropist, and you do not suggest to them that they shall send you a check on Christmas Day, with your share of the profits of the year. You recognize butchering and cab-driving as a different business from your business, and do not ask to share the cab-driver's profits, more than

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you expect him to share yours. You do share profits in a Mutual Insurance Company, for there you are all in the same enterprise, and you succeed or fail under the same laws. And so, in the spinning and weaving, we are all in the same business, and gain or lose by the same laws. But, as I said in the beginning, two things are sure: (1) Management is a separate profession, which must be well paid; and (2) Management involves permanence, or there will be no confidence or security.

"I have told you," said he, "of the criticisms. Now let me tell you a story on the other side. When, in October two years since, the money market tightened up as it did, half a dozen large mill-owners chose to fail, and there was what you might call a special panic in the trade in woollens, besides the general panic on Wall Street, which is apt to come round in the autumn. As it happened, we were carrying an unusually large stock of goods, which I did not choose to sacrifice at a time when the market was badly depressed. But we wanted money, — we wanted it badly. In ordinary times, I could have had it for the asking, at one of the three or four banks where they knew our paper. But they would not look at me then, and, — well, I do not like to go to note-shavers. Now there is very little secrecy among us managers here. And when I came home pretty blue, one Saturday night, it was known quite soon Monday morning what was the matter with me. Then it was that the system was tested, Mr. Freeman.

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One of those very men who had said the hardest things of me not a year before, — you know the man, he is that man Woodruff, whose son you took a-fishing, — came round to me on Monday night. He told me that they had been putting their heads together, and comparing their bank-books, and that, if I thought twelve thousand dollars would be of any use to me the next Saturday, they could manage that I could have it, and as much more at the end of the month. And more than this; he said if we were pinched for money, as he thought we should be likely to be, he had a list, which he gave me, of forty-seven of the best hands he had, who would not draw their wages for four or five weeks from that time. Well, long before his five weeks were up, I had sold my goods at very handsome prices, and I was able to address them a circular note, to thank them for their loyalty."

Spinner told this pretty story with a good deal of pride. He opened his desk, and took out a copy of his circular note, handsomely printed, and gave it to me. It was in these words: —

OFFICE OF THE HAMPTON MILLS.

On behalf of the management of the Mills, and of Mr. Nourse, who is absent in the Holy Land, the undersigned wish to express their thanks as well as his for the loyalty, good sense, and courage with which all parties have rendered efficient assistance to the Mills, in the late severe commercial crisis.

It may be true that, in the disorganized condition of

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trade and commerce, such panics or crises cannot be avoided.

But this is certain, that, with such good-will and devotion to a common cause as have been shown by those who have undertaken the enterprise of the Hampton Mills, the convulsions of the money-market are not to be greatly dreaded. We have had an opportunity to show each other, if we did not know it before, that there is strength in union. And such an experience as this of the last two months is enough to prove that our enterprise is on a solid foundation.

With new wishes to deserve the confidence and respect of our fellow-workmen, we are

Their friends,

WILLIAM SPINNER.
JOHN WORKMAN.

"There was really nothing wonderful about it," said Spinner, thoughtfully, when he saw that I had twice read his circular through. "No, — keep it. I gave it to you to keep. I have more copies here.

"There was really nothing wonderful about it, if one will only remember who Jesus Christ was, and what he meant to set in motion, — nay, what he did set in motion. Mr. Freeman, if I could tell the ministers what to preach, I would have them, as often as once a month, show to people, especially young people, how practical, how efficient, — how business-like, if you please, — this gospel of our Lord is. There is apt to be so much rhetoric and poetry in preaching, that I am afraid young

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people think Christianity is all outside of life,— that it is matter of fancy or imagination. Now, if I were a preacher, I should like nothing better than to show that the Saviour was the most practical reformer, as he was certainly the most successful reformer, not only in what they call in their sermons the affairs of Heaven, or the Heavenly Kingdom, but in what you or I or these young people would call 'Every-day life.'

"Did I ever tell you of what Mrs. Spinner said to a fine lady in Warburton yonder, who was troubled because she could not keep her servants?"

I said he never had. Mr. Spinner laughed. "Why," said he, "Nancy heard her long story about the troubles she had had ever since she began housekeeping, and then she said, 'Did you ever try the golden rule?'"

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CHAPTER VI

CHILDREN'S WORK

I NOTICED, on the first day when I went through the mills, that there were no little children at work in any department. There were a good many young people, whom I should call boys and girls, but they were, clearly enough, more than sixteen years old.

I noticed, also, however, that there were no boys loafing about the village. After my first day's experience in seeking trout in the ponds above the town, I tried to find a boy who would go with me, to carry an extra basket I had, and, indeed, for companionship. And although, after a day or two, I secured the service of such a boy, — who became a valued friend before I left Hampton, — this was only after rather a careful negotiation, and on special terms, which, if this paper does not grow too long, I may have a chance to tell.

I was talking one afternoon with a man named Holmes, whom I had fallen in with in the works, and of whom I have spoken once already, and I asked him particularly about what he thought of the labor or work of children, and what they did

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about it. He said that he did not know of any fixed rule in the matter which would prevent Mr. Spinner from hiring many more children if he wished, or if he thought the work required it. "But," he said, with a good deal of emphasis, knocking the ashes from his pipe as a sort of gesture accompanying, "he does not think the work requires it, — and we do not think so, — I do not think so, — and the men generally do not." It was quite clear to my mind, as he spoke, that in the face of such unanimity of "the men" Mr. Spinner would not be apt to change his opinion.

"You see, Mr. Freeman," said Holmes, "most of the men grew up in mills, — were trained in them themselves, — and they do not like it. I was in a mill in England, so young that I hardly remember anything before I went there.

"Well, there is no doubt that a boy picks up something that way. He gets steady habits of work, I guess, and I guess there is a certain promptness, — readiness, — call it what you will, in good hands that have been trained so, that they would say came from their beginning early. But then, what is that? I have plenty of men and women in this mill who never saw a loom till they were twenty years old, who are just as prompt and just as steady. They did not get it in one way, so they got it in another.

"To go back, Mr. Freeman, I do not think, on the whole, that men or women who grew up from childhood in a mill want to have their children

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grow up so, if they can help it. If they can help it, — that's where it is. Perhaps they think they cannot help it. Perhaps the whole business is counted so close — I mean is carried on with so narrow a margin — that the wages of the family only amount to enough to keep the family in bread and butter. But then, what does this mean? I do not know how much you know of trade or manufacturing. I know that there is no such squeeze as that in the woollen business now, — nor has been for twenty years, — nor is like to be. No, indeed, Mr. Freeman; and if there were any, I would give up making cloth, and I would go to Dakota and make wheat, or to Montana and make wool, — that 's what I would do."

And Mr. Holmes laughed as he thought of himself on a ranch in Montana.

"You see," he continued, filling his pipe again, "you see, Mr. Freeman, there are a great many other things a boy has to learn, and a girl too, besides spinning and weaving, if they are to live decently and comfortably in such a country as America. And I do not mean school learning either. That 's all very well, but my children learn a good many things, and need to learn them, which Miss Jane Stevens does not teach them, nor any other schoolmistress or schoolmaster."

I said that I believed he had a good many children.

"Ten of my own," he said with some pride, "and Peter, who came in with the mail just now.

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He is just the same as one of ours, but he is really the cousin of the others, son of a brother of Mrs. Holmes, who was lost at sea. Eleven of them there are. I took Tom into my own room with me the day he was sixteen, — and I suppose I shall let Susie come in the day she is sixteen, if she wants to. But maybe she will change her mind before then."

And he paused a minute, as if considering this question, before he went on in his rather voluble conversation.

"I told them, when we came here," he then said, "that if we meant to have our children grow up strong men and women, they must be in the open air, they must have enough to eat and drink, and they must want to eat and drink it. You see, Mr. Freeman, it is my notion that all mill-towns have suffered from the idea that they are to be nothing but mill-towns. You say 'Lowell is a factory-town,' and 'Holyoke is a factory-town,' as if because they are factory-towns they can be nothing else. Suppose you made the people in a ship into one community in this fashion. Suppose that when you launched her, you said to all the people that sailed her that they were to be sailors, or at sea, all their lives. Suppose you said so to their wives and children, — just like those people that live in the boats in Canton harbor. What sort of men, I wonder, would grow up on your ship? After all, the mill is only a ship on land. And what I say is, that the boys and girls in it,

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even if they are, in the end, to work in it, want to see and learn and know some other things, just as the sailor's boys do before they go out with him, — and, for that matter, his girls, who never go out with him.

"Now it was easier for us to act on such a plan, because here, from the beginning, the men who owned this plant had the courage to say that they would earn their money in manufacturing and in nothing else. For the rest of their investment they wanted interest and not profits. Perhaps you know how they gave up the store, and said they did not mean to try and make money out of that; that was not their affair. So they gave up the tenements."

I said that I did know this, and that I hoped to know more of the Co-operative system than I did when I came to Hampton.

"Well, now," he said, "the same rule works, of course, about rents and gardens, — houses, — about these places where we live. Of course, when a man like our Mr. Nourse buys a property like this, there is a temptation to see what the rents on the houses will be. It is natural to say, 'They have always rented for ten per cent on the valuation or cost, and that will be but a very small rent,' — so he will go on so. There is no great oppression if he wants to do so. But I do not believe it pays in the long run. To begin with, I do not believe it pays any man to be in two or three different trades. If he makes horseshoes, I

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say let him make horseshoes, and not try to sell ribbons in the evenings. If a man makes woollen cloth, let him sell woollen cloth, and not have another account for the grocery shop, and another for the rents and repairs of his houses. That 's the way it looks to me.

"Anyway, as you know, these people, or rather this man, were ready to let us do what we chose, if we only paid him the market interest on the capital, and gave him a third of the profits, if profits there were.

"Now I, and Spinner, and Workman, — well, a good many of us, — we went in for Real Estate.

"Real Estate, Mr. Freeman, with a large R and a large E, — a very large R, and a very large E. 'Fasten a man to the ground,' says I, 'and let it be worth his while to make it worth living on.' No, Mr. Freeman," — and he laughed, — "I spent a winter with the Cherokees once, at a place they call Tahlequah. I saw enough of common property in land then and there, and I do not want to see any more. 'Real Estate,' says I. And when I said this to the others, I did not go back on what I have been saying to you. Because when I own a place, as I own this place," — and here Holmes looked up with a certain pride on his wife's trumpet vines and Dutchman's pipe, which shaded the piazza where we were sitting, — "when I owned this place, — when I bought it, — I did not buy it to make money. I make money yonder, — I make money by making cloth, — or help-

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ing make it. But I want a real home. I want it for her, and I want it for them. And so I said to Spinner and Workman, says I, 'You let these boys and girls of mine live in a place I own, and we shall all take care of it. You put me in a tenement somebody else owns, and for one I shall be apt to let somebody else take care of it.' So they fixed it, or all of us fixed it together. They gave me a bond for a deed of this place; it was one acre then; I have another acre back there now, and afterward I bought a wood-lot yonder. I was to pay five per cent interest, and ten per cent a year on the capital if I could, and I was to have a deed when I had paid forty per cent. But, you know, after we were sure the thing would work here, it was not much money, and I drew out of the savings-bank all I needed to pay up the whole. Yes, it is a pretty place. But it 's a much prettier place than it was when we came here. And that is what I was coming at. If you do not mind, put on your hat, and come round with me."

So we walked round his little domain. Yes, a little domain, but his own. And he had all the pride in it, and had the right to, which my friend Mr. Coram has, when he takes me through his grape-houses and other forcing houses. He made me go into the large hen-house, and showed me what he could of the methods of the hatching-house. But he said he must not interfere too far, or his wife and his girls would be after him. He told me with pride that, excepting three days'

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labor, when he hired a man to help in digging some post-holes, and in some other heavy work, every nail had been driven, every partition framed, and every sash fixed in its place by the handiwork of his boys. "Let them laugh at the Industrial School," said he; "that is what comes of it." Then I had to go through the back lot, which had been added to the other, and I was indeed surprised to see the show he had of pears, and to notice how scientifically even the beds of vegetables had been trained. All the potatoes of the winter, all the celery, all the tomatoes of the summer, and all that Mrs. Holmes and her daughters would can, were the product of this garden. All the poultry they ate, and all the eggs, came from this hen-house, and they raised enough to pay in simple barter for their milk, which came from a neighbor, who on a similar lot kept a cow, though he had to hire pasturage. We were still surveying the crops when the bell rang for tea. He asked me to take tea with them, and I was glad to do so. It gave me a chance to see the family, all the way down to the little curly-headed girl who sat in a high-chair, and kept the table clear for a small semicircle drawn from that centre. There was a younger boy in the cradle.

The supper, physically speaking, did credit to Mrs. Holmes and to her daughters. This is not the place to describe that matter. Indeed, the rugged and hearty aspect of the children, who did thorough justice to their mother's provisions and

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previsions, was what interested me. There was no hurry at table, but "when hunger both and thirst were fully satisfied," we adjourned to the piazza again, and Holmes took up the line of his argument.

"What I set out to say, when we went out into the garden, was this. Suppose I granted to Adam Smith and the other high-flyers, that Labor, as they call it, by which they generally mean work, shall be divided to the bottom, if you want to make money. I do not grant it, but suppose I did. Suppose that every egg in the omelette you ate to-night had been bought in Michigan, as on Adam Smith's theory it would and should have been, in the cheapest market. Suppose even it was as fresh, coming from Michigan. Suppose that honey, which came from Betty's hive, had been brought from Detroit, and had cost a cent a pound less than it has cost me. Suppose every pear which was on that dish could have been bought in Wentworth market cheaper than the money it has cost us to keep up the orchard. Hark you, I do not grant one of these things, but suppose it was so, what am I for, Mr. Freeman? What is Clarinda for? What are we living for? What is this house for, anyway? Certainly it is that these children may grow up into strong and good and well men and women. In the long run, that is the thing I have most at heart, and Clarinda. Now let us suppose that since April my radishes and strawberries and raspberries and currants and peas and beans

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and corn and cauliflower and cabbages and potatoes have cost me a hundred dollars more than they would have cost me in the market, — what should I do with this hundred dollars? Suppose I spent it — as observe I have spent it — on the education of these boys and girls who have worked on this garden, among other things. There are four of them. Where could I have got for one of them, for twenty-five dollars, what I have secured by keeping him at work under my eye or his mother's?

"But Adam Smith, or even Robert Owen, might tell me that if the older boys and girls were in the factory I should have twelve or even fourteen dollars a week more on the pay-roll every Saturday, and that that goes a great way toward Clarinda's account at the store for flour and butter and meat and shirts and trousers and coats and bonnets and gowns, and above all, for shoes," — and here he laughed at his own enumeration of man's requisites.

"There is no doubt of that. And I do not mean to say that eleven hearty children — for Peter is all the same as our own — eat nothing. Eleven children like these, Mr. Freeman, eat in a year well-nigh seven barrels of flour, and other things in proportion. Let 'em, says I, — the more they shall have. And I do not pretend that my farm here, as a machine for producing nitrogen and phosphates out of the rain and the sun, compares with the machines out in Dakota which do the same thing. But I do claim, as the patent lawyers say, that, as

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a machine for training boys and girls into men and women, it is much simpler and much better adapted to the purpose than the complex machine by which Peter works at a loom and earns money to send to Dakota and buy wheat. You see what I mean."

Yes, I did see very well, and I was glad he had worked it out for himself so well. He wanted to show me his figures, and to please him I looked at them. But I do not copy them here, though I could, because the reader would incredulously think they had been doctored. The truth is, however, that such a spot as Holmes owned, if manured by the foot of the owner, as John Randolph said, becomes more productive than the outsiders think. It was not difficult, in a place like that, to procure the stimulants they wanted for their garden-beds. They had only too much working force, when they needed to plant and to weed; and the harvesting, as Holmes said, laughing, took care of itself, when the family was to eat the strawberries. The secret of success, if one spoke of the theory of the thing, was that this very evanescent force which we call labor could be applied at any moment when it was wanted, without contract, without wages, without book-keeping; and something came of it. What came of it I had seen in the eggs and milk and cream and honey and stewed pears on the tea-table, and had heard of in the potatoes and other vegetables of which he had told me.

As to money earnings from the children,

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Holmes told me what hardly surprised me. He said that all up and down the valley, within three miles of him on either side, the farmers, real farmers, would hire his boys for quite as much as the woollen mills would pay them, at several places between April and November, and that he had rather let them go to such work, for a week or two at a time, than keep them in the mills. "That is what we gain," said he, "by building up these truck farms, as, in fact, our whole system of manufacture does. Somebody must raise the milk and poultry and vegetables for the people at work, not only here, but at Wentworth and at every mill along this stream. You cannot import all that food as readily as you can flour and beef. And it ends in a set of farms, — well, you Western men would not call them farms, but we do, — which supply these needs. Now there are times when these farmers need extra work, and a good deal of it, and then comes the chance for my boys. So they learn two trades, — and that is what every man ought to do. Who is it that says every man must have a vocation and an avocation?"

"But you do not make Mr. Freeman understand the real secret of success," said Mrs. Holmes, "unless you tell him that we own this place, and do not hire it."

"Oh, I told him that," said her husband, "in my long lecture to him before tea."

She said that she could illustrate the distinction by telling me one thing. "Here is this vine,

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which you call so pretty, which is indeed the glory of the front of the house. When we came here, this piazza was as bare and ugly as any which would be found in New England. Now, if we had hired the house, I should have spent twenty-five cents for five papers of seeds. I should have bought morning-glories, and cypress-vine, and what they call cucumber-vine, and cobæa, and perhaps some scarlet-runners. You see I should have wanted to cover the front as quickly as I could. Instead of this, so soon as I knew I was to stay here, I sent to Mr. Misho's for this one root of Dutchman's pipe, and paid my quarter of a dollar for that. That was years ago. But my piazza is more and more comfortable every summer, with no cost to anybody, while all my morning-glories, and annuals would have been cut down by the first hard frost. I should have saved my seeds, but I should have had to begin again every year."

Her husband listened, with a sort of pride for the exact fitness of the parable, and said that that instance did tell the whole story. "And Clarinda is n't selfish," he said, laughing; "she is n't half so selfish as the rest of us are. She would simply be doing her duty in buying her annuals. For, if she lived in a hired house, of course it would be her duty to make it look pretty as soon as she could, — in six hours, if she could, or, if not so, in six weeks. For my part, when she sent for her Dutchman, I sent for a Catawba vine. I bought a wheelbarrow

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load of leather clippings from old Soule around the corner, and treated my land with them. Step round and see the vine with me," he said. "I feed it with waste from the butcher's four times every summer, and now look there."

He pointed up with pride to the magnificent clusters of grapes, such clusters as civilized man had always taken as the noblest type of plenty and luxury. "There," said Holmes, "who does better than that? In theory, you know, I ought to send to Ohio or New York for those, and pay for them in our goods. But, once in a while, I am not sorry to upset Adam Smith in a good exception. My boys made all that trellis, they will pick all the grapes, and they will eat most of them; there are nearly two hundred clusters in all. But, after all, these are only the ornaments. The real bread-winner of the place is the hennery yonder, with its machinery for hatching out the little chicks." And so we returned to the piazza.

Then there followed a long conversation which I will not try to repeat. Holmes insisted that the sunshine and rain on a man's place was a part of his wealth, which he must invest if he could. Then he said that the muscle and strength and skill of the children was another part of a man's wealth, which must be used, if they were not hurt in the using. But then he fell into a more serious vein.

"I will not pretend, Mr. Freeman, that these profit and loss reasons are the real reasons why I bring up my children so. These are only my

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justifications after the fact, as the lawyers would say. You are a Christian man, I hope, and I try to be another. I can say to you, then, what perhaps I would not say at the street corner, — that I want these children of mine to grow up as children of God; sure of his presence, and happy in his love. I have a notion that if they are in the open air, they feel his presence, and see his work; that he seems near to them, and they feel near to him. Anyway, they are with their mother more, and that is the best thing that can happen to them, for we do not have our children any too long. And if, in this open-air life, healthy and free, they do grow up happy and good, why that is the whole thing. You and I must not be counting coppers or adding up columns of figures, to find out whether one plan is better than another. If it is better for them, that is all."

And as we went into the house, after I had bidden good-by to his wife and the older children, he said, with a good deal of feeling, "It troubles me a good deal that the men who make laws, and the men who write books, speak as if they thought that a little more profit or a little more product was the important thing. Of course they do not think so. Of course every one wants more life, — health instead of sickness, happiness instead of misery, strength instead of weakness. A Christian state cares for its people, and does not care, except for them, for its things."

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CHAPTER VII

THE SCHOOL

I REMINDED Spinner one day that he had promised to show me something of the school arrangements, and he said that if I were willing to take a walk, we would both go down to the schoolhouse, and stop on our way to find Miss Stevens, who was their teacher at that moment, and had been for more than a year. We found an intelligent, wide-awake woman, perhaps thirty-five years old, with a little of the firmness and regularity which comes on people who have kept a school for seventeen years, interested in her work, and willing to talk about it. She said she would take her keys with her, and show us the schoolhouse, though there was, on the whole, very little to show.

They were District 13 in a large township, and the general school committee of the town had found it was well to let them carry on things after a rather exceptional way. The district committee in New England has very large powers, and does very much as it chooses, and particularly if one member of the district committee is a member of

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the general town committee, the town committee does not much interfere with the plans of the district, so only the work required under the statute of the State is done. There is no general law as to hours, there is no general law as to the number of weeks which the school shall be kept open; all the law requires is that there shall be a school every winter and a school every summer, with a certain minimum beneath which no district must fall, or indeed would be permitted to fall, in the general state of public opinion. These people at Hampton more than complied with the letter of the law, and Miss Stevens assured me that their results were quite as satisfactory as she had found in places where the schools were kept on a more conventional footing.

The schoolhouse was the old schoolhouse which they had found there, — a perfectly simple building, which might have cost a couple of hundred dollars to build, with one large room only, and a little anteroom, in which the boys and girls hung up their coats and cloaks, and where they left their overshoes. But I noticed that she or somebody had ornamented it prettily with chromos and other pictures; they had a very good set of school maps hanging upon the walls, and the general aspect of the place was cheerful. I also noticed that the platform at the farther end of the room was rather higher than I should have made it. But I asked no questions, knowing that "the dumb man's borders still increase."

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Miss Stevens said that she had very little to explain, and, indeed, very little to show. She took me to the end of the room opposite the platform, and threw open a half closet, half cupboard, which was there, and I saw in a moment that it was a sort of alcove, in which they had stored a great many books, — I should think more than a thousand. This, she said, was the school library; or, if I choose to call it so, a public library. Mr. Spinner would tell me where they got the money for it, and who had the books. Then she said, laughing, that she was not only the schoolmistress, but she was librarian of the library. She opened another closet, and there I saw were crowded in two or three tables, which, she told me, were the reading-room tables; and she explained to me how they could be brought out, and arranged so as to cover up the desks of her school-children, and serve her for a reading-room in the evening of some of the winter months, when the schoolroom was open for the purpose. "The schoolhouse has to 'pay a double debt,'" she said; "and it is now opera house, now schoolroom, now library, and now reading-room. I am retained by these gentlemen in the four capacities of mistress of amusements, director of reading, librarian, and schoolmistress. One of your wise men says that every one should have a vocation and an avocation and a 'third.' I not only have a third, but I have a fourth. But, as another wise man says, I make one hand wash another, and

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really the boys and girls are very good assistants. There is nothing a bright boy likes better than to be told that he may help in the library, and there is nothing that gives him more self-respect than to be put upon some committee in charge of the newspapers or magazines in the reading-room."

I listened, well pleased, for the little woman was now talking to me on what is rather a favorite topic of my own, and I began asking her a librarian's questions, and other questions which would hardly occur to a person who had not had in hand a set of duties which I have had half my life, but which, with the reader, need not be spoken of. I found that she was in no sort above her business; on the other hand, she was well disposed to magnify her office, and she gave me some very good hints in administration. But as to the sinews of war, as to the way in which the money was collected and disbursed which all these various enterprises demanded, she always referred me to Mr. Spinner.

"But if your heart is in it," she said, "and if the people you work for are sympathetic, as the people are for whom I work, the thing does not require as much money as people imagine, or as it requires on paper, — no, not nearly as much as it requires when you work from above below, as I have seen such work done, when liberal people and generous people were condescending to improve and level up another kind of people. With us, nobody is condescending; we are, if you please, a little selfish. It very soon appears that it is easier to have one

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of Trollope's novels answer the purpose of twenty of us, or one or two copies of 'Harper's' answer the purpose of a large circle of readers, than if everybody were selfishly keeping the book or the magazine at his own house and occasionally lending it. Very soon, after a year or two, the bound volumes of the magazines became books of the very first interest to children. All children like to follow up a series of bound magazines. They like it rather more than they like anything else. Indeed, Mr. Freeman, the difficult point with a public library is at the beginning. The old proverb is certainly true there. Somehow it happens that the first five hundred books you buy are infallibly stupid books. They are the 'books which no gentleman's library should be without,' but which might as well be manufactured out of wood and leather, and nailed up permanently on the shelves. It is not until you have done with the 'standard books,' and begin to supply people with the every-day literature of the time, that they begin to understand that it is worth while to go to the library, and the time when they understand that it is worth while to support the library is even later. But when they have once tasted blood, there is nothing about which a community is so unanimous as it is in the support of its library. Here I make them bring me everything. I make the man who comes up on the train bring me the 'New York Herald' or 'Tribune' of that day, that I may have it on the table of my reading-room. We cannot afford to

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subscribe for half a dozen dailies. But really, there is not a night when one of my boys cannot pick up a daily at the station as the train passes us, or some one does not bring it in here. Our files will not be very uniform, but we are, all the same, supplied with something, and if people read journals of half a dozen schools in politics, why, it is none the worse for them. In the same way, we have most of our magazines, — not all; some we subscribe for; but I encourage people to send their magazines to me as soon as they have done with them. I promise them that we will bind them, and, after a fashion, we do bind them, though you would think it is rather homely binding. I have taught the girls to do that. And the consequence of all this is, if you should come in here, after the first of October, or before the first of May, you would find, every evening, that my tables are out, that my periodicals are on the tables, and that this little room is quite as full as it will hold of people who have come in here to read. Indeed, last year, I was obliged to establish a branch, of which Mr. Spinner will tell you, at the other end of the village, because we were overcrowded here."

All this entertained me, because it fell in with various plans of my own, which had had more or less success in various localities. Then I asked her about the school hours, and the extent to which she carried her scholars. "As to that," replied Miss Jane Stevens, "the committee is good-natured, and leave me very much to my

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own devices. When I came here, I found that the school had been very small, and, in fact, before our mill was established, hardly anybody lived in these houses, and very few of those people who did live here had any children. I had kept school in factory villages before. The general object in most of them is to crowd the children through the thirteen weeks which are required by law, so that they may have the other nine months to work in the mills; and the pressure of the parents on the committee, or, generally, of the directors of the mills, is the same way. Then we are a good deal pressed and embarrassed often, because the parents are very anxious to get our certificate that the children have worked through the thirteen weeks, and frequently they ask for the certificate before they have any right to it. Then, if you refuse the certificate, you get into hot water, and alienate that family, and perhaps their neighbors.

"We have none of this difficulty here. Mr. Spinner will tell you how soon he and his friends determined that they would not have any children working in the mills who were not sixteen years old. I suppose that determination made them trouble, but it gave me great joy. I did not insist upon what you would call a city school. I was perfectly willing to fall into the habit of all the country districts here, in having only a winter school or a summer school; although Mr. Spinner was kind enough," she said, nodding to him and smiling, "to let me have my own way in that

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regard. But I did say that I should like to have the school open for thirteen full weeks in the winter, and that I should like to have it open for thirteen full weeks in the summer. I ought to explain to you, that I had made an agreement that I would not teach anywhere else, and that my salary was fixed to run from the first of January to the last of December, so that I was to arrange the school as I thought it best for me and for the community. I do not think that I was selfish in the matter. There were reasons why it would have been an advantage to me to have had the school open for forty weeks; but, on the other hand, I was interested in Mr. Spinner's plans and Mr. Workman's plans; gradually I became acquainted with the men and women who work in the mill, and if I were to do it over again, and establish such schools as I wanted in the villages up and down this river, I would not ask for more than twenty-six weeks' work out of the fifty-two, for these boys and girls.

"I did think, and I said so to these gentlemen, that as we have a good many people who had not had all the school training that they could use to advantage, that it would be a good thing to open the schoolhouse here for an evening school during three or four of the winter months. I said that if they were willing to do that, I would be here from half-past six, when supper is always over, to half-past nine. I said that I would not undertake more pupils than I could manage, but that I thought, with the help that I could find, which need not

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cost a great deal, we could manage perhaps as many as forty pupils in the evening. In point of fact, we had an average of about thirty-five, and that is the way in which my time is divided.

"There is an evening school, which runs for two months late in the autumn. There is a regular winter school, which runs three months. There is an evening school, which runs for two months more in the end of winter and in the spring; then what they call the summer school comes in at the end of May, and in June and July; and for the rest there are the holidays."

"Tell Mr. Freeman about your Mutual Improvement Society," said Mr. Spinner.

"I wanted to tell him about that," Miss Jane Stevens said, "but I think I had a little rather that he should see it first, and I wonder if you cannot bring him around this evening. They do not meet here to-night. They are going to give a sort of exhibition at the other hall. Bring him to that, if he is willing to sit through, and let him see what we do with our native talent here. After the exhibition is over, I will tell him something of the detail of its management."

Accordingly, at tea-time in the evening, it was announced that Mr. Spinner and I were going to the evening entertainment provided by the society, and Mrs. Spinner and two or three of the older children went with us. We walked up the village street, and saw that other people were doing the

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same, to the church, and here I found that the "entertainment" was to be given in the large vestry of the church, which occupied the whole floor of the building, and into which we descended by a few steps, — the floor of the vestry being perhaps three feet below the surface of the ground. The room was not very high, but not so low but what we could hear and see easily. It was prettily decorated by well-chosen prints, and a nice frieze of well-drawn pictures illustrating the parables ran all round it just below the wall. I observed, as soon as I went in, that some forty seats were reserved in front. For the rest, the hall perhaps seated a hundred people more, and these seats were all taken before eight o'clock. The announcement had been that the exercises would begin at five minutes after eight, and in a moment I saw the reason for this announcement. Those of the factory hands who chose to come, and who were not released till eight o'clock, had thronged across directly from their work at the mill, apparently choosing to postpone their supper until after the entertainment was over, and they occupied the seats which had been reserved for them. So soon as they were all in, the exercises of the evening began.

A young man, who I should not think was more than twenty-one years old, stepped forward and made a bow and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have a programme of unusual interest to offer you this evening. You will see that preparations have been made for a scientific experiment," — and he

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turned and pointed to rather a large trough which he had by his side. "At the last meeting of the philosophical section, Mr. St. John was appointed to tell us why ice floats upon water, and he has prepared one or two experiments which will illustrate this."

At once a young man stepped up from the floor, and brought his block of ice with him in a basket, showed how high it floated, and then, with various tubs and pumps and other apparatus, proceeded to give some simple information as to the properties of air and water, and what would happen, and what would not happen, etc., in such a way as to interest his audience, and certainly teach some of them something which they did not know before. His statement was very short, and Mr. Spinner told me that no person was permitted to occupy more than five minutes, no matter if he had to demonstrate the most elaborate truths known to science. He was cordially applauded when he had done, and withdrew, leaving his ice floating upon the water. The president again stepped forward, consulted his paper, and said, "Two of the young ladies will favor us with a duet." Two nice girls came up on the platform; their music was already placed for them on the piano, and they played sufficiently well a duet from Mercadante.

"Mr. John Graham will read an anecdote." Mr. John Graham proved to be an old Scotchman, I should think sixty years old. He came up with a book in his hand, and said he was going to read

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a story, which should not have been called an anecdote, by Fontenelle. I do not know where he found it; I had never heard it before, and I never heard it since, but it was one of Fontenelle's nice little stories, with a clever moral. It was read in a very pathetic way, and held the audience for Mr. John Graham's five minutes. And so this "variety entertainment" went on, without the slightest pause or breakdown. Sometimes the contributions were made by little children of seven years old, sometimes by their fathers or their grandfathers. They passed from grave to gay, or from gay to grave, with apparently no prevision or arrangement of contrast or similarity, but by the mere accident which had placed them upon the programme. But what was important was, that they interested the audience, they were curiously suggestive, and they must have started conversation and thought as hardly any elaborate lecture could have done.

I could not make Spinner understand how curious I thought the whole thing. He did not, indeed, look at it quite as I did. He looked at it rather as something of course, which had grown up quite naturally out of the exercises at the Sunday-school, and out of the school exhibitions. He gave Miss Jane Stevens the principal credit of it, and, after it was over, she walked home with us, and I tried to make her give me some idea of the way in which all these people had been brought to be their own teachers and their own entertainers upon

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a public stage. She said that she did not think anybody had planned these entertainments, but that they had grown up simply enough out of a little society of boys and girls, which had formed itself when these young people were all five years younger than they were now. They had had, as most villages had, the usual run of fourth-rate lecturers coming up and charging money for their entertainments, till they had got tired of such things. She was, in the meanwhile, trying to interest them in the reading-room and in the library, but she found that they wanted to get together; they wanted to have a chance to talk and to walk home together, and she had proposed that there should be two or three little entertainments, conducted by themselves, at the end of every evening. But it proved that it was much easier to arrange for a field meeting of the society once a fortnight than it was to be getting up little separate entertainments more frequently, and gradually the thing had assumed the shape which I saw. Of course, those who could sing had a certain commodity which they could always offer at these entertainments; but it was her business, and the business of the other leaders of the society, to find out what contribution other people could bring in. The men of a more mechanical gift were rather pleased if something which they had read in the "Scientific American," or in the other journals, could be made use of to their fellow-workmen. Occasionally, a stranger was at hand; but, generally

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speaking, she had found that strangers did not understand their audience as well as they understood it themselves. A declamation always interested these audiences, but it would not have interested them if it had been the declamation of a professional reader from the outside; it interested them because they listened to their own sons or their own daughters. "And in short," said Miss Jane Stevens, "in all our effort to provide amusement for our winter evenings, there is nothing on the whole which is so popular as this entertainment of the Mutual Improvement Society, and that you may guess, now that you see it in the autumn, and if I tell you it has been kept up throughout the year. For the rest," she said, "we make quite a point of keeping up the musical training of the village. When I say we, I mean I and Mrs. Spinner and Mrs. Workman and the doctor, and two or three other people, on whom the stress of the effort comes; but with every year we have more and more helpers. Mr. Spinner will tell you that we have quite the beginning of a little band. You heard how well those two girls played, and how well that quartette of boys sang; and really, last winter, our six or eight concerts were not only a pleasure to those who heard, but were really creditable to the performers." I asked her whether I had now found out the secret of the high platform in her schoolroom, and she said I had. She said that when they did not think they should have a large audience, the children felt more at home in the

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schoolroom, and that she had many a time met small companies of them there, when they should never have thought of announcing an entertainment in the vestry of the church. "But here," said she, "we can act charades, we can speak dialogues, we can tell stories. Why, I have read them half the 'Arabian Nights' here, when they were sewing or knitting, or the boys were drawing at the table yonder. Indeed, they are never more pleased than they are to have what they call an evening in the schoolhouse; but that is purely an informal thing, as they might meet for an evening party at Mr. Spinner's house, or at Mr. Workman's."

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CHAPTER VIII

HOURS OF WORK

MR. SPINNER explained to me their experiment about the hours of work in a long conversation, of which I took full notes at the time.

"You will easily see that matters of some difficulty under any other system of management settle into matters of detail with us, and adjust themselves.

"Workman and I had both been anxious and interested in eight-hour plans. But we knew enough to know that if one State in America passed an eight-hour law, and the next did not, the result would be simply the driving factories and workmen across the border, and that nobody would gain anything. So that, though I have agitated a good deal of that thing in general, I had never seen any good chance in detail. Our system here differs from anything I had heard of, and it came to us, as such things do, rather by accident than studied design.

"I was in New York, — it was in April, — the end of April, — and I met a jobber there whom I

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had not seen before, a Boston man named Atkins. He took a fancy to some goods he had bought from an agent and made an appointment to see me. He told me that his people — some tailors he dealt with — liked the goods, and he wanted to know how large a lot I could send him steadily for six months. I figured on it a little, and told him. I saw he was disappointed, — a little annoyed, I thought. It was the first intimation he had had that we were not one of the great slam-bang concerns, to whom a hundred million pieces are nothing at all. When I saw this, — I hated to disappoint a good customer, — I said, 'Either that, — or twice that.'

"He asked what I meant, and I said I would light up, and run two sets of hands.

"Well, he did not care what I did. If I had set the mill afire, he would not have cared, so his tailors were suited. He accepted my first price, and I came home a good deal frightened, to tell Workman and the rest what I had done. I do not run this mill by caucus. No, sir! I do as I choose, and make the plans; and other men take their parts, and the plans come out as well as they can. But this time I did call the heads of rooms into my counting-room, — what you would call 'foremen,' — and I said that we had a chance to double profit if we would double work, — and that I had done this thing. But I said I hated night work. It was demoralizing; it was bad for the men and women engaged; and the work itself was bad when it was

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done. I said that if we had won any credit with these unknown tailors, it had been by doing work a little better than other people did, and that we should very soon lose that credit if we did not keep up to the standard of the goods they had received from us. Then it was that, on a hint from one of the men, we tried, rather as an experiment, the system on which we have run this mill ever since. There is a certain freemasonry about weavers and spinners. They know of other weavers and spinners, just as jewellers know of other jewellers, and printers of other printers. I gave out word that, beginning with a fortnight from the next Monday, we were going for the summer on the eight-hour principle. At the same time, I gave out word that the mill would open at four o'clock in the morning, and that the people who came to work then would be dismissed at twelve for that day. There was not to be any cessation of the work, however. The power was to be kept on and the machinery kept running, and another set of hands would come in at twelve and work till eight in the evening. I do not believe the thing could have been done so easily in a large establishment as it was with us. But the men and women wrote all up and down the valley, to friends that were in other mills, who wanted to make an easy summer of it, and before my fortnight was over, I had people enough trooping in here, who wanted to be taken on this rather luxurious arrangement. You will see yourself that the trouble is in the inspec-

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tion of the work more than it is the doing of the work. Nobody likes to be responsible for work done in his room of which he did not see every detail; but the heads of rooms managed that after a fashion. They worked much more than eight hours, and they had head men of their own, whom they liked, and in whom they had some confidence, whom they put in charge in their absence. Then, as you will easily see, under our principle, where each man has something of the interest of an owner, there is a great deal more mutual oversight than there would be in a room where everything was cut-throat and every spinner was trying to do as little as he could, so he could only be paid for doing more. Then you would find that a girl who tended a frame, made, by methods known to herself, some private arrangement, so that another girl whom she knew — perhaps her sister or some friend of hers, somebody who lived in the same house with her — should tend that same frame in the afternoon. There is not much sentiment about a spinning-frame, but there is some, and a girl would not like to come in in the morning and find things amiss, when an entire stranger had been running her machine, while she would be good-natured enough about it if the person who had run it was her own *protégée*, or in some way was her friend.

"So it was that for that summer we ran this mill sixteen hours where we had run it ten hours before. It did not quite double the time, but, in truth, al-

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though it did not quite double the work, it came nearer it than I expected. We had not the difficulty which everybody told me we should have, of the machinery getting out of order, because nobody was responsible for it. It ended in our holding a person responsible for a piece of cloth who began that piece. This was not strictly fair, but it was so evident that there must be some rule about it, that everybody accepted that rule. In point of fact, the cloth stood inspection remarkably well, and, after a little fuss at the beginning, I never found that anybody pretended that he could tell the difference between work which was done in the afternoon and work which was done in the morning, or *vice versa.*

"I suppose there was a difference, but it was one of those minute kinds of differences which you lawyers say the law does not care about. The upshot of it all was that I held my contract with this Boston man, who has been one of our best customers ever since.

"But when it came to the first of November, we stopped this double business. In the first place, our contract was up, and in the second place, I and Workman and all the best heads of rooms were resolute that we would not have any night work. Of course, by the first of November, we were burning a good deal of oil, morning and night, — that was before we got in our electric plant, — and the oil was an expense. It happened that year that I had just as lief run light as not. I was

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satisfied that the country was making more goods than it could sell, and I did not want to be found with an overstock in the spring. The men and women both had got used to the eight hours' work, and I told them all that I proposed to try as an experiment to run this mill, for the next four months, at only eight hours' time. This meant, you see, beginning after it was broad daylight, and ending at sundown, or sometimes before. We made the saving in oil, which is something; we made some saving, I suppose, though not much, in fuel; and the people made a great deal of saving, in temper. I lost some workmen, — there is no doubt of that. They went off where they could get more money; for practically, all our people are paid by the piece, and of course a man cannot make so many pieces of woollen cloth in forty-eight hours as he can in sixty. It is all nonsense to pretend that he can. But he makes more than forty-eight sixtieths; he makes more than eight tenths of it. When his mind is set to it, and he is determined to drive things, and he has time to keep his machinery in good order, and does not mind staying a little before and after work to see to that, his eight hours are worth more to him than when he is in a hurry to leave his work as soon as it is done, and is only eager to come in late in the morning. You will say that this is an advantage which wears off after people have been used to the eight-hour system. All I can say is, it does not wear off with us. On the other hand, we find

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that these people regard their machinery a good deal as you regard a horse which has got to do so much work for you. You would like to have the horse in as good order as he can be in, and even if you have to take care of him yourself, you would rather do that than have him fail you when you are in the saddle or going over the hills.

"What we have settled down on, then, is eight hours' time from the first of November to the first of March every year, and during that period we give a full hour for dinner. I do not say that the people would like it all the year round. I think that in the summer men would have a feeling that they were wasting time, and that they would leave us, and go off to places where they could get more money in the day or more money in the week. But the human mind is so formed that people do like variety. It is just as a woman wants to move her bedstead once in six months, and is sure she makes more room every time she moves it. These people are glad when the first of November comes and the hours of work are radically changed; and they are just as glad when the first of March comes, and they are changed again. It gives us, as you will see, a good chance for our evening school, of which we make a good deal; and it gives a good chance for our evening entertainments, which are very good for keeping up the moral life of the people. It throws men more into the library and reading-room than it would if they were tired, and, in short, I think it a very good

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arrangement for the summer, and I am disposed to think that the men agree with me.

"I wonder if you remember a droll paper there is of Franklin's, about his discovering that it was light in Paris three or four hours before people got out of bed. I remember a man I knew, who went to Spain on business, told me how much surprised, not to say amused, he was when he saw, in the city of Madrid, the masons were at work before five o'clock in the morning, on a house opposite his hotel; and he saw the other side of it when he saw that the same masons did not touch a brick between half-past eleven in the middle of the day and half-past three. Well, if you turn out with fifty or sixty people, as I have done again and again now for years, at four o'clock in the morning, just when a few streaks are beginning to light up the eastern sky, it may be, and go into the mill with those people, and all get to work just as it is beginning to be light enough to go to work, you have a little that same feeling that my friend had in Spain; you have a little of the feeling that Franklin describes in this paper. You are a little surprised to know that you are at work when half the world is asleep, and you do not dislike the surprise. Least of all do you dislike it when, at twelve o'clock, somebody else comes in and takes your work. You have the liberty of a marquis, or a duke, or anybody else. You can go to sleep if you want to; you can read; you can go a-fishing. I dare say you have met some of my men with their

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baskets and flies upon the streams that you have been tracking. It does the man no harm, you may be sure of that; and he comes home, with his feet wet, if you please, and pretty tired, quite ready to go to bed at sundown, or before sundown, that he may be at his work at four in the morning.

"There is no doubt that with the men and the women too, the early-rising watch, for that is what we call them, is the more agreeable of the two; so we change and change about when Sunday comes. Watch A, as it is called on our books, has the morning work for one week, and it takes the afternoon work in the next week. Then, when the third week comes, Watch A has the morning again, and in the fourth week it has the afternoon again, and we did not change this order of watches from the beginning of the season till the end. But as to the men and women in the watches, they have a good deal of liberty. They have what they call their partners; by which I mean that two people, as I have said, are in some sort responsible for the same frame or the same loom, and if one of those partners wants a half-day off, and makes a bargain with his partner to run for him, we wink at it, if you choose to call it 'wink at it;' we know perfectly well that it is done, and once in a long while we permit that substitution. I should not, if I were the head of a room, permit it two days running. Sixteen hours' work is quite too much to be done two days, unless there is to be a holiday the next day. But, as

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you know, the work at a frame or at a loom is not so much physical fatigue as it is a certain kind of nervous work; and once in a dog's age such a thing as this may be permitted, though it should never be encouraged. Now all this, as you will see, links in with, and has direct reference to, the system of schooling which we have adopted here, which is, after all, largely borrowed from the English experience, and about which you had better talk with the young women who keep the schools.

"It is easy to see how the footings come out from these rather varied hours. 104 days of winter, at 8 hours each, give 832 hours' work.

"For the eight months of spring, summer, and autumn, the mills do twice as much a day, and the result, of course, of the eight months, is four times that of the winter, or 832 × 4, equals 3,328.

"This makes 4,160 hours' work in a year, against 3,100 hours which we should have gained from 310 days' work on a ten-hour system.

"The law of this State restricts us to ten hours, and if it did not, the fact that other States are restricted to ten hours would have amounted to the same thing. In the long run, you cannot keep good workmen in an eleven-hour mill, when, by going over the border, they have a chance to work in a ten-hour mill. It is that which practically settles these questions, though there can be, of course, under our constitution, no national legislation on the subject.

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"It ought to be understood, indeed, that no State constitution gives any right to the legislature to fix the hours of labor for any man. The arrangements for ten-hour systems, or other such systems, are made practically by legislation for the benefit of children, with regard to whom it is supposed that the legislature is omnipotent. When an eight-hour law is passed, as it has been passed, by Congress, it is simply a law providing that men who work for the government shall work only for eight hours in every twenty-four. But the Bill of Rights in most States would be enough to show that a legislature must not interfere with the right of a man to sell in market his own labor, and as much of it as he chooses. I say this merely by the way. It is not of any great practical effect, because, practically, most mills want to employ persons who are under age, and if those persons may, or indeed must, go away at the end of ten hours, the work of the mill is so far deranged that it cannot be continued for eleven hours. This is the whole of our ten-hour statutes, and indeed the same is true with regard to those in England.

"But, as I have said, our arrangements here were wholly independent of statute. They grew up in the incidental way which I have described, but which, for us who want to make the most out of this plant here, — that is, out of these buildings and this machinery, — is, as you can see, very great. We gain thirty-three per cent in

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product out of the same amount of machinery. Our work-people are satisfied, and if they are satisfied, everybody is satisfied. We pay by the piece, as all mills do, so that we pay no more for three thousand hours' work on our time calendar than if we were carrying the same three thousand hours over more months in the year.

"Practically, then, we are able to deliver more goods in a year than we were able to, or than we should be, if we worked on a ten-hour system. We are also using our machinery, not to the full top of its work, but for one third more than we should be otherwise, and this gives us so far forth a better chance to be even with the time. It is a great thing for any manufacturer to work with the newest machinery which the progress of invention affords, and other things being equal, there is therefore a certain advantage in wearing out a frame or a loom in three years which otherwise would have run four."

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CHAPTER IX

THE CHURCH

SUNDAY came around while I was at Hampton, and I went to church with Mr. Spinner, his wife and family. He told me at breakfast that we should hear the Baptist minister from Wentworth, who was coming up to take the morning service himself. Mr. Spinner spoke with pleasure of this arrangement, for he said I should be pleased with the sermon and the service, and he hoped that this gentleman would come first and dine with us. "He has not been here," said Mr. Spinner, "for a year or two, and I should be glad to show him some of our improvements. He is a man who is much liked in the whole county, and it is rather a matter of distinction that we should have him at our little church here."

He then told me of the basis on which the church had arranged itself, and seemed to be, on the whole, well pleased that they had been able to do as much as they had done, although they had met with the difficulties inevitable where there are people coming and going all the time, where many of the men and women are, if not irreligious, quite

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indifferent to religious arrangements, and where the whole community is so small that unless it unite together in some way it is difficult to maintain any regular church institution.

"When we came here," he said, "there was no place of worship here at all. There is a Second-Advent meeting-house three or four miles down the road, and I think you may have noticed, as you went up, a meeting-house which is almost never used, which was built by some Seventh-Day Baptist people several years ago, when they had a revival in this neighborhood. But they all moved away, and I hardly know whether their house is kept in repair or not. At all events, it was too far away from us for us to make any use of it. In truth, one of the reasons of the failure of the enterprise that was here before us was that our village was not large enough to maintain a church. The more decent workmen would not come to a place where there was no church, and they had but a wretched set of hands here at the very best. The quality of their work-people alone was enough to break down their mills, if they had not broken down from bad management, as in fact they did. After we were established here, the better men, themselves, felt the need of doing something for a Sunday-school or a place of worship, in many instances where they had never cared for such things before. Nothing puts a man so much on his mettle as being bodily transplanted, and finding that there is no regular occupation for Sunday, even if he have not been a

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regular church member himself, and affects to be indifferent to such things. The Catholic priest at Wentworth was quite willing to come up and hear confessions, and carry on a service once a month, and he did so in the school-building, which the district committee were willing to let him have for this purpose. Different men put themselves into communication with one and another of the ministers at Wentworth, to know whether some service could not be maintained, perhaps on Sunday evening, or perhaps in the afternoon, by one and another person coming up the valley from there. To these proposals we had all sorts of answers, as one always would in such a case, but it seemed to me that there was enough of a necessity made out for me to address a pretty formal letter to Mr. Nourse on the subject, and that letter I accordingly wrote.

"I told him that it was essential to a good manufacturing establishment to have the best workmen and not the worst. I told him that we should never have the more decent and self-respecting workmen if there were these difficulties about worship. I told him that it seemed to me, therefore, that the men who owned this mill — and he was the most important of those men — should add to the rest of their plant here a church or meeting-house. That would show the men that they employed that they had an interest in this matter. For the rest, the men they employed must bear out the American principle, and must arrange for

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worship as best they could; but that I thought that, without analyzing the matter too finely, or putting too fine a point upon things, it was the business of capital to provide a place where this part of the work of a manufacturing town should be carried on.

"I got a very curious answer from Nourse. I should like to show it to you. He reminded me of the principle which had been laid down in the beginning; namely, that capital was to have merely what we would call 'the idiot's dividend,' and that in a certain sense it was entitled to that, while in a certain sense it was not entitled to anything more. 'Now,' said he, 'we have waived all questions of sentiment or mutual affection or of the interest of mankind, which you choose now to bring up when you discuss the matter of a church edifice. I do not mean to say that if, half an hour hence, a man comes into my room and takes off his hat and asks me to subscribe for building a church in Honolulu or in Texas, I may not do it; but I do not think that that man must come to me from Hampton. In Hampton I am engaged in a business enterprise. I have been told that this business enterprise could pay me what we call the idiot's dividend. I feel safe, therefore, about refusing to mix up a business enterprise like this with my philanthropy. If you, and the men who are at work with you, really think that a church is as much a part of the capital stock of this concern as is the dyeing vat, you ought to prove

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this by your works. I own some dyeing vats in your mills, or I own ninety-five hundredths of them, and on my property in those vats I am paid four per cent interest. I will put up for you in Hampton a meeting-house on exactly those terms. It shall be costly or inexpensive, as you please. It shall be a handsome church, built of your own stone there, by the best architect in New York, or it shall be built of rough-hewn planks, slabs, and shingles, just as you please. It shall cost fifty thousand dollars, or it shall cost five hundred, just as you please; but the congregation that worship in it on Sunday, and the people who use it for other services on week days, shall pay me the idiot's dividend, or shall pay the proprietors a dividend, exactly as they pay them on the dyeing vats.'

"He said we might keep this offer open for two months, and he would be bound by it at the end of the time.

"I read this aloud at a meeting which we held in the store to consider it. All the men were pleased with it, or almost all of them were. They said it meant business, and they were rather flattered by the half confidence that it placed in them. They appointed a committee to go to Wentworth and Tenterden. Eventually, the committee went as far as New Haven to see some plans, and it all ended in our building this place which we are going to to-day. We got a plan from the Methodists; they publish some very good plans and

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some very cheap plans, and we never had to pay an architect a cent, because they furnished us, very good-naturedly, the plan which we have adopted. The building was made from our lumber here, and it cost a little inside of three thousand dollars. It stands on our books as having cost twenty-nine hundred dollars. In this case we pay the idiot's dividend, exactly as we pay it on the other capital stock of the concern. In fact, it is an enlargement of the capital stock by twenty-nine hundred dollars, and Mr. Nourse owns the whole of this, whereas he only owns ninety-five per cent of the rest of the stock. You see, then, that whoever occupies this church has to pay one hundred and sixteen dollars a year for rent to him. They also have to pay something — not much — for its insurance. One hundred and sixteen dollars a year is rather more than two dollars a week; and the committee who had it in charge determined very soon that the rent of the church and of the vestry, for any and every purpose for which it was used, should be one dollar a day. They thought, and it has proved that they thought rightly, that they should be almost certain of renting the church fifty-two times in the year for Sunday services. Thus they would have fifty-two dollars. Then they thought, and as it proved they thought rightly, that there would be so many occasions when the vestry was wanted for a public hall, as you saw it was wanted the other night when they had the entertainment there, that they

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should get from that sixty or seventy dollars more. In point of fact, they have always had enough to keep the building in repair, keep it warm, and to pay for their lights in the evening. The occupation evenings costs a little more than the occupation on Sunday, because the lights have to be provided for; but we have water power running to waste here, so that since we got in our electric plant, the light really costs them very little, and indeed, blessings to kerosene, it never cost them a great deal."

Accordingly, when Sunday afternoon came, the family mustered in great force for the service. Mr. Sherlock arrived late — but came. I had gone with the children and my host himself to a Sunday-school in the morning, which was largely attended by grown people as well as children, and required the use of many parts of the church itself, as well as of the large and small rooms in the vestry. Spinner explained to me as we went, that for a service with a sermon all the committees found it more convenient, as they had no settled minister, to take the afternoon, or, as on this occasion, the afternoon and the evening. For, with this arrangement, they could often secure the presence and service of clergymen whom they liked to hear, from the large towns in the neighborhood, who could not arrange to be absent from their own pulpits in the morning. This Mr. Sherlock, who was to preach, was a general favorite. He would not have come to them at all, however,

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had he been needed in the morning, for he was then engaged in the service of his own church.

Spinner's son George and his daughter Prudence had both been trained, as it proved, to write in shorthand, and they told me that they had notes of most of the sermons which had been preached in the church now for two or three years. When I found that Mr. Sherlock spoke without a manuscript, I was glad that the young people were preserving his sermon. For thus I was able to bring away what is a good report of it, which I made them write out for me. I copy it here, because he had caught, very thoroughly, the notion which was at the bottom of the various plans at Hampton, and the sermon states some principles of that notion, as I may not succeed in stating them elsewhere.

The text was: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

I think you must have noticed, when I read the New Testament lesson, that in the same appeal Paul bids every man bear his own burden. It is almost in one breath that he says that every man must bear his own burden and that every man must bear his brother's burden. Now it will not do for a moment to suppose that this is a matter of thoughtless rhetoric, — or that these two injunctions may be separated out from each other, and taken each for itself alone. You will not find any thoughtless rhetoric in this man's injunctions, — no, not when he is in the highest heaven. This man Paul is a master of life. He understood the great science of living,

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through and through. Because he understands it, — because he knows what he is talking about, — though he has only a few years for his work, — though he goes from place to place, now as a prisoner, now as a travelling tent-maker, — he changes all Europe from what it was to what it is. He makes the Western World over, because he has the practical power to inspire it with the Divine Life. Such a man does not talk by accident, or for immediate effect. He has a principle beneath every word he uses. And you and I must not take one of his practical injunctions without allying it with the others, and studying them together.

You will find, then, all through, that this great leader of men speaks as a workman speaks to other workmen. He tells us always, — what in one central text he says in one epigram, — that we are fellow-workmen together with God. As the Saviour had said, "My father worketh hitherto, and I work." Paul takes it for granted that all who make any claim to take the Saviour's name mean to work in the world into which they were born. They are not to dream out their salvation, nor to talk their salvation into each other, nor to argue it out, nor to buy it with a great price, — they are to work it out. He speaks as a workman to workmen. And he takes care all along that they shall know that he is a workman, and that he is not ashamed of his work. "Mine own hands ministered to my necessities," he says, and never fails to remind them that, by example of daily industry, he has illustrated what he means, when he says so quaintly, and even sharply, that every man must mind his own business.

Speaking in this way, as a man who knows what work is, who has been bred to a good trade at which he can

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earn a living, Paul, the most practical of leaders of men, is engaged in this chapter in telling these people the wonders of the great word "Together;" how this little handful of men is to rule and govern the world, because no man is alone, but *We* act, — made perfect in union, or, as the Saviour said, made perfect in one. Of this instruction, the text is the central statement, as you saw when I read the passage. But he is wholly determined that each man shall know his personal responsibility. No man is to undertake that vague, smoky, general, noisy philanthropy, which disgraces the word philanthropy, — in which a religious tramp announces that he will save the world, when he cannot say what is his own special place and part in the world's salvation. Paul will not let any man think he can sing well enough to sing in the chorus, unless he can sing well enough when it is his place to sing a solo. And no man is to come to him and say, "Paul, I should like a commission to go out into the world and reform the world, and quicken it with a new life," unless that man can show Paul that he has a work of his own that he can do, — has a place of his own that he fills well, — or as he puts it in better words, unless this man shows that he can bear his own burden.

No sceptic or scoffer made any point by turning on Paul after one of his addresses, to say, "Who are you to be lecturing us about industry, or sobriety, or patience in work? You are hearing your own voice, and you like to hear it. Try hard work, and see how you like that." No man said that to Paul, for they knew what the answer would be. "Who am I? I am a tent-maker. Come down to Narrow Street, and see if there is better tent-cloth in Corinth than I have there, — or if there is a better shelter-tent than I made yesterday." He knew

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how to bear his own burden, and so he knew how to bear the burdens of the world.

I will take another occasion, if your committee are so good as to ask me to Hampton again, to show by separate passages from Paul's letters how distinct is the instruction he gives to any young workingman who wants to succeed, and means to succeed, as to the method of his daily life. He does not simply say that every man shall bear his own burden, but, in one practical instruction and another, he shows him how. But not to-day. Our business to-day is with the other text: how a man shall do his part as a member of the common family — what people now call the community. How shall a man show his public spirit — do his share in the public or common life? How and where shall a Christian man appear as a good citizen of the State or as a good member of the Church?

First, and very briefly, because this is to be the whole subject of that other sermon, — let him know how to do his own work well. Let him be no pretender. How shall he offer himself for the world's service, if his own house is not in order? I am greatly interested in the men and women who help Paul. There is a man of whom we know nothing but that he was once Paul's amanuensis, and that Paul was fond of him. "I, Tertius, who wrote this epistle," he says with a certain pride. There was a man who knew how to write. He knew how to spell well. Paul was troubled with his weak eyes, they say, and was glad when Tertius volunteered. But he would not have been glad had Tertius been a pretender, — if he wrote a careless hand, or if his Greek grammar was bad, or if he spelled badly. In truth, Tertius knew

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how to write as well as Paul knew how to make tents. He wrote well, — well enough to make the first draft of the letter to the Romans. And his name is presented to every man who has his Bible, as the name of a faithful fellow, who has served mankind, for century after century, through all time, because he knew how to do one thing well, and because he was willing to consecrate that talent to the common weal.

Now keep that example in mind all along. Then you can carry into the notion of common work, — the work of the Common Weal, or, as Paul would say, of the Kingdom of God, — this first necessity that it is clean work, work well done. It is not slop-work. It is good journey-work, as our fathers used to say. Take for a second thought the eternal truth which Paul falls back to so eagerly, — that, if one member be alive and strong, the whole body will have a better chance to be alive and strong. Once and again he falls back upon that fable which the Roman senator addressed to the Roman people, — the body cannot be well unless each hand and eye and foot is well. Life in the parts, — quick, tingling life, — so that there may be life in the whole, — vigorous, strong, eternal.

How many men I have known, — how many men you have known, — who had even gained for themselves a sort of public reputation for this care of the business of the community, who have so utterly neglected Paul's personal directions that they cannot take any care of their own. Such a man, by some political turn, is appointed a consul abroad, or a secretary of legation. He studies international affairs, he devotes himself to the public business in these lines. By and by, there is a political overturn at home, and the government will not renew his

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commission. He has to come home. He is apt to complain that he is left out in the cold. Then you begin to ask what he is fit for; "What did he do when he was at home?" That was the question which the Connecticut farmer asked the French marshal, Rochambeau. And you find that at home he did nothing but manage primary meetings and attend county conventions, and, in other fashions, take care of elections. He has no trade or calling in which he was a master. I suppose this to be what Paul would have called failing to bear his own burden. What follows? Why, when the country, wisely or unwisely, turns him out from its service, there is, alas! no place left where he is to fall.

But I do not mean to speak slightly of what this man has done in attending primary meetings, in going to county conventions, and in preparing for elections. I hope no man hears me who does not go to primary meetings and who is not willing to take his share of duty in county conventions, and who does not diligently and with prayer prepare for every election of the town or of the State. I do say, that no men can rightly attend, even to such little public duties as that, and that no man can have the power in such service that a man should seek, who has not shown that he can wisely and well mind his own business, keep his own accounts, pay his own debts, stay out of debt, and earn an honorable reputation as a manly workman.

Such a man as that has flung away his life in trying to care for the State, while he cannot show that there is one part of its separate duties that he can do well. He cannot bear his own burdens, because he has all his life thought he was bearing other people's. Alas! the other people do not agree with him! They think he never bore

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theirs. And this I say only by illustration. I have to speak of what affects us here more directly. I have to speak of the welfare of the Church of Christ, as an organized institution. And I am not speaking of this particular church of yours, — or, may I say, yours and ours? For I do not know you personally as well as I wish I did, and so I have no knowledge from which I can speak personally of your affairs. But, in many churches — and a pity it is to have to say so — there are brethren, yes, and there are sisters, who are prominent in the business of the Church as a church, who cannot take care of their own business. It seems as if they took the time for the affairs of the organization which they would have better spent on their own affairs. Or, looking the other way, it seems as if, because they found nothing to do in their own business, they thought they would undertake the Master's business rather than do nothing. Now he wants no such recruits. He wants whole men and whole women. He wants those who can do a good day's work, and do it well. He wants those who have been faithful in few things, — and it is those, and those only, whom he promotes to the charge of many things. It is the faithful, industrious, yes, and successful saint, who has used the talent which was given him, who has rightly and well handled the pound intrusted to him, to whom there comes, to surprise his modesty, that noblest welcome ever spoken, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And no man can pretend to tell what is the injury which has been inflicted on the Church by the profane interference in the work it has to do, of those whom men saw incapable of doing their own work. Their words are vain; their appeals are vain; their counsels are vain; — because men judge them by their fruits. They have not

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borne their own burdens well, and so it is that, in this most important affair of all, it is certain that they cannot bear their brothers'.

Now, by the side of that failure, — of the man whom I described just now, the man who put his trust in princes, and found princes failed him, — I will tell you the story of another failure. It is the man who stitches and hammers at shoes on his bench, — ten, twelve hours a day, perhaps, — or who stands behind his counter from early morning till late evening, or who drudges in the same self-imposed slavery at the forge or the grindstone, and does nothing else, does nothing larger. He does not bear his brother's burdens. He does not care for the common weal. He will let his children go to the public school; but he will not serve on the district committee. He will let his wife take a book from the public library; but he will not be a trustee or a director. He is willing to walk on the sidewalk and drive on the road; but he will not be a county commissioner, or a selectman, or a roadmaster. He is willing to have the government bring him his letters and his newspapers, and to pay for that service not half what it costs; but he is not willing to go to an election, or to compel the right choice so far as his power goes. "He does not care for politics." Æsop would have been glad to put such a man in a fable. But even Æsop could not find a fox or a hedgehog who was so mean. This is the man who tells you, "I care for nobody, — no, not I!" — and he deserves to have the other half of the song come true, which says that "nobody cares for me."

Mr. Sherlock made a long pause after this description of selfishness, and then, addressing

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himself personally to the men in front of him, he said: —

I say all this here because I think you workmen at Hampton have even more distinct duties in these lines than the general run of workmen in America. I declare to you, that I think this system of manufacture which you have started here is going to stand or fall, to succeed or to fail, according to the answers which the men in this church now — the hundred and fifty of you who are workers and voters and thinkers — make to these two demands of Paul. You have started a system in which the workman is the capitalist in part, and in which the workman shares as he ought to share in the ups and downs of every honorable adventure. There is no act of Congress or of Parliament that any man should grow rich. There is a promise of the Eternal God that the community which lives by his law, and seeks him, shall find him. More than this — he has said that the community which seeks him and finds his Kingdom, shall have these little things, such as meat and drink and clothing; they shall be added, he has said, to his other infinite compensations. But this community must live by his law. It must obey him. It must be part of his Kingdom. He must be King. No man in it shall live for himself. They must live for the common good. Every man in it must bear his own burden. But every man also must bear his brother's. I say, that on your success here will it depend whether other mill-owners will try the same venture, whether other workmen will have the same opportunity. I say you will succeed if the very men who hear me are willing to count themselves, not as lonely men, but as brothers in the great brotherhood, — as fellow-soldiers in

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Christ's army. I do not know if you thought of this when you began. I think perhaps you builded better than you knew. But this I know — and you will learn — that your enterprise will succeed as fast and as far as every workman in it works as a fellow-workman with God, and so is willing and ready to do his share of the building of God's Kingdom in the world.

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CHAPTER X

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

I HAD seen in the co-operative store that they had made all the arrangements for a reading-room, and that they had a very small collection of books of reference which they used there. They said that they had had a more extensive collection of books, but that when the library was founded their books went in with the others into that collection. This led me to inquire about the library the next morning from my friend, and he sent one of his children with me that afternoon to see it, and to talk with the librarian. The library was in a separate house, which they told me had been a dye-house in the old mill, but which had been taken possession of for this purpose, when the new dye-house was built under the direction of the present company. I found that the pecuniary arrangement of the library was precisely the same as that made for the church. This old dye-house had been valued. The house was worth, at the time they took possession of it, $475, and they paid a rent of four per cent to the proprietors of the mill for the use of it. Indeed, I found on talking

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to one or two of the men and several of the women, that they all understood that it was better on every account that they should maintain the library themselves, and that it should not be counted as an eleemosynary institution or an institution which other people founded for them. I had no doubt, from my experience with some other institutions elsewhere, that it was much more than worth the trifle which they paid for rent to be able to diffuse the feeling among all the young people, and what I may call the outsiders, that they bought these books themselves for themselves, and that nobody was trying to stuff down their throats a particular literature selected by some higher power. Indeed, the first step in the institution of the library, large or small, is apt to be a false one, and its falseness is in this direction, — of condescension. The founder of the library has given ten thousand dollars, and he thinks, and probably thinks correctly, that he knows better than the people who are to read it what they had better read. He is right in thinking that he knows better than they do. But he is wrong in thinking that he can make them read books which they do not want to read.

Now, exactly as in the co-operative store the store began to succeed when they gave the purchasers an equal share in the profit, so in the library, the library begins to succeed when the readers begin to understand that it is, in good faith, their library, and not the library that somebody else has made for them. You may use any

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amount of moral suasion you choose in persuading them to read good books instead of bad books. In the long run they will find that a good book is better than a bad one, as indeed its name would seem to imply. But you are not going to make them read books because certain other people of an education different from their own had read them and say they ought to be read.

The most striking instance I ever knew of the infelicity of letting one set of people buy books for another is in the story told of a state government, in old times, which used to send to the same publisher annually, for so many thousand dollars' worth of books for the state library. Poor human nature is so weak that they say he could not resist the temptation of clearing off, every year, so much of his stock which the rest of the purchasing world had not chosen to buy. Now those books which he sent were undoubtedly good books, well printed and well bound. But, after all, the use of a book is to be read. Indeed, the sooner it is read to pieces, the better. For you can certainly get another copy, and you know then that it has fulfilled its mission. The danger and the vice of librarians is, that they are apt to think that it is important that their books should be kept on the shelves. Now, on the other hand, they should regard themselves as doing a duty exactly like that of the directors or cashiers of banks, whose business it is to keep the money of the stockholders in active circulation, to know where it is, and to be

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able to recall it at the proper times, and by no means to lock up all their capital stock in their vaults, of no use to any one.

The public library at Hampton was not above receiving gifts, however, after it was organized. In point of fact, Mr. Nourse made it some very handsome gifts. As Mr. Spinner had told me, he was a great traveller, and he had formed a habit, when he was in any distant city, of sending to them such books as would illustrate the history or customs of the country in which he was, if he could find them in English. And he went beyond his rule sometimes when he could send good illustrated books, though they were in other languages. Still, as Miss Jane Stevens had said of her little library, — the principal support of the library was from the people themselves. The committee which directed it was a sub-committee of the government of the store, and with every return at the annual meeting of the stockholders, and other persons interested in the stock, they voted a larger and larger sum towards library expenses. They engaged a young woman to keep the library open every evening at first, and eventually it was kept open all the time in winter when the mills were not running. This made a very long evening.

I have had a good deal to do with such things in different places, and I looked with a good deal of interest through the shelves, and afterwards over the printed catalogue, to see what class of books they had chosen to buy. I was not surprised to

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find a very large proportion of children's books. Then there was a quite considerable branch of books of natural history, and I found, on inquiring, that the interest in these studies was due to Miss Jane Stevens herself. She had a boy come in one night to her schoolroom who wanted a book, and she had the good sense to show one of Mr. Nourse's elegant books of illustration, which was, as it happened, a series of butterflies and other insects which had been collected in South America. She told the boy that he and his companion might look at the book there if they would be careful. But then she asked if they would not like to know something about butterflies, and perhaps to collect butterflies, and put into their hands a little English book not above them, which had some curious studies on the habits of caterpillars, moths, and butterflies. The next Saturday afternoon they started out, four or five of them, with a butterfly net, and the result was quite a little collection. She taught some of the girls how to make cages in which caterpillars could spin their cocoons. She taught some of them how to make for themselves little books in which, as well as they could, they drew pictures of the growth of the grub from the egg, representing him every three days, in fact, till he advanced to his full size. Boys and girls took up the new study with a great deal of enthusiasm, and the result was that there was a great demand for all the "butterfly books," as they called them, which Miss Stevens had in store; and the

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committee, of course, were glad, as far as their means went, to let her buy more. As soon as Mr. Nourse heard this, he was well pleased. One of the girls had made a particularly pretty book of studies, and had gone so far as to color her caterpillars neatly. This was sent to Mr. Nourse as a Christmas present. He was very much pleased, and, from that time, kept his eye on the catalogues and advertisements, and supplied the little collection with popular books; and, indeed, with some books of a scientific value which would help the children in these lines.

Miss Stevens told me of this story with a good deal of interest, as, indeed, she might; and from his own point of view, Spinner afterwards told me the same story, to show that a study which could never have been forced upon such a community as this, introduced itself, as he said, if you were only willing to begin at the right end.

I found that she was in correspondence with the Hartford people, the Providence people, with Mr. Bowker in New York, and that she kept the run of what she wanted, in the way of publication and library work, as well as the grandest of them do. In short, she assured me, and so did Mr. Spinner, that the library was now a very popular institution in the place, and that there was no danger whatever that the interest in it would fall away. They lent very freely, but they enforced their rules regularly; and they were glad to extend their accommodations for reading in the building itself, so as

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to encourage all the young people to form habits of reading where, of course, they could readily consult books of reference.

Mr. Raikes, superintendent of the Sunday-school, told me that the Sunday-school was a different place and a different thing, now that he and the other teachers could refer the older scholars to such books as they ought to consult, and that he was quite sure that when an intelligent teacher made such a suggestion, the suggestion would be followed up by application to Miss Stevens, or the librarian, for the books referred to. She told me that she made it a matter of course to have on hand all the books required for reference by the Chautauquan Reading Circle, and that they had, every year, a large " home circle " of those readers, who would have given her no peace if she had not kept the library up to the intelligent requisitions which the Chautauquan system of reading demands.

All this, however, it must be observed, was absolutely democratic. The readers themselves made the selection of books. They thought they knew what they wanted, and if they made a mistake the fault was their own.

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CHAPTER XI

ENTERTAINMENT

HAMPTON made up the whole, or nearly the whole, as has been said, of District No. 13, in the township in which it belonged, so that the management of its school fell almost entirely under the oversight of a district committee, chosen by the people themselves in their annual town-meeting. Such is the law of that State. A year or two before I was there, some showman had come up the valley with an exhibition, which had called together, as most shows or concerts did, a considerable audience, and which had displeased the leaders of the community. I should not think they had been prudish or over-sensitive about it, from what I heard. But Holmes, for instance, said to me, very quietly, "It was not such a performance as I chose to take my wife and children to see."

Now a good deal of money goes into the pockets of the itinerant showmen, of various departments, in a village as prosperous as this. And if I class the purveyors of concerts, and the gentlemen and ladies who deliver lectures among the showmen,

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they must not be surprised. For certainly the announcements, or the advertisements, sometimes make it hard to distinguish between the entertainments proposed.

When there was any talk, serious or light, as to the advantages or disadvantages of Hampton as a place to live in, it was very apt to come round to the discussion of the amusements which came there, or which stayed away. Indeed, the great problem of this day, and of the next generation, is how the congestion of the large cities is to be checked, and how the population of the country can be increased. Whoever is interested in this question, and means to do anything for its solution, had best consider, first of all, the questions of public amusement or entertainment. For there is no use in proving to young people that they can earn more wages in a healthy country village than in a crowded unhealthy city, if they think the city cheerful and gay or the country dull and stupid. They do not crowd the cities because they think they shall grow rich there, but because they want an animated and crowded life. Wisely or unwisely, they are tempted by the excitement of crowds, of concerts, of bands, of theatres, of public meetings, of processions, of exhibitions, of parties, of clubs, or, in general, of society. Whoever will take the trouble to listen to the conversation of such young people, will see, in five minutes, that the recollection of such excitements, or the hope of partaking of them, is the inducement which leads

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them to seek city life, or which, after they have sought it, leads them to remain in it, in spite of its manifold hardships. Mrs. Helen Campbell has painted a terrible picture, not exaggerated, not overcolored in a single stroke, which portrays the horrible sufferings of the handiworkers of her own sex in the city of New York. But whoever asks why those poor women remain there, in their ill-requited toil, and why they do not go to live in that country which God made, with its better wages and its lighter work, learns at once that the sufficient reason is that they want to stay, and do not want to go. More than this, if any Aladdin should lift fifty thousand of the poorest of them from their wretched tenements to-night, and make of them princesses and duchesses, their hard places in their workshops would be filled before the week was over by fifty thousand other girls who would gladly come from the hillsides and valleys, which we rightly say are better homes for them.

Whoever considers the problem thus presented, and wants to relieve what we have called the congestion of life in the large cities, must do what he can to increase the opportunities for entertainment, for amusement, yes, for excitement, so far as it can reasonably be done, for those who live in the country. It is a misfortune indeed that, from the nature of the case, literature is misleading. Books are generally printed in cities, and naturally authors gather there. The leading newspapers and magazines are, almost of necessity, published

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in such cities. So far as they direct the opinion of the young, there is an undercurrent or ground-note, which suggests to the young reader that in cities is to be found the governing influence of the world. The suggestion is probably false, but it is none the less seductive to inexperienced readers. Thus Mr. Horace Greeley may say, "Go West, young man," but the young man observes that Mr. Greeley himself remains in New York, and naturally enough, if he respects him, follows his example rather than his instructions.

The leading people in the village of Hampton knew perfectly well how strong was the undertow of the tide which would carry away their young people to larger manufacturing towns, or to great commercial cities, if its constant sweep was not steadily counteracted. It was after the almost disgraceful public entertainment which has been alluded to, that they took distinct measures, quite systematically, to superintend the public entertainment by system; and the people most interested in this meant positive work, and not negative. "We want to overcome evil with good," said Dick Sheridan, a queer Irishman they had among them, who, as it happened, took the oversight of this business. A district school meeting in No. 9 was not generally an affair which greatly interested the younger voters, or the people generally. But on the occasion alluded to, it had been generally reported in the shops and the different rooms that Uncle Dick, as Sheridan was called, meant to make

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a speech. Such a thing was quite unheard of, and the meeting was crowded with voters and with spectators also, who had come to hear the man who, though he was the wit or wag of the village, was not generally interested in public affairs.

When the meeting was well under way, Sheridan rose, perfectly serious; and an excellent speech he made. He knew that the boys had come with the idea that he would make fun for them, and he took care that the boys should be disappointed. He spoke with a good deal of feeling of the impression which the coarse and vulgar entertainment had made in the village. He said he did not think any one in the village was to blame for it, but, for one, he did not mean to have the young people so insulted again if he could help it. He said also that any one who knew him knew that he had no wish to check legitimate fun or sport of any kind. He had not come to this meeting with any such idea. It was here that he used the quotation from Saint Paul that has been cited, and said that if they meant to abate such nuisances they must overcome evil with good.

"That we may have," said he, "such advantage as legal authority may give us in this matter, I propose that the district committee, now to be elected, be requested to take the supervision of the public entertainments of this place as a part of the public education. I know very well how much and how little this vote may mean under the

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law of this State. But I know, also, that it will mean a great deal in this community if it is passed, as I believe it will be, unanimously.

"My idea is, that instead of a district school committee of three, such as we usually choose, we shall this year make a committee of ten. I propose that we re-elect the last year's committee of three, and add to it three gentlemen and four ladies. I propose that, besides the supervision of our school, they communicate with the selectmen of this town as to the persons who receive licenses for public entertainment. If they approve, on the whole, of such persons, all right. If they find another such case as that of these minstrels we had here last month, why, they will say so to the people who have halls to let here, and I do not think that, when they have said so, anybody in this town will let such a man a hall." Here there was some applause. But Dick Sheridan went steadily on. "But I do not mean to stop here." He meant that this committee — and when he said committee he really meant himself — should take boldly and bodily the positive direction and provision for the amusements of the place. He had thought of this before a good deal, and was not sorry to undertake to carry out some of his own plans. He was quite clear that, with a little money in hand, so that fit contracts could be made with the right persons, he could induce performers or artists of high character to come to Hampton for the entertainment of the people. He did not even

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dare to show his own committee at first his plans in detail, so bold were they. But he was one of those men who has his eyes open to such things; he was constitutionally fond of public entertainment himself, and had never succeeded very well in enjoying himself when he was all alone for four or five hours in an evening, even if you gave him the most entertaining books for company. He was a social fellow, who liked to be in a crowd, and he knew, almost by instinct, those people who, by genius or education, were able to call such persons together. He said that there were good actors who would give recitals and presentations, that there were good artists who would draw amusing or instructive pictures at sight for audiences, that there were musicians, vocal or instrumental, who were only waiting to be employed, and that the person who could control these people was a permanent and official manager with a little money in his hand. He said that this class of people were, of their very nature, singularly poor business men; he said that if a business man met with them, he had them, so to speak, at an advantage. Now Sheridan did not want to cheat them; he did want to pay them fair wages for fair work; and he wanted to entertain the people of Hampton at the same time. All this he had thought out himself. All this he knew he could persuade his committee to try, or he thought he knew it. And he made this speech with a view to having that sort of authority given to him that he could go forward with courage, and that nobody could

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say that Dick Sheridan was putting himself into an affair with which he had nothing to do.

So soon as Sheridan had spoken, my friend Holmes, he of the cabbage and strawberries, spoke, and to the same purpose, though in quite a different way. I fancy that they had not had much to do with each other before, and that it was rather a surprise, perhaps an amusement to the youngsters present, to see them advocating the same cause at the same meeting. Holmes was recognized as a religious man. He had a Bible-class on Sunday, and was, I believe, thought strict in the charge of his children. Nobody ever called Dick Sheridan strict, and, though he was a very decent member of the community, as far as his daily manners and customs went, nobody would have classed him among distinctly religious men. If he was distinguished for anything, it was for a tradition that he had once been a pitcher in a celebrated ball club, and that he always interested himself in the sports of such clubs in Hampton and in Wentworth.

The motion, however, was no surprise to the leader of the meeting, or to the fathers of families who were interested in the schools. It had been carefully arranged beforehand, in the home talk which makes the genuine "preliminary meeting" in New England politics, and, with little other discussion than has been described, it was passed unanimously. The three district committeemen of the last year were chosen again. To them were added three men and four women, as Sheridan had pro-

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posed. He was one of the men, Holmes was another, and young Brahm, who was the first bass on the glee club and president of the ball club, was the third; Miss Jane Stevens, who has been already spoken of, was one of the women.

So soon as the committee was organized, it was clear that Dick Sheridan "meant work." He was in correspondence with this band and that quartette. He was away in New York for two or three days, and there were even rumors that he had a personal interview with Mr. Beecher, to persuade him to come to Hampton to lecture. What he did, and what he was said to do, kept the talkers of Hampton busy for the next six weeks, and the newspapers in Wentworth and Alton even took up the story of the achievements of this committee. What followed was, as he himself explained to me, that never was there a course of entertainments so well advertised as this first course of concerts, lectures, and readings. "From that time, Mr. Freeman," he said to me, "we were made. We made on that one course, — oh, more than two hundred dollars clear profit, — just because it was a new thing, and everybody was talking about us. There is plenty of money spent on these things always. The trouble is, that very little of it, in comparison, goes to modest people, who will not blow, and a great deal of it goes to liars and tramps, who skin the business, and never mean to come again.

"We had over two hundred dollars in hand.

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We appointed a permanent trustee and treasurer to keep it for us and to keep the accounts. Then, you see, when I went to engage an orchestra, or a quartette, or anybody, I could talk business. I did not have to say that if the night were good they would have so much, and if it were bad we could only pay the expenses. I said 'twenty dollars,' or 'thirty dollars,' or 'fifty dollars,' or whatever, and they knew I meant it. We controlled the hall. All we had to pay for that — well, you know about that — was light and heat, and our per cent to Mr. Nourse on his plant. And then, — well, these people are not fools; they know a good thing from a bad one; and all that was needed was, that we should be able to make to them fair proposals, to pay them money in advance, if the poor fellows needed it, but, above all things, to pay them on the nail, as soon as they had given their entertainment."

Sheridan added, modestly enough, that there was a good deal in approaching these people in the right way. He said: "I might have stroked all the fur back, and had them all dislike me. As it stands, do you know, I think they like me better than almost any person they have to deal with. I have never cheated them, as some 'impresarios' would have done, by making very large promises, which they could never fulfil. I have never degraded them by speaking as if I were hiring them for some menial service. I have always seen that, when they came here, they should be treated as

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well as a clergyman would be if he came here. I have always made them understand that I considered them as co-operating with the best people of this place, for the highest interests of this place. I have made it my business to see that they were courteously and cordially treated by our best citizens when they were here, and I tried to make Hampton so agreeable to them that they would want to come again. The consequence is that they like to come; they will put themselves out of the way to come here for me, even though I pay them much less than they are paid in some other places. You cannot, Mr. Freeman," he said, in conclusion, "overestimate the advantage of dealing with authority in a permanent position, so that you can look forward and remember the past as well, and, above all things, the advantage of having some money in the pocket."

I said, with some admiration of the man, that they also had the great advantage of a stage manager who did not want to be paid. Sheridan laughed, and took the compliment good-naturedly.

"I like to see the thing well done. I had talked about such a thing for years, and I meant to make it succeed, now I had a chance. But the others backed me up well. That little Miss Stevens, now, — there 's a great deal more of her than you think for. And then, the people themselves, they meant to have it succeed. I tell you, it was Democracy applied to Entertainment, just as the whole business here is Democracy applied to spinning and

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weaving. The secret of Democracy in anything, Mr. Freeman, is not any magic written down on a sheet of paper, and called a constitution; it is that everybody wants the machine to move, and so makes it move, and does his share. That is just what those people saw. They paid their money freely, because they knew it was their concern. They did not care for profit so much as they cared for success.

"Well! I started from the first for variety. And I never pretended to be instructive. I told Miss Jane Stevens to keep her instruction at school, — that she was to be made to laugh herself, — that we were to entertain them. She 's no fool, and she laughed and said that was all right, — and she has been a real help, as I tell you. Variety, I said, and all entertainment, and do not be too grand. For the autumn and winter, we tried first for two entertainments a week, and afterwards for three. But we also tried not to interfere. If they wanted, at the church, to have a lecture or meeting or anything, they let us know in advance, and we kept out of their way. 'Courses?' Oh, yes, — we have some courses. A good course is a good thing. It is a mutual insurance, — a good night takes care of a bad one, and a bright speaker draws, if you have made a mistake and engaged a dull one for another evening. But we were not limited to courses. We kept our eyes open, and our ears. If a man, or a troupe, or a band, were coming to Wentworth or to Norwich,

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we let them understand that there was sure pay, if not quite so much, if they would come round to us. We would have them Monday, — that was all the same to us. But perhaps you do not know that Monday is a bad day for showmen generally."

In this way, partly because Mr. Sheridan and his committee had the *éclat* of a new beginning, the first season was very profitable, and the trustee-treasurer had quite a sum in hand at the end of the first winter. Then it was that, to the surprise of every one, he announced a change of base, and carried it in his committee. He proposed that three fourths of this money should be spent for the open-air entertainments of the summer. So much help was to be given to the ball club and the tennis club; so much was to be spent for evening concerts in the square. And, as the money was everybody's money, it was agreed that a part of it should be used to negotiate with the railroad companies, to provide for two all-day excursions, by which those who started early and returned late might have a long day at Sachem's Head, on the Sound.

"In the end," Sheridan said, "the excursions have not cost us one cent. I mean the people have bought tickets enough to pay for the whole thing. But it is with the railroad as it is with the orchestras. They want a sure thing. They are glad enough to sell me a train, and to sell it to me low, if I have the money. But if it comes to 'if' and 'perhaps,' — if they are to take the risk, —

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why, they want the possible profit, as well as the possible loss. So I never have offered them any doubtful enterprise. I have said, 'I will take four cars, or six,' as the case may be. And you can see that, after one success, we are wellnigh sure. If we were not sure, why, we have something in the bank to fall back upon.

"Now," he said, "I am really well known among the large fraternity of people who amuse and entertain the rest of the world. The right sort know me. They address me; I do not have to hunt them up. They know the terms are cash down, but they also know that we shall stand no nonsense. In these last years we have had the hall open nearly sixty times in three months, from November first to February, and in the other months almost as often. And we have had some of the best talent in the country here. Two secrets, Mr. Freeman, — cash on the nail and constant variety. But we could never have had the cash had it not been Democracy applied to Entertainment."

This matter of public amusement or entertainment played so important a part in the social life of this little community that we frequently came round to it in conversation. From all my nearest friends there I heard a good deal about the practical working of their plans, and I satisfied myself that Sheridan had not over-stated either their success or their importance.

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In any such enterprise as this, the permanency of the population is a matter to be very carefully provided for. It is, indeed, quite essential that the greater part of the community shall remain where they are, shall maintain the local pride or *esprit de corps* of the place, and that thus the works shall train their own workmen, as Spinner once and again said to me. In all that I had learned about the store, I had seen that its success absolutely depended on its freedom from any vagary of public opinion, which should set any considerable number of those who shared in it upon some emigration project, for which they would want to withdraw, of a sudden, their capital. The danger of removal was distinctly visible here, but, as Holmes said again and again, it was just as great in every other relation of their life, and their success was always just as much impaired by the "flitting" of good hands, though the danger might not be so apparent upon the surface. "New men do not care anything about you." "New hands take on airs." "New hands spoil the machinery." "New hands, — new ways." Such saws were repeated to me again and again.

"I do not say," said Spinner, "that I want to build up a community of my namesakes here, or of weavers. I don't take much stock in Mr. Atkinson's theory of the heredity of good weaving. However that may be, I want the boys and girls to choose the calling that God made them for, whatever that may be. But among those

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callings open to them, is this of weaving good woollen cloth. It is an honorable and profitable way of serving the world, as honorable and profitable as any. I do mean that my boys and girls shall not be ashamed of their father's business, and that if they use it, they shall carry it on to advantage. They may go on a wander-tour if they want to, as lads like to do, when their time comes. But I want to have them come back here, and I want to have this place as attractive as any place they will find."

Substantially the same thing was said by the other leaders of the little community. And they were young enough themselves, and remembered enough of their own youth, to know what would make a town attractive to young people, and what were the features of its life to which the memory of a wanderer would return. They knew that its social attractions would count for more than money wages, and for more than any prospect, even, of rapid promotion. To have "had a good time," as the happy old English of Dryden's time put it,— this is a thing which young people remember, and to the renewal of it they look forward.

And I was well pleased one day to find that Mr. Sherlock took the same view. He picked me up, with my basket of fish, one day when he was driving, and he talked to me very seriously of all this. He told me that he had an excellent set of young people in Hampton, and that he ascribed that very much to the watchful care

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which had been kept, from the beginning almost, over the public entertainments of the young. "Lead us not into temptation" means a great deal. And he declared that the temptations opened to young life, in the carelessness which too often neglects this matter in the cities and towns of the country, seemed to him to be the enemies of Christian life most frequent, most subtle, and most to be dreaded. If he probed to the bottom the history of the moral decline and ruin of any young man or young woman, he was most apt to find that in the good-natured negligence in which parents had left boy or girl to hear or to see this or that, which broke up all early principles of purity, was to be found the beginning of the difficulty. Sheridan was right when he told the people to overcome evil with good. There was nothing else to overcome it with, and the field in which he was at work was by no means insignificant.

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CHAPTER XII

TEMPERANCE

WE were sitting in the counting-room one day, when both Mr. Spinner and Mr. Workman seemed to have finished their afternoon work, and I asked them how they coped with the great devil of all.

"You mean liquor." It was Workman who replied. "Well, we try to overcome evil with good. All the conditions are in our favor, and we have had more success than I would have dared to hope.

"In the first place, — well, I do not know as you know I have the whole responsibility of the help; our friend Spinner does not interfere with me there, — I will not have a drinking man or woman on the premises."

"Plenty of them apply," said Spinner, groaning. "Show Mr. Freeman that letter which you had from Dr. Good — "

"No, I will not stop to show it to him. But I will tell him. It was a letter begging me to take a family here which was broken down because the man could not keep from whiskey. Dr. Good

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had lectured here, he knew his friend could have no whiskey here, and he wanted to send him to us as to a hospital.

"I do not know what you will think, but I would not take him, though I believe he understood his business. I am not sure if I was right. I wrote Dr. Good the best letter I could, but I did not quite satisfy myself.

"But the ground I take is, that I must care first for these children and young people on the spot. I will not lead them into temptation, and the difficulty is so tremendous that I will be on the guard everywhere."

Workman spoke with so much feeling that I have no doubt there was a skeleton somewhere in his own house, reminding him of his duty in this matter, as there is, indeed, in most houses.

"Literature is bad enough," he went on to say. "The descriptions of drinking, as if it were the crowning height of a man's life, the talk of wine, as if it were the highest article of manufacture, — and this in good books, which the young people ought to read, — this makes a sort of mysterious joy hang over the thing, which the devil must delight in. The newspapers, as you know, are quite unreliable about it. Read between the lines, and see if the man who reported Neal Dow did not write out his notes in a bar-room. My boys and girls have to meet all that, at the best. And I did not want to have a man here who might be devising plans to bring liquor in, or even going

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down to Wentworth with one of the young men to see what they could find there.

"I run this mill as a place for the workingmen and women first. After we have done this," he said, laughing, "if we can turn out a few yards of Hampton A No. 1, why, I do so, because Spinner there is so eager about it. But, on the whole, that is of little consequence in comparison. And, Mr. Freeman, when you can get Congress to understand that the principal business they have in hand, or any honest man, is that same affair, — namely, that the people of this country shall be decent men and women, living in happy homes, — you will have made a great step. Your tariff legislation, all your revenue legislation, all your legislation on post-office and telegraph, for a little instance, ought to turn on that, and that only.

"Well, to come back to your question. I think all the conditions are in our favor, as I said. It was a great thing that, for years, each man and woman had to scrimp and save one quarter of his wages really, — that is to say, was compelled to save it, and to deposit it, instead of having it to spend. That put us on a very economical style of living at first, and whiskey must go, even tobacco largely, because we had so little money, any of us.

"In the second place, almost all the leaders — I mean the men with families, who would be apt to stick fast and make up public sentiment — were already total abstainers. This happened from the law of selection. For nobody could well join us

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to go to work on three quarter wages, unless he had something laid up in the bank. And a drinking man is not apt to have a large bank account.

"Then, so soon as we got on the eight-hour time schedule, nobody had the plea, which is a perfectly just plea, of exhaustion. No man had a 'pocket-pistol,' or wanted to step round to a saloon because he was dead beat out by being on his feet all day, or by whatever else he had had to do. Family men went home; the boys — by which I mean all the younger hands — went round to their clubs, or to the reading-room, or to the gymnasium, after Sheridan started it, or to play ball, or croquet, or tennis. The open air is always a good stimulus. What did that old Quaker say to you, Spinner?"

"He said, 'Tell them to plant trees. Interest them in planting trees. They will become so excited and fascinated as they watch the trees that they will have no disposition to drink.' Dear old soul! He judged everybody by himself."

"Yes," said Workman, "but there was an element of truth in the remark, as old Dr. Converse used to say. Keep a young fellow in high exercise, in good health, and in open air, and the temptation of liquor is reduced to a minimum. After three or four generations of such life there will be little or none.

"We encourage, in every way, — I think Miss Jane Stevens and Mr. Ledger have shown you that, — all associations of the young people which

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will give the stimulus of society in place of the stimulus of liquor. The mistake about such things is, that your Useful Knowledge kind of people think that everybody wants to be learning something all the time. That is all nonsense. The appetite for learning can be satisfied, just as the appetite for roast beef can be satisfied, — and when it is satisfied, it is nonsense to try to revive it till the time comes. Here is where Dick Sheridan helps us, — more, perhaps, than he thought when he began. He was not satisfied that the boys should play cricket and base-ball, without giving their mothers and sisters and sweethearts comfortable shady seats where they could sit and see them. He encouraged with all his might the Knights Templars, so that they established that restaurant where I met you yesterday."

"The *Take it Easy*," I said; "I was delighted with the name."

They both laughed. "That is one of Dick's notions. He had it on the brain. He said that the hands must learn not to hurry when they ate, or as they amused themselves. Well, the *Take it Easy* is a Co-operation enterprise. I really believe they pay a dividend at the end of the year to everybody who drinks a glass of soda or eats a bowl of oysters. Sheridan joined in with the Knights with all his zeal to have it carried through, and it is really now a great comfort and convenience to us all.

"You see it was the old stage-house of the place,

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even before there were any mills here, — a great square brick tavern, probably a great deal too large at its best. We have almost no travellers or visitors. In the old *régime* here, they made it pay, somehow, by keeping the bar pretty active. We had abolished all that.

"Accordingly, very soon after we were in full blast, the owners came to me to know what we would do with it. I did not choose to be embarrassed by them or their notions, and Spinner agreed with me. We took it off their hands at a very low price, and it is now a part of the property of this company. Then we took the same ground which we took about the store and about the tenements. We meant to make our money by manufacturing goods. Our other property must pay us the 'idiot's dividend' and the taxes. So the Knights Templars undertook to swing this thing. They have their own club-rooms there, — they have a chess-room, where they play more checkers and backgammon than chess, I think, — they have a billiard-room, — they have their own reading-room. But gradually the restaurant grew, and it now takes, as you saw, the whole ground-floor. The men sit there and talk politics and discuss boat-races and ball games. It is a place of resort. You can order something to drink, just as in old times. But it is one of Eaton's fifty-seven temperance drinks, and nobody has a headache the next morning.

"Eaton sent them up the man they have there, and he and his wife have a genius for making the

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place attractive. In the first place their things are good. Their coffee is matchless, and their *bouillon*. Well, the place is pretty, — there are always fresh flowers, and in summer it is cool, and in winter it is warm. There is a room where the women can look in, and be by themselves, and have a cup of tea if they choose. They are not locked out, and come and go as the rest of us do. That gives it all a home look. It breaks up all temptation to have little separate 'treats' in little dirty club-rooms, that Goodyear here will give any party a much better entertainment than anybody else can, and it costs them less.

"Now, observe, all this goes forward as a thing of course. But it is not a thing of course. You do not usually find what is called a temperance hotel to approach the *Take it Easy* in elegance or neatness or attractiveness. But nothing is said about liquor, more than anything would be said about opium at Delmonico's. They would not assure their guests there that no opium was served, — and Goodyear does not assure his guests that no liquor is served. 'They take it for granted,' he says, — 'they take it for granted that I know how to keep a place of resort for gentlemen.'"

So much for what Workman meant by overcoming evil by good. But all of them said, very seriously, that an active temperance "propaganda" was necessary, all the same. Holmes said to me that he knew what temptations his boys and girls were to meet, and he wanted them to be fore-

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warned. They had the best temperance speakers, and had them often. The Women's Christian Temperance Union had a branch there, the Templars, and some of the other societies. The boys and girls grew up with the feeling that when they left Hampton to live in larger places, where there was much temptation, and where they saw the open sale of liquor at the bar, that they were, in some sort, the apostles of a new order. They had something of the pride which the graduate of a well-equipped college has, when he descends among what he thinks, for the time, inferior people.

They wanted, if they could, to do their part in extending a system which they had learned to love. If they had not had this positive wish to be of use in the temperance cause, all the negative effect of the plans which had been made for them would have been useless. But, as they did wish to help their comrades, they themselves were the more sure.[1]

[1] It may be as well to say, in a footnote, that "Eaton" is Mr. Charles Sumner Eaton, of the Temperance Spa, Washington St., Boston.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE SAVINGS-BANK

UNDER the old order of things at Hampton, before Thankful Nourse and Spinner bought the property, there had been an old-fashioned Savings-Bank. Such institutions have been very generally established in the New England factory-towns, to the very great advantage of all concerned. The administration of them has generally been careful and honorable. The supervision by the authorities of the States is severe and close, and there have not been many instances in which the depositors have lost anything by the infidelity of the custodians or by their carelessness. On the other hand, the custom of depositing money even in very small sums in these banks has become general, it would be almost fair to say universal. In the State of Massachusetts, with a population of 1,976,264, there were last year 906,039 different accounts in these institutions. This shows that almost every working man and working woman must have had an account in one of them or another. The average sum to the credit of each depositor was $321.00, the largest deposit per-

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mitted by the law being $5000.00. The total amount was $291,197,900.96.[1] Persons who have more money to deposit are expected to place it in other investments.

The success of the savings-bank system in America is largely due to the spirit in which it was conceived. The history of these banks shows that they were not founded on the miserable ideas of some bold speculator, who foresaw the immense sums which would be at the direction of their managers, and was eager to control the investment of these funds. They were, on the other hand, set on foot by high-minded Christian people, who were eager in their wish to improve the condition of poor people, to give to them the same rights in the use of their little earnings which the rich had in the use of theirs, and to encourage, in whatever way might be possible, habits of prudence among the work-people around them. It is the proud boast of one of the associations of clergymen in Massachusetts that the savings-bank of the county, one of the oldest in the State, was created by the inspiration given at a "Ministers' Meeting," as the phrase of New England calls the meeting of the association.[2] The plan was proposed by Mrs. Joseph Allen, herself in attendance. She had read of the success of a similar plan set on foot among the philanthropic people of England.

In this spirit, to borrow Mr. Sherlock's text again, those who had succeeded in business life are

[1] The figures are for 1886. [2] The Worcester Association.

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willing to bear the burdens of those who are yet to begin it. And to their willingness is due the willingness of men of great business ability to give their time and care to the administration of these trusts, without compensation. It is considered almost a point of honor among mercantile men, or bankers of ability and position, to do their part in the proper supervision of the savings-banks of their towns. It will sometimes happen, undoubtedly, that a needy adventurer thinks it would be a good plan to establish a new savings-bank, of which he may be the active manager, with a good salary and the advantages which fall to a man who directs large investments. But if the bank is to succeed, it must be able to show the names of a board of directors respected in the community for business sagacity and honor. The adventurer who proposes it may sing never so sweetly, and advertise never so widely. His bank will not attract many depositors until they know who is to have the oversight of their money.

The direction of savings-banks, then, so that the depositors may be sure of a fair income, and that their funds are not wasted, becomes one of the unpaid public duties of Christian men, who know that all their time and talents are given to them as a trust, and who mean to use their trust for the benefit of their fellows.

The little bank at Hampton under the old administration of the mills there, had been well administered, and had kept its fair share of deposits

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from the savings of the work-people. But when hard times came, as the pay-days were more uncertain, and when at last the old company failed, the people had moved away, one after another, and had, of course, withdrawn their deposits, — perhaps, alas! to pay the charges of moving; or, at best to deposit them in banks nearer to their new homes. As the managers of the mills left, they had withdrawn, so soon as they could, from their places on the board of administration, and the Savings-Bank was little more than a name and a sign on the wall of the bank building, when the renewal of Hampton began.

Mr. Spinner told me that, as soon as he got the machinery into working order, he called Mr. Nourse's attention to the necessity of awakening new confidence in the bank, and found, to his satisfaction, that he saw the necessity plainly. Whatever else he thought visionary or fanciful in the notions and wishes of these working people, he did not think any plans for saving money fanciful. He knew too well that he should never have been a capitalist had he not, as he said, "salted down" ten per cent of his income, since he had sold a string of trout at a hotel for a quarter of a dollar. On Mr. Spinner's appeal, therefore, he agreed to be one of the trustees of the bank, knowing that he could attend to that duty without personal attendance at all the meetings of the managers. And he interested himself personally in inducing gentlemen of position, character, and

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means in the neighborhood to take necessary trust and care of its management. When they took the bank in hand, the deposits were at the very lowest ebb. But, with the improvement in the prosperity of Hampton, the working men and women, and even the children, began to open their accounts. The bank received as small sums as five cents at a time, and began to allow interest on the first of every month after the deposit was made. It does not take long to teach young people what is the value of an arrangement by which their little wealth grows while they are asleep, or seems to do so. And with the steadiness of management, and the evident care taken of their property by men who were among the most distinguished in the neighborhood, almost all the people of Hampton were disposed to place their earnings, as far as they could save them, for a few months in the keeping of the savings-bank.

Spinner said that, so far, their experience was only the same as that of hundreds of other institutions of the same kind in different parts of the Northern States, and he said that he did not know but that their bank would have remained exactly like all other American savings-banks, but from the accident that they had a German named Scheffer at the head of the dyeing-room. Scheffer came to Spinner one day in a good deal of indignation, and it was some time before Spinner found out what the matter was. The German had been a depositor in the bank from the very beginning, and this,

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Spinner, who was one of the directors, knew perfectly well. His wife was another, a nephew he had was another, a grown-up son had a small deposit, and one or two of the children had bank-books also, with their little savings entered upon them. Spinner had always supposed that Scheffer was one of the people best satisfied with the arrangements of the bank, as he had often heard him speak in a cordial way of the simplicity and dignity with which its business was conducted. He was all the more surprised on this particular occasion, which proved to be a critical occasion, to find that Scheffer was in a rage with the whole management of the institution, had given notice that he should withdraw his funds on the first possible day when he had the right to do so, and that every one in his room would do the same. Spinner soothed him as well as he could, made him tell the whole story from the beginning to the end, and then was amazed to find that the German was disappointed and disgusted because the treasurer of the bank had refused to discount a little note for him.

Spinner at once entered on an explanation, in as moderate and gentle language as he could, to show his German friend that such a thing was utterly unheard of in the savings-banks of New England as a small discount on a small note, given on personal security. He tried to make Scheffer understand that the general policy, from the beginning of these institutions, had been to avoid any resem-

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blance to the working of the ordinary banks of discount, and that they had been administered also as trust funds, in which, naturally enough, the larger the investment the better for the persons concerned, because there is the less expense of handling and oversight. He cited to him that remark of Josiah Quincy's, which has been already quoted in another part of this essay. He said, with some humor, that the palaces of Boston were built with the money of the servant-girls of Boston. It is perfectly true that those servant-girls have given to the great savings-banks the money which those banks lend out, on the perfect security of mortgages, on the palaces of which Mr. Quincy was speaking. Spinner tried to explain to his angry friend that if he wanted a little money, he himself would gladly be his security on a note which he could carry to the nearest bank of discount, which was at Wentworth, the large town of the neighborhood. He told him that he would find that he was perfectly well known to the directors there, and that they would be very glad to accommodate him, if he would take such a note as he proposed. Spinner said to him: "I had occasion to borrow a little money a fortnight ago, and I went over there, with a note indorsed by Freeman, and they lent me the money gladly. That is what they are for, and that is the place for you to go to."

Scheffer was toned down a little when he found that his character had not been intentionally assailed by the treasurer of the bank, and was

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soothed as Spinner persuaded him that his reputation had extended as far as Wentworth and farther. But when the first tempest of his rage was over, he continued to talk on the subject, and to show what he thought the narrowness of the restriction by which the treasurer had been bound. He then told Spinner, what Spinner told me he did not know before, that in his own country the bank of savings where he made his deposits would have been at the same time a bank of discount, not in general business, but restricted to a business with those very persons who made the deposits. He explained to him the system, simple enough in operation, though a little complicated in description, by which the bank secures itself absolutely for the small loans which it made to its depositors. It might happen that a man wanted, for temporary purposes, such as the furnishing of his house, or the education of one of his children, a sum of money larger than he had himself on deposit in the bank. He would want to borrow this money, and he would have friends enough among the other depositors who were confident in his integrity, or confident in the purpose for which he needed the funds, to assist him with their credit, as far as it would go. What is the measure of such people's credit? Clearly enough it is, so far as the bank is concerned, estimated with perfect accuracy by the deposits which they have in that institution. If, then, Scheffer wanted to borrow five hundred dollars, as in this case he did want to

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borrow that amount, if he had on deposit only three hundred dollars, the bank would, with perfect willingness, lend him the whole sum, if he would bring them a note signed by himself and by two of his companions, each of whom had deposits of the same amount with his own, it being understood upon the face of the note that they were not to draw upon their deposit until the note was paid, and that the note constituted a lien, of which the bank could avail itself as security for these indorsements. Of course no security could be more absolute. The bank itself holds the very property from which the debt could be paid, if it should prove that the indorsers must be called upon. Scheffer explained to Spinner, what Spinner did not know, that there were thousands of such banks in Germany, carrying on the double business of receiving small deposits and making small loans to the depositors.

It is perfectly true to say, in theory, that the ordinary New England system comes out at the same thing. In the ordinary New England system, the depositor places his money in the savings-bank, the savings-bank loans the money in considerable sums to capitalists and others who handle considerable sums, and the bank and the depositor then receive the advantage of the interest paid upon such loans. If it happens that the depositor wants bank accommodation, he goes to an entirely different institution, — as in this case Scheffer would have to go to the

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bank of discount at Wentworth, — and he avails himself there of such credit as he has, founded upon his property or upon his reputation, and borrows the money he needs. Or, without borrowing money, he withdraws the whole of his deposit, uses that in his speculation, whatever it is, and when the speculation is ended, makes his deposit anew. But it is easy to see that all this means in practice is, that it shall be difficult, not to say impossible, for dealers in money on a small scale to obtain money at banks of discount. The banks of discount do not want such customers; human nature is weak, and the average cashier of a bank prefers to deal with large customers rather than with small customers, and to have its business conducted in large sums rather than in small sums. In practice, therefore, a man who wants to borrow small sums of money is obliged to borrow in the expensive and cumbrous system which sends him to a pawnbroker, and his range of credit is only as large as that very limited range which can be represented by the articles which he can put in deposit as security for his loan.

The German system, on the other hand, gives to the man exactly the credit that he is entitled to. It enables his friends, though they be in the humblest walks of life, and be persons of very little means, to come to his assistance, for whatever purpose he needs money, just as far as their means will go and they are disposed. In this particular case of Scheffer's, where his anger had been so in-

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tensely excited by the refusal of the treasurer, he had offered to the treasurer absolute security for every cent he wanted to borrow, and had offered it to him in the very simple form of proposing to place with him the bank-books of his friends, amounting to a sum much larger than that he proposed to borrow. The treasurer had refused, because he was not in the habit of doing such things. This reason, usually alleged by persons in such positions, had not satisfied Scheffer, and hence his towering rage.

It was in every way desirable to conciliate Scheffer in this particular instance. The directors of the bank did not want to have one important subdepartment of the bank alienated, nor did they want to have the German part of their constituency disaffected to their management. Mr. Spinner, therefore, brought the matter up at the next directors' meeting. And, in the first place, it was voted that the security offered by Mr. Scheffer for the loan he wanted was entirely satisfactory, and that the treasurer be directed to lend to him the amount he asked for, as soon as he had that amount for use. But, what was much more important, a committee was appointed, which should draw up a practicable plan, in which any one of the depositors might borrow money in small sums if he needed, even though the sum asked for was larger than he had on deposit himself, if he offered the names, as his indorsers, of men who had themselves deposits equal to the amount borrowed;

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these depositors giving the amount they had in the bank as their security for the fulfilment of their obligation. All this, of course, made it necessary to open some new books, and, indeed, developed a side of the bank which was not contemplated in the system to which it belonged. But it did not prove that it required any new legislation, for these banks always had the power to lend money on personal security, if this security were satisfactory to the directors, and were such that they could readily call in the amount which they had lent, when the exigencies of the bank required. Clearly enough, no security could be better than that which these directors had, for the funds of the indorsers and the principal were in their own keeping, and they were responsible for them.

The old-fashioned theory, in favor of which much may be said, is, that it is not well to facilitate the borrowing of money when the borrower is poor. The proverb, which, though somewhat irreverent, is quite true, might have a wider application to advantage. It says that "Debt is the devil." In the sense intended, it is very desirable that everybody, the rich and the poor, should take to heart the lesson which is involved in this epigrammatic expression. At the same time, as every man of affairs knows, it is necessary sometimes that a man who has no ready money, but has other property, should be able to borrow ready money on the security of that property. It is impossible to give any fair reason why this privi-

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lege should not be open to poor men as it is open to rich men, in proportion to the property which they have to offer for their security. The poor man is as eager to take care of his little as the rich man is to take care of his great. Probably it will prove that the poor man is more watchful over the sum which he has to put at risk than is the man who is used to larger advantages. In such a case as we had under our eyes at Hampton, there was really no danger that the friends and neighbors of Scheffer should be less anxious for the security of their little property than he was for the security of his. They did not give their indorsements without such consideration as they thought sufficient. It was nobody's business what those considerations were, — whether they were considerations of friendship, gratitude, or some greedy hope that in the future he would do the like by them. It was nobody's business to inquire as to their motives, or as to what the result would be to them. So far as the bank officers had anything to do with the matter, they had to preserve the property which was intrusted to them, and to invest it safely. This they were able to do, at some expense of worry and time in the account-keeping, by as simple an arrangement as that which was adopted.

And it had not proved that the people were misled into any extravagant speculations by such a convenient arrangement for borrowing small sums of money. Up to a certain point, a man of good reputation and established position could in-

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duce fellow-depositors to indorse his note so that he could borrow money. But he could not do this unless he showed them why he wanted the money, and unless they had reason to believe he would be able to meet his note and theirs when it became due. The friends whom I talked with had satisfied themselves that the system worked well, and expressed their surprise that it had not been more generally introduced as a part of the practice of the smaller savings-banks of the country.

In one of our talks about the bank and its results I asked some general questions about their charities.

Mr. Spinner said in reply that if I lived with them a little longer I should see that they were just like other people, and that they did not need any other organization of charity or institutions for taking care of the sick or aged than other people did. "Because a man works in a mill, he is not a different sort of man. Half the absurdities which get into print about what they call the 'labor problem,' and, worse than that, sometimes come into disastrous action, spring from this notion, that the world is divided into men and women *and* 'operatives.' 'Operatives' is a Latin word which has been chosen to represent this outside being, who is not exactly human. Now, if he had three legs, or two mouths, or walked on his head, it might be all right to classify him so, and to provide for him separately. But, — as he is just like other men, — as he is like farmers and sailors and

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lawyers, it seems more possible to treat him as other men are treated, and not to undertake to separate him off into a class, as people call it, with its peculiar institutions, whether of charity or government or other arrangement of civil order."

I had learned by this time that this was a matter about which Spinner felt rather extravagantly, and which he discussed rather warmly. I had no wish to provoke an angry discussion, but I said that I did not mean to offend him. "But certainly there are differences," I said, "between the hands in the Hampton mills and as many farmers in the valley above and the valley below. The great difference is that they have to work when the mill works. Their hours of work have to fit in with the hours when the machinery is going. Now the farmer works fifteen hours a day, or five hours a day, or none. In this distinction there is a difference, and it is as well to acknowledge it."

By this time Spinner had cooled down, and he said he hoped he had not spoken too warmly. "But the truth is," said he, "that you have stated precisely the distinction, such as it is, between us here and other work-people. These young men whom you see in my room are not chained to this machinery. That one whom I call Bob came to me this morning to say that he had engaged for the next summer with the people at Mount Pleasant. He is to be at the head of their livery stable there. The man who brought me the patterns just now has been out in Dakota with his brother, who has

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a farm there. He will go again, one of these days, — is, indeed, of rather a restless turn, — but I suppose that is good for him. And the girls and women come and go in the same fashion.

"Now, to answer your question, as perhaps I should have done before, such people, living in the same life as the rest of the world, need no special system for their old age, or their sickness, or 'other infirmity.' What is good for farmers or lawyers or editors or doctors is good for them. But they need nothing more, and they take nothing up. When you come to speak of Lowell, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, you speak of something different from Hampton. But you need higher organization of your charities there, not because you are dealing with workmen, but because you are dealing with large cities. As to large cities — well, I am very much of Jefferson's notion."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Oh, he said large cities are large sores. I think Sallust thought so. To go back. It is true, and I am rather proud to say it, that the English workingmen, and not the French theorists, developed and worked out all the detail of the magnificent Friendly Societies, which, under one name or another, cover the whole land, and make what is technically called 'charity' the less necessary. Providence, prudence, is a great deal better than charity. And if a 'Forester,' or a 'Druid,' or an 'Odd Fellow' has had at once the Christian kindness and the Saxon good sense to pay regularly

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his monthly dues to the lodge, or camp, or chapter of the order to which he belongs, why, he has saved society no end of trouble in bothering about his widow and his orphans. I am not a Freemason. But I am disposed to think that their arrangements for mutual help, or what is really a sickness and death insurance, have been very much enlarged in the last half-century. However that is, I am sure that these other orders, Rechabites, Knights of Honor, Odd Fellows, Druids, Foresters, Sons of Temperance, and the rest, give to everybody opportunities for providing for an evil day, so general and so careful that we have no need of establishing separate plans of our own, in as small a place as Hampton.

"It all comes to mutual insurance. In fact, as you know, some of the associations simply take the name of Mutual Insurance Companies. Some of them, indeed, do not collect their dues until the exact occasion comes when the money is needed. In a small club of a thousand members you will receive a note which says that our brother, Mr. Jones, fell from a roof yesterday, or died with typhoid, or was drowned at sea last week, and that the Secretary knows you will be glad to pay two dollars, as you are bound to do, by the way, for the fund now due to his widow. Well, there is a certain advantage in that plan. You see, and cannot help seeing, how good a thing you are engaged in. You are sorry for the widow; you are glad you did not fall from the roof yourself. And you

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pay your two dollars with a sort of personal interest that a man does not always feel in paying a money assessment. But, of course, the principle is the same. You are trained to laying up something for an evil day; *and*—here is the important thing—you are trained to remember that no misfortune comes to you that is not 'common to man,' as the Bible says. You are trained to do your part, as a Christian man, for all the others.

"For, no matter what name the thing takes, all this mutual provision and care is a part of the Christian religion. It is all part of 'The Way.' It was set on foot by Jesus Christ, as distinctly as if he had dictated the constitution of a company to Saint Peter. If we were each and all so many separate, selfish bodies, we should not do such things. It is because we are children of God, whom Christ died to save, that we do such things, and encourage other people to do them. Whether a lodge meeting opens with prayer or not, all the same it was founded the day Jesus Christ was born, and it never would exist were it not for his Gospel."

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CHAPTER XIV

WORK AND LABOR

I WAS to make a little speech at a picnic of a few of the hands one afternoon, and I asked Mr. Spinner's advice as to what I should say.

"Pray speak to them as you would speak to anybody else," he said, reverting to his old sensitive feeling of dislike for anything which, in our hard-working country, made workmen into a "class." "But if you must make distinctions, do not call us 'laborers,' and do not talk of the 'dignity of labor.'"

"Why not?" said I, dully enough. "Is not all that you do intended to give dignity to labor, and are you not all laborers?"

"No," said Spinner, with an intentional expression of indignation. "I am afraid that there are one or two laboring men about, digging post-holes, or at work in the bottom of the flume, but they are all trying to rise from the grade of laborers to the grade of workmen. Labor is always wearing, fatiguing, repulsive, and every man who is a man is always trying to replace it by some less wearing, less repulsive, and less fatiguing process. That is

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to say, the whole of what you call civilization consists in substituting Work, which is the conquest of matter by spirit, for Labor, in which a man throws his own dead weight or muscle against the dead weight of the clod he is handling."

Here was a bit of philology which interested me, and I made Spinner follow it out. He said that it had been an immense satisfaction to him when the late Dr. Bethune of Brooklyn called his attention to the radical distinction between the two words. He told me that I should find the distinction carefully carried out in the English Bible. He said that God is always spoken of as working, never as laboring. He said that when the righteous die, they cease from their *labors*, but their works follow them, — for that angels and archangels are fellow-workers with God himself. Labors, he said, are spoken of in the correct English of the Bible as we speak of toils, or drudgery, with persecutions and shipwrecks, and other finite necessities of a finite world. But Paul and the other saints are always hoping to be released from their labors, while they, also, like angels and archangels, are glad to be fellow-workmen with God. He even said that the one place where Paul called himself a fellow-laborer with God, in our Bible, was a slip of the translators, and that it had been corrected in the Revised Version.

I asked him if Dr. Bethune had ever printed his study of this subject. He said he had never seen his address in print. But he gave me an address

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of his own, which I am glad to copy here. For Spinner's mock rage was really sublime, when he ridiculed the stump orators who came up to political meetings in October about the "dignity of labor." "Probably not one of them ever did an honest day's work in his life," Spinner said grimly. "If he had, he would talk about the dignity of work, and leave labor where it belongs." I chaffed Spinner a little, for I told him he was himself making the classification against which he warned me, — only he was making a class of laborers.

"I make a class of laborers!" he cried; "Heaven forbid! No, I am doing all I can to reduce the amount of necessary labor, and to substitute work for it, — as when the steam derrick lifts those stones, which ten years ago would have been lifted by the labor of men." And on this I went off to prepare myself for the picnic by reading the lecture.

It had been prepared for one of their own lyceum courses. But I saw by the notes on the cover that he had delivered it in a good many of the neighboring towns; and when I read it, I was glad that it had been favorably received. For, as the reader will see, the doctrine of the lecture went a good deal beyond a mere speculation on the use of English words, and involved a good many of the principles on which the social order of our modern life depends.

After an introduction half in joke, in which he described, with a good deal of humor, the political

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shyster, who appears once a year, posing as the "friend of labor," Spinner went into the etymology of the words "labor" and "work." He cited from Shakespeare and Milton expressions which showed their use of them.

That is, he contrasted

"Painful labors both by sea and land"

against

"Come, let us to our holy work again."

And he took from Milton,

"Body shall up to spirit work,"

and,

"Our better part remains to work in close design,"

which he contrasted against the phrase,

"Those afflictions you now labor under."

"But this classical use of language, if I may so call it, is not yet old-fashioned. Go out on the platform of a railroad station, — go forward and speak to the engineer. 'We are not on time, Mr. Stevenson. What's the matter?' 'I don't just know, sir, but she labors badly on the up-grade.' But suppose it is the other way, and you say to your Mr. Stevenson, 'You're running on time to-night.' 'Ah, yes,' he says, with a broad grin; 'she works well.' That man knows the difference between 'labor,' which always wears out, — that is what the word means in Latin, — and 'work,' which never hurt anybody or anything when it was used

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in the proper way and the proper proportion. They would tell you the same thing when the Puritan ran her race against the Galatea. If the sailing-master were satisfied, he would nod his head, and he would say, 'Does she not work well?' And if he were dissatisfied, — why, if the man did not swear, it would be well, but he would be sure to say that she 'labored' with every wave of the sea.

"The Digger Indian, so long as he digs with his hands, is a fit type of the laborer. Robinson Crusoe, — when he was flung upon the beach, without any tools, to work with his bare hands and feet, — he was a laborer. He had to bend down the trees to make his wigwam. If he was heavy enough, — if they broke where he wanted, or bent as he chose, — happy for him, — he was a successful laborer. But it was his dead weight, and the dead pull of his muscles, by which he succeeded. Robinson Crusoe, when he put a lever under a stone, so that with half the labor he could do the same work, became a workman. Why, as lately as when the dam was built here, which holds back the water for our mills, the drilling of the holes in the granite for the splitting of the stone was all so much dead labor. Ten or twelve good fellows — how I pity them. and so do you — stood on the edge of the quarry there, with ten or twelve heavy drills, and all day long had to thump, thump, thump, as they made the long holes into the hard stone for the

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blast of the evening. Did my friend, the Honorable Slippery Gabbletongue, go up and tell them that labor was honorable? Did he tell them so in a practical way, by taking any man's drill from him, and sending him off to the next primary meeting while he drilled? Not he. Mr. Gabbletongue was in the drummer's room, up at the hotel, preparing his notes on the 'toil-worn craftsman.' The ten or twelve good fellows thumped away there, till one fine day a real reformer, a man who knew the difference between labor and work, looked in upon them. And he set up — you have seen it — a little portable boiler and engine there. As long as he wanted, it drove, not ten drills, but thirty. And one or two good fellows tended the drills, in careful and delicate work, while the little spitting engine did all the labor. And your friend, Mr. Willing, tended the gauges and the escape-valve, and lay in the shade and read Henry George, or wrote a love-letter. He and his two workmen did three times what was done before. And this was because they substituted a little intelligent work for a great deal of unintelligent labor.

"Simply, my friends, the advance which the world has made in its commerce, its manufacture, and all its social order, since the year 1775, — when Watt and Bolton spoke the word and freed the people, — has been in this line of the diminution of labor, while true work is substituted in its place. I rode into the woods, fifty

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miles up the river, last fall. What did I find there? I found a settler clearing out his farm, in a new precinct. Was he swinging the axe, as the 'grand old man' does when he wants to take exercise? He was reading a newspaper. He had one of Whittier and Woodruff's little horse-powers by the road, — he had his old gray nag at work in it; his boy Tom was training a circular saw upon the log in question; and in a tenth part of the time which the laboring man would have needed with his axe, the old gray had done the business. Labor was relegated to the brutes, — where in the end it belongs, — and intelligent work was there in its place.

"But it is not brutes alone, or chiefly, who are thus drawn into the service of man to take his labors for him. There are these giants whom man has created, — whom he commands, — as Aladdin commanded his slaves. It is a slavery, thank God, without a lash or a scar. Watt and Bolton first, and since them more inventors than can be named, coming down to our own Corliss and so many of our American inventors, have been calling into being these giants, whose bones are of wood and iron and brass and steel, and bidding them do our bidding. And here at the Falls, you have, in the same way, with our turbines and our flume, compelled the tireless waterfall to take our labor, while we work. The workmen I am speaking to know what progress has been made in the last generation in this direction. But all

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of you may not know that in the manufacture of cotton cloth, for instance, thirty hands will now do the work which required a hundred hands only thirty years ago. I say, do the work. In my strict sense of the word, not one of those hands is a laborer. He is a skilled workman; and just as the cutler of to-day does not drive his own stone, the spinner of to-day does not twist his own thread, nor the weaver drive his own shuttle. The labor is done for him by the waterfall or by the piston.

"And what has become of the seventy men and women set free from the work of spinning the thread or weaving the web? Here is the most interesting result of all. What is the new variety of industry, — what is the wide range of art and manufacture, — but the immediate product of the hands and the heads of these men and women who have new fields of adventure to try, who profit by the new inventions, and find new work, of grades more and more interesting, open before them? You have the marvels of electricity. You have callings created by them. You have all the wonderful fertility of fine art. Your homes are bright with pictures and books, cheaper than ever and better than ever. Travelling becomes a luxury; and it is the luxury of the poor, where it was the necessity of the rich. Gradually but certainly the day's work shortens; yet the world's product enlarges. Prices steadily fall. Comfort steadily increases. And all this is exactly in pro-

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portion as, by an intelligent invention, we substitute work for labor."

At this point a double black line was drawn across Spinner's manuscript, and the next page was left blank. It was clear enough that a pause was made here in delivery, — perhaps what the old lecturers called an "intermission." The address then went on in a somewhat different vein.

"I hope no man or woman hears me who thinks the distinction I have drawn is a mere matter of the dictionary-makers or word-splitters. I hate them and their deeds. I dare not try to say how much evil they have done to this world, and especially to industry — honest industry — and to work — honest work. The curse — may I say it? — of the Son of God is upon so many of them, where, in that terrible description of his, in the shortest words of our language, he speaks of those who 'say and do not.' I would be dumb rather than come here to entertain you with a mere discussion of words.

"No; I have dwelt on the difference between the two words because I want to show the difference between two things. There are countries and there are times in which there is a great deal of labor and very little work. There are barbarous countries and barbarous times. There are other countries and other times where there is a great deal of work and very little labor. Such, thank God, is our country and this time; and we call it a civilized country and a civilized age simply

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because there is much work and little labor. But, my friends, we do not know — we do not begin to know — what we mean by that great word 'civilization.' If our children know, — and I hope they will, — it will be because we are faithful to our part in substituting work for labor. We must do our part to have the drudgery done by beasts, by water, by steam, by electricity, and by any new power which the genius of man, guided by the Spirit of God, can tame. To make more places for workmen, and to lift more laboring men into these places, — this is our duty.

"We respect labor. Yes; we respect anything that is honest. But all the encouragement we give to labor shall be the encouragement a man gives to a tired boy on his long walk. The walk shall soon be over, and the rest from it shall be won.

"It is our business, first of all, to encourage the laboring man, by opening to him every possible line of promotion, that he may become a workman. Help him to go to the evening school. Help him with his books. Encourage his children in the same way. Do not ask him nor expect him to remain a drudge or a laborer long; but show him that, in a country like ours, the lines of promotion are always open. These few years of labor are like the voyage of the sea-sick passenger, every day of which brings him nearer to the promised land.

"If you will tell him the truth, you can make

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him see this. We have very accurate knowledge of the proportion of laborers to workmen in Northern America. The statistics of Massachusetts are precise. They show us that of the working force of that industrious commonwealth only nine per cent are 'unskilled laborers.' The other ninety-one per cent are workmen. They are conquering matter, not by the matter in their bones and blood, but by the immortal Spirit which comes from God. Only one eleventh of the force of Massachusetts are laboring men and women. Now, suppose Massachusetts was an old-fashioned Japan. Suppose there was a wall of fire around her, and no one could come in. Suppose she said she would compel her young men, as they started in life, to do this heavy work, — to be her drudges and laborers; and that, when each had done it, she would promote them to be workmen, — fellow-workers with God Almighty! They would only have to toil in that drudgery four little years or less. They would be for that time like the conscripts in a German army. In their young life they would so serve the commonwealth that as men and women they could rise to higher service as workmen and workwomen, — yes, as the directors of the drudges. Any man would say that he would buy that emancipation by those four years of drudgery, if that was the only opening to it.

"Now these figures for Massachusetts are undoubtedly the figures for all the industrial States of America. You have, then, a right to say to

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that good fellow from Italy or from Hungary who digs a ditch for you to-day, 'Look aloft, my friend; look forward cheerfully. At the most we only need you a few years in this toil. And our schools are open, our library is open, our shops are open, that you may leave this toil and rise higher.' If the man turns you off, — if he had rather drink bad beer and bad whiskey all his life, and all his life be a beast, a drudge, and a toilsman, — that is his affair. But be sure you do your part to lift him higher. Make him temperate. Teach him to read. Teach him to write. Give him a chance to draw. Give him a chance to use his hands. Perhaps he can carve; perhaps he can paint. Show him that he has a mind. Show him this by showing him that he has a soul. Let his soul begin to use his mind and his body, and you have made him free indeed.

"I spoke bitterly of those people who make me sick. They are the people who talk all day, when they know nothing, and have nothing to tell me. They are like the Philadelphia printing-presses in the Revolution, that clattered all day and all night, and printed nothing but sheets of Continental money, of which every word was a visible lie. When a man like that looks into my weaving-room, and sees an intelligent young lady there overlooking four looms perhaps, gently releasing a broken thread, quietly soothing a squeaking pivot, — when one of these men calls her afterward a person who works with her hands, and in condescending con-

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trast speaks of himself as a person who works with his brain, I want to knock the man down. Brain, indeed! Hand, indeed! Her work is intellectual work far more subtle than his. Let them be judged by their fruits. At the end of a year she shows so many bales of cloth, or, if you please, so many men 'clothed in their right mind,' because she gave her intelligence to clothing men. And he shows — a ream of paper covered with an infinite ocean of nothing.

"But I do not stop with our duty to educate the laborer into a workman. Let us steadily, in all lines of our duty, remember that there should be no fixed and permanent class of laborers. Let us arrange the laws, the customs, and habits, as we arrange the education, of the community, so that labor may be regarded as simply a necessary preliminary to good work; as we inoculate a child, though we make him sick for a week, in order that from one disease he may be exempt forever. To do this, we must highly disregard much that we find written in the older books, when the laboring men made three quarters of a community, while now they make only one eleventh, as I have shown you; and we must determine so to improve industry and invention that in twenty years that proportion shall be reduced still farther, and there shall be only five drudges, while there are ninety-five men and women who have stepped forward in man's great God-given duty of subduing the world. Laws, customs, language, education, fash-

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ions, — all must contribute to this advance and reform.

"My contribution to it to-night, if I have in the least succeeded, has been made in showing you the object at which we are aiming. And we are to remember that mere drudgery — I had almost said, from its nature — degrades the drudge, and tends to make him the mere beast which he is called. In the mere infancy of civilization, the kings of Europe punished men by making of them galley-slaves. The severest punishment was to make a man completely a drudge. All day long, under the lash perhaps, he was to pull at that heavy oar. Nay, to disgrace him the more, he was even made to pull when his toil was wholly wasted, — when the galley was anchored at the pier. The treadmill, which I believe we never had in America, but which I have myself seen in England, was in practice the same thing. It merely took the dead weight of the man. He walked up on that moving stairway, — always stepping up and never ascending. Why have these punishments been abandoned, except in extreme cases? Why would it be well to abandon them forever? Simply because they ruined the man. You treated the man as if he were a beast, and, by an infinite law he became a beast. The quality of manhood is to look up, and to look forward. You took the quality away when you repressed it, — when you failed to use it. And just what happened to those poor galley-slaves and treadmill men is what is likely to happen to any

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man whom I compel to a life of mere brute toil, unless you enlarge him by that noblest word, 'Friend, go up higher.'

"You may ask any temperance man, who is a real workman in that great cause, whether drudgery is not bad for a man's temperance. Ask the Blue Ribbon men where danger comes. They will tell you that it comes when a man's physical frame is exhausted by his day's toil, and when he has no ambition to supply a higher stimulus than that of alcohol. Tired to death, with every muscle aching, with no chance of a to-morrow any higher than to-day, or that next year will be brighter than this year, the poor creature goes into the liquor shop as he leaves his drudgery. For my part, I do not wonder. I can hardly say I blame him. I can say I pity him. And you know what follows. He forgets his fatigue; he forgets that he is worn out. There has been one cheerful hour after a day of wretched toil; and so, alas! he comes again and again, and at last you hear that the devil who tempted him in has kicked the poor brute out, because he has nothing to pay to his tempter. You began by calling him 'poor man,' and then you said 'poor creature,' and then you said 'poor brute.' That is, you condemned him to the life of a brute, and to a brute's life of appetite it reduced him.

"But, on the other hand, if I wanted to encourage and improve a gang of laboring men, if I found the liquor-dealers had got hold of them, and

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were leading them you know where, I would first of all try to make them see that in the habit of drink they are selling themselves — yes, and the children they love better than themselves — to perpetual slavery. I should show them that in a country like this, with open lines of promotion, no man is kept digging in the mud unless he keeps himself there. I should show them that in that slavery they are open to the competition of the heaviest brute and the strongest, who is too dull to do better, — by which I mean, to him, easier. I should show them that every starving nation in Europe, in Asia, or in Africa, sent over ship-loads of competitors to lower their wages for them. I should show them that while they were drinking-men they would never rise a hand's breadth above this position of drudgery; and the reason I would urge to compel them to take the pledge and to keep it would be that thus they began their upward step, with some purpose and some hope. I should show them what we Christians mean when we speak of 'The glorious liberty of the sons of God.'

"I am no preacher, friends, as you know. I do not pretend to bring you a sermon. But I dare not stop till I have said that you will find every word I have said better said in the four Gospels, and in the letters of that master-workman, as I have heard Mr. Sherlock call him, — that master-workman in the craft of tent-making, Paul of Tarsus. That men may come into the glorious liberty

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of the sons of God, the Saviour of men begs them to come up higher. That they may do so, Saint Paul begs them to forget the things that are behind, and to reach forth to the things that are before. To do this they need, first of all, for the glorious renewal of the new birth, to master the body, to master the mind, by the sway of the Holy Spirit; and this means that they will, step by step and day by day, mount from that drudgery in which brute force toils with things, up into that higher life in which the children of God subdue the world."

NOTE. — In reprinting this paper in 1900, I like to say that Mr. George Morison, our "Pontifex Maximus," tells me that in the year 1999, the unconscious powers of nature will be so completely under the control of man, the son of God, — that they will be so subdivided, — that no man or woman will do any muscular or physical drudgery, unless they want to. It will be possible to sweep a floor, or to hoe a garden, by the "work" which controls these unconscious powers.

The New Testament texts in the Received Version and the Revised Version are: —

"For we are labourers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building." — 1 Cor. iii. 9.

Revised Version. — "For we are God's fellow-workers: ye are God's husbandry, God's building."

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CHAPTER XV

COMMUNISM

THEY had an old Scotchman in the counting-room at Hampton, named Dugdale. He said he knew nothing about their business, for that he was a cotton-bug. But, in truth, he had a Scotchman's habit of turning his hand to many things; he had seen many more countries than Ulysses ever saw, and many more men; and, having kept his eyes open, he had learned something from every man and every country.

He was so old now that he did not like work at the loom, and had even given up the superintendence of one of the weaving-rooms, where he had long been a master. And now he was the chief book-keeper of the concern.

I was interested to find that he knew personally Robert Owen, whose experiments at New Lanark, in social order, attracted so much attention in their time, and were supposed by so many intelligent people to carry with them the secret of the industries of the future, — to exhibit, indeed, the "Kingdom of Heaven" in the form which it was to take on earth.

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The Emperor Alexander of Russia visited New Lanark; and Robert Owen went to Elba to persuade the exiled Napoleon that here was the secret of the future.

Dugdale had never worked in his mills. He was not old enough. But as a baby he had been attended to in the "Eccaleobion," which Robert Owen provided for the sustenance of all babies after they were well hatched. And in later life he had made a pilgrimage to New Lanark to see the wrecks of that incipient "City of God," which had not life enough to live. Very sad it was, he said, to find astronomical drawings of real value, which had been prepared for popular lectures, lying under the foot of man, half-buried by the plaster which had fallen from the ceiling of the lecture-room.

Dugdale told me this story one evening, and it was a very good text for the consideration of dear old Owen's plans, from which we branched off — or some of the men present did — into talk of Fourier and his Phalanstery, of St. Simon, and of some of the later forms of what is called Socialism, and of what is called Communism.

Dugdale said — and I think — that the superficial writers, particularly the writers for the press, in their ignorance of the subjects which they pretend to consider, had clouded all discussions by mixing up Commúnism with a *u*, as he said, with Cómmunism with an *o*. The old word "Cómmunism," with its accent on the first syllable, meant

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one thing. It meant property in common, as the Shakers of America hold it to-day, or as the Iroquois Indians of New York held it. What he called Commúnism with a *u*, is the notion of the violent French radicals, who want to exaggerate local government, the government of the Commune, or, as we should say, of the township. It is a miserable misfortune for all sensible discussion that the two words happen to be spelled with the same letters. For they mean two wholly different things. Yet you can hardly find a recent pamphlet on the subject which is not obscured by a carelessness about two things which have hardly anything to do with each other.

Dugdale had himself, in earlier life, tried some of the socialistic and communistic experiments. He had even spent part of one winter with the Shakers. He had read some of the best-digested French plans. I found he knew about the Familistère at Guise. And, indeed, he went into the philosophy of the system of the Iroquois as I had never heard any American do, even if he were a citizen of the State of New York.

In point of fact, he said, — and I have satisfied myself that the remark is true, — property in common, if one may use words so contradictory, was the beginning of property in more savage times, out of which we have gradually emerged, and we are to look back into semi-barbarism for an illustration of it, instead of looking forward into a higher civilization. If Mr. Henry George really

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wants to see what happens, when all land is owned by the State, let him go to the Cherokee Reservation, in the Indian Territory, where land is held so now. He can see how he likes that. It is by gradually working upward and outward from this common holding of which every country in the world has illustrations in its earlier history, that we have come out on the system of to-day. In to-day's system a great deal of wealth is still held in common. It is "Res Publica," the Common Wealth. But for certain things, men and women have preferred to have their own "proper"-ty.

Dugdale said that when Robert Owen was eighty years old, as eager as ever in his hopes for the "Family Unions," as he called his villages, he himself asked the old man what people would do when the world was all mathematically adjusted. Dugdale expressed the fear that it would be a very stupid world.

"Do!" cried the old reformer, with a blaze of light as from heaven on his face. "Do? Why, they will travel! Think of the joy of travelling, without expense, without fatigue, and *without baggage*."

And he explained that the traveller would telegraph in advance that he was coming, and would find clean clothing laid out for him in his bedroom, fitted to his size, — five feet seven, or six feet three, as the case might be.

Dugdale had intimated, in reply, that most men had a fancy for wearing their own shirts.

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Really, in this anecdote, the whole principle was involved. On the whole, men preferred to *own* their *own* shirts, their own axes, penknives, pens, paper, and so their own houses, oxen, horses and barns. John likes to drive a fiery trotter, who will go on the road at 2.40. William had rather drive a quiet family beast, who will not annoy him as they go on the road, but will bring him out safely six miles at the end of an hour. Because, on the whole, mankind prefers private property in certain things, men have private property in certain things.

But there is other property, which is Common Wealth, and the government of the Common Wealth holds it and administers it. Undoubtedly it is a subject for discussion and experiment how much of such property there shall be. Indeed, it may be wise for one community to hold certain wealth in common, while another community finds it best to hold it in severalty. The weakness of Mr. Spencer's discussion of this subject, as of many other discussions from different English radicals, comes on their insisting on classing all property together, and protesting against any claims of Government. This comes from the dread which their fathers were bred in, by the maladministration of a landed aristocracy.

But, on the whole, it has proved advisable that the nation shall own the lighthouses. Next to these, it has proved advisable that it shall own the high-roads, that they shall not be owned by private companies. In America we are satisfied that the

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State should own the schoolhouses. Whether it shall own the higher schools, — the colleges and universities, — has not been decided in an experience. Some States, as Michigan and Wisconsin, own the buildings and funds of their universities, and administer them. In some States, as in Massachusetts and Connecticut, they are the property of distinct corporations. Most American cities think it best to own their own water-works. The reservoirs, the pipes, and all the apparatus, are part of the wealth in common belonging to the Commonwealth. There seems to be no principle which should prevent the city government from owning the gas-works and gas-pipes, in the same way. But, on the whole, the present habit is to leave this property to special corporations.

In the same way, it would be hard to define any principle which should prevent a State from owning a railway, — as, indeed, many of the European states do, — as most states own the ordinary roadway, on which foot-men, horses, cattle, and ordinary carriages travel. Whoever will take the pains, in his own neighborhood, to calculate how much money has been spent by the public upon roads, courthouses, schoolhouses, and other public buildings, water-works, street-lamps, and other similar conveniences, will find very soon, that nearly or quite half the property in that neighborhood is now the Common Wealth. There has been no prejudice against that sort of wealth, where it is the most convenient form of property. But there

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is other property which, on the whole, in the experience of mankind, it has proved best to reserve for separate or individual holding. This is what we commonly call personal property. Between the two is real estate, which is held by the individual as personal property but, at the same time, is held under the eminent domain of society, which takes it when it chooses for a railway, a canal, a reservoir, a schoolhouse, a public library, or any other purpose where, on the whole, its use is needed for or by the Commonwealth.

Of course it is true that, as civilization goes forward, new experiments may be tried, and new adjustments may be found necessary. If a township happened to hold a great water-power, it might find it desirable to establish an electric plant, for light, as a part of the wealth in common. Having established it for the highways, it would be absurd not to permit its use in separate homes, if there were light enough to be used so.

In just the same way most of our States have found it convenient to institute State asylums for insanity, for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb. Large cities find it convenient to establish hospitals for the sick, as a part of their wealth in common. There is no principle which prevents a small village from doing the same thing. But in a small village the necessity does not press in the same way, and certain inconveniences prevent such an arrangement. In either case, however, the insti-

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tution is founded — or it is not founded — as the particular exigency may demand.

Now the difficulty in all the grand paper theories, for arranging the common wealth, has been that infallibly there has been a vein of patronage or condescension visible all along in the arrangements of the projector. Robert Owen really thought that he knew how to take care of little babies better than their mothers did. So he took the babies into a common nursery, while the mothers worked at spinning-jennies or looms. He went so far as to indicate in advance the cut of the dress which children were to wear at play. St. Simon, Fourier, and the whole tribe take just the same strain. They talk of "laborers," or the "proletariat," or the "working class," just as you might talk of the mackerel you meant to catch, or of the pounds of steam which were to drive your piston. What follows? Why, as soon as Dale Owen carries a colony to New Harmony, it goes to pieces on a rebellion about this matter of dress. Garfield said "that all the people are much wiser than any one of the people." The people know what they want much better than any student of their wants knows. They know where the shoe pinches, and what hinge needs oil.

And the danger and the failure of what are called socialistic schemes, — or communistic schemes, social unions, phalansteries, or whatever they are called, — spring from their being imposed from above below, in this infatuation of superiority. It

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all belongs to the middle ages, and to feudalism, where a baron at once protected and directed his inferiors.

But begin at the other end, — begin on the Christian principle, where he who is greatest among you is your servant, and is only great because he serves, — and you will not have any danger, and your failure will be easily remedied. Let the people associate where they want to and need, and they will work out their own successes. From their experiments have come such triumphs as mutual insurance, as the limited liability laws, as co-operative trade, co-operative banking, co-operative fishing, co-operative housekeeping. If they make a mistake, why, they will stop soon enough. They have no passion for burning their fingers. And where they succeed, they will push forward in the same line, and they will find plenty of imitators.

It ought not to be necessary to say this at any length. Briefly, such success is the Christian success, freely promised to those who seek first the Kingdom of God, and mean to live righteously. He who is greatest among them is their servant. And, in the common service, the common cause succeeds.

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CHAPTER XVI

CONCLUSION

IT would not have been difficult to throw this account of Hampton into a more systematic form than has been attempted. But it is desirable that such accounts should be read, as well as that they should be written. And I have supposed that by describing the different features of the enterprise, with some reference to the different points of view of the persons most engaged in them, it would be easier to enlist readers.

It is not, however, perhaps, going too much into the philosophy of social order, if, in this closing chapter, the writer tries to state a few of the principles on which the success of such an enterprise as that at Hampton is based. First of all, it is to be remembered that America is, and always was, and always will be, a democratic country, — a country of the people, governed by the people, for the people, in the people's way. It really made no difference whether the allegiance of this country were given to an English king or to an American constitution. It had been a democratic country from the very beginning, and it would not be diffi-

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cult to show that it could not have been anything else. By this is meant, that the People, having of necessity to take a good deal of the care and arrangement of their own lives, took that care so as a matter of course that it was always impossible to push or pull them by any wires, as if they were puppets, to be directed by a superior class. The People had made their own roads, had laid out their own towns, had established their own courts, had created their own local governments; and a People which had done this was entirely outside of any possible aristocratic or despotic governments. This is simply the explanation of the constitutions of the American towns and cities.

A man has only to see how the roads are mended in a country community in America to understand what is meant by the popular direction in public affairs. It is no engineer, sent down from a central capital, who brings with him experts, trained to road-building, and what the French would call "proletaries" to execute their orders. It is, on the other hand, the people of the farms who are themselves to ride over the roads, who come, at a day almost self-appointed, with their oxen, their shovels, their picks, and their hoes, and execute together certain work which the experience of the neighborhood shows necessary. There is probably some person in nominal authority, who is called a "supervisor of the roads," but this man acts, and knows he acts, under the appointment of the very people whose work he is supposed to di-

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rect, and the correction of any faults of the roads might fairly be said to be due to a popular rising in the neighborhood for that purpose.

Upon people so trained and habituated to using their own personal judgment in the management of their own affairs, there was super-imposed, by the changes of life and business, what we call the factory system. There has never been any trouble in the factory system in America, when the conditions were such that the instincts of the national popular life could be maintained. That is to say, if the people themselves who were to do the work, felt that they had some discretion in the matter, and could bring some of their own intelligence to bear on the matter, they have never had any difficulty in carrying forward the manufacturing process on a large scale, with great precision and with important results. But, on the other hand, any person who is accustomed to the direction of "laborers," laboring men, or "operatives," in the countries of Europe, finds, from the very beginning, that this direction from above working below, autocratic in its character, and savoring rather of Celtic than of Teutonic life, is met with obstacles at every step.

Whenever we hear of a difficulty in a mill, or a misunderstanding between employers and employed, it may be said, almost with certainty, that the parties on the one side or the other have deviated perhaps of necessity, from the original idea, which is, at bottom, the idea of mutual help or co-operation.

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It has been intimated in these pages more than once that wherever the American idea is permitted to assert itself the results are simple and satisfactory, as in the well-known instance of the Nantucket whale-fishery, and the fisheries for mackerel and cod carried on from both the large capes of Massachusetts Bay. It would even be fair to take the great military achievements of the volunteer armies of the United States as an illustration of what is gained when the national principle is permitted to assert itself. If, after one of the great conscriptions of Europe, it were proposed that the recruits should hold an election to choose their captains and lieutenants, it may almost be said that every commanding officer now on the continent of Europe would commit *hari-kari*, or seek a happy release in the face of a proposal which he would consider as, in itself, so fatal to all energy and authority. But when the United States had occasion to call, not for recruits, but for volunteers, and to bring those volunteers into the field, the States which were in the habit of intrusting to their soldiers the election of their own lieutenants and captains found no occasion to change their habit; and the discipline of that army was maintained with precisely the same precision that belongs to what we call the regular army of the United States, in which no such privilege was ever sought for or expected. That is to say, the people of the United States understand perfectly well that there must be order, there must be command, there must be authority.

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But, on the other hand, the people of the United States, from the very nature of their being, from the circumstances which called them into existence, understand that they are the real fountain of authority, order, and command, and they like to be consulted before authority is asserted.

All this, it may be said, is merely theoretical. Possibly it is so; but the theory involved is based upon national habits which it is impossible to pass by without consideration. Now, the problem before men who would organize industry on a large scale, for any specific purpose, involves, first of all, the question how the organization to be made shall move easily and without friction. How shall you enlist the good-will of those who must work together in this system? This is really the first question. The first question is not how shall you secure the largest market, or how shall you make the most money. If the institution is to be a permanent institution, the question is, How are you to secure the good-will of all hands engaged?

It may be granted that the visible result does not very much differ, though it has been produced in half a dozen different ways. A company, for instance, whose troops or whose officers have been commissioned by a higher authority, would not differ in the aspect of a parade from a company of volunteer troops whose officers have been, nominally at least, chosen by the privates. But if, in one of these two cases, there were harmony and good feeling and alacrity among the men, and in

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the other case you found nothing better, perhaps, than indifference, or at least willingness to obey, there would be a difference in the quality of the thing done, which would give the preference to one system or the other.

It is certainly true that in industries not requiring the co-operation of very large numbers of persons, it is easy to obtain that sympathy and good-will of all hands which is desired, without any very formal effort for the purpose. Most agricultural industries can be carried on with that good-natured fellow-feeling which has been described as belonging to the race, — the willingness, on the one hand, to lend a hand, with the expectation, on the other hand, of respect and confidence. The book in the reader's hand is an effort to show that the same sympathy, mutual regard, and mutual help may be obtained in the largest processes of manufacturing, as it is attained on board of a fishing-smack or a whaling-ship, or in the work of a large farm.

The principle of co-operation is so essential to all Christian civilization, and has asserted itself with such signal success in many of the walks of industry, that the word is now used, particularly by careless people, as if it were a talisman. The novelist, who has used all the pages of this book for the purpose of showing how terrible is the conflict between the employers and the employed, waves his wand at the end with the word "co-operation," and all bad dragons are expected to

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sink into the abyss, and good angels to appear in their places. But it is perfectly well known that the experiments of co-operative industry on a large scale have not succeeded so far as to induce their repetition on a larger scale. Until this measure of success has been attained, it is necessary to study the experiments which have been made, to see in what is the point of failure.

As the reader knows, the writer believes that the failure is due to the neglect of skilful Management. In most co-operative enterprises it is taken for granted that if you have a great body of privates any fool can command them. Such is apt to be the feeling of insurgents when they rise to a great but new duty. No fallacy is more dangerous, and no statement is more false. The success of a business enterprise depends entirely upon the skill with which it is *Managed*, and upon the faithfulness and constancy and courage of its managers. Unless the necessity for such gifts is recognized at the very outset, unless they are rated where they belong, as among the rare gifts of men, without which success is impossible, the enterprise fails. It fails just as certainly as it would fail if it had no capital, or as it would fail if the work-people all deserted it. To hold in proper respect those who mediate between the capitalist and the workmen, to give to them authority, absolute in its place and sufficient for every purpose, — this is the first necessity in such enterprises. But it is a necessity which has constantly been neglected — one might

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say, has been almost always neglected — in the plans for co-operative industry. There is a general impression that the managers must be kept under: must be kept in a subordinate position. It is thought that they have gained too much in the past, and that, for the future, they must be paying back the debt which has been contracted by their class. And so the enterprise, involving vigorous and loyal effort on the part of the workingmen, fails, as the army would fail which was not led by a skilful and experienced general.

The distinctive feature, then, in the Hampton enterprise, as an enterprise of co-operation, is that the Management is recognized as one of the three important factors in the business. We consider it important that the elements of success should be thus classified. The general effort in the past has been to give to Capital the place of Management, and to place the workman in subordination to the union thus formed. The dreams of the future most prevalent have generally given to the workmen the Management, and made Capital subordinate to the union thus formed. The argument of this book is directed to show that Capital has its place, that Management has its place, and that Work has its place. We believe it will be convenient to divide about equally the profits of any enterprise between those who represent these three necessary departments of every enterprise. We believe that it is as dangerous to combine the one of these departments with the other as it is in

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civil government to combine the legislative function with the judicial function, or the judicial function with that of the executive. We believe that the general good attained will be in proportion as the three functions are kept visibly distinct before all men's eyes.

It may very well happen that the workingman who is succeeding in life does not choose to continue the investment of his property in the savings-bank, but buys into the stock of the company which employs him. So true is it that "corporation is co-operation." But no such disposition of a man's property is necessary in the Hampton system, as it has been described in these pages; and it has been more convenient, for tracing the principle involved, to keep the representatives of Capital, Management, and Industry separate from each other. The author has given to this book as a second title, "Christianity applied to Manufacture." By this he means to intimate that the plans of the future for large manufacturing will be akin to the American plan for government. They will involve, as an essential element, the ability of the people to direct their own amusements, their own education, their own charities, — in a word, their own social life. As a part of this direction, they will have their own personal interest, as they now do, indeed, in the success of the industries which employ them from day to day. It was very natural that a few men of property in large towns should conceive the idea of insuring the ships, the

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houses, or the lives of their persons. But, in the regular growth of an American system, this oversight of insurance passes from the hands of the few into the hands of the many, and, in the long run, under the system of mutual insurance, the same person is the insurer and the insured. It is by a movement precisely parallel, as the author conceives, that the manufacturing of America has developed on democratic lines. Exactly as insurance began when a few rich men met in a counting-house and planned an insurance company, the large manufactures began when a few rich men met and planned a cotton factory or a woollen mill. But, by a growth exactly analogous to the growth of mutual insurance, it will probably prove that the persons who have in hand the raw materials and work them up will be counted in, not simply as passive, but among the interested allies in the manufacture to which they lend themselves. There will result a sympathy and common force which is gained when a body of people say, "We are going to do this," or "We are going to do that," and which cannot exist when they say, "He proposes this," or "He proposes that." It will be for the next generation to indicate the steps by which this enlargement of human power will be attained. Of those steps the watchword is "Together."

One has not far to go in the history of America to find the illustrations of the principle involved in every stage of our social history. It would be fair to say that, from Maine to Florida, from the Atlan-

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tic to the Pacific, there is not a community, large or small, which has been established, in its present condition, at the fiat of a superior power. The principle of successful republican administration has been, on the other hand, the movement of the people, and the participation of the people. Louis XIV. could give the orders for the foundation of the city of Orleans. But, though it held the command of the commerce of the Mississippi River, the little port, created to order, was an insignificant hamlet, until, in a new dynasty, the People who wanted to use the advantages of that position swept in upon it, and gave to it a new birth. The Middle States can show hundreds of the ruins of fanciful colonies, established from above, by this or that schemer who meant — as Robert Owen did, as St. Simon did — to bring in a new kingdom. But such endeavors have regularly failed. The unsuccessful colonies established before the time of Jamestown were similar failures. The colony of Virginia almost failed, for a like reason, and it was not until a popular element was introduced in her affairs that a favorable era of prosperity set in. Exactly the same is true of the early history of the Carolinas.

On the other hand, the States in which emigration is as free as air, irresistibly, from the law of man's nature, one might say, prospered. A dozen men, with their families, be it observed, found themselves neighbors of each other on the same township or grant, or, if they preceded any survey,

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in the same valley. Infallibly they consulted together about building the necessary roads and bridges. Roads and bridges may be said to be the first necessity of organized society. For defence against savages, perhaps for carrying the mail, and, before long, for common worship, for common education, these men must meet together. Every one is interested. Every one expresses his interest. Every one offers his plan. If a plan is tried and fails, the experiment has been on so small a scale that no one suffers greatly. If it is tried and succeeds, every little community in the neighborhood tries the experiment again, and it works its way over the land.

It is in this freedom by which every man acts, and is expected to act in social affairs, that the mystery and majesty of self-government consist. The writers of Europe generally misapprehend self-government, and the European advisers of America misapprehend it. Self-government does not consist in the election, by any "plebiscite" or other public act, of the magistrate or emperor who is to govern the people. Self-government does not appear till the people govern themselves. In homes, in churches, in the meetings of school districts or of townships, in the affairs of insurance companies or railways, in lodges, chapters, commanderies, and posts of charitable societies, the people which is used to self-government carries out its methods of self-government. Among the methods, one is the choice of a chief magistrate,

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to attend to certain national affairs, to which kings attend in other nations. But this man is not the ruler of the nation which chooses him; on the other hand, he is ruled by the nation.

Any enterprise which is to succeed in America recognizes as a very important element for success this aptness of the people for self-government and the manifold triumphs which have sprung from it. The successful projector leaves every agent, as far as possible, to work with his own tools, in his own way, to bring his own contribution to the common weal, and is glad to accept the intelligent suggestion and co-operation of all concerned. He is glad to have public opinion and the public sentiment on his side. He does not resent advice from one of his hands. He is glad if any one of them speaks of "our success, our plans, our improvement."

One of the most intelligent English essayists on the modern inventions in mechanical art says distinctly that to this ready co-operation of the workmen in the American shops is due, in large measure, the success of American novelties in machinery. He says that a new model introduced in an American shop challenges the interest of everybody. Everybody is ready to make a suggestion. Everybody wants it to succeed. The men set to work upon it cherish it as if it were their own. It has the best chance from the beginning. The contrast which he draws, from the cool and indifferent reception of a new invention in an

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English shop, need not be quoted here. It is not flattering. At bottom the common feeling of mutual help, trained by all true American institutions, is the origin of the cordial welcome thus given to the new invention.

Men like to work together. They have a common share, of course, in the common weal, and they are glad to have it recognized.

Now in the village of Hampton this common force of the "together" was recognized, not simply in political government, but, as the reader has seen, in all their affairs. It was not necessary to import such an arrangement, or to ask any legislator to devise it for them. The people drifted into the plan

"From native impulse, elemental force."

Thus, a detail as much parted from their political system as was the management of their amusements took care of itself, as one is tempted to say, because it was every man's affair. It is not quite just to say that no one takes care of that which every one should care for. It may be that selfish men hold back; it often is so. But let it be proudly recognized that the responsibility of any enterprise is with the community and not with the individual, and, as in the case of Dick Sheridan's district meeting, which has been described, the community can be made to understand its responsibility. When it is made to understand it and to accept it, it will go forward much more steadily than when it is instructed from above or com-

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manded from above. So it proved in the matter of amusements. This community provided for them lavishly, while it provided for them intelligently. It did so because the leaders of opinion trusted the people with a matter which specially concerned the people. The people, in consequence, secured amusements which amused, and entertainments which entertained. At the same time, these were amusements and entertainments which did not degrade or contaminate their children.

The same thing is to be said of the public library. One finds, not infrequently, a large foundation for a public library, in which the annual income is carefully, even wisely, expended, but where the real people of the place, for whom such costly provision is made, do not avail themselves of the books which are at their hands. You shall find that in one town a free library is diligently and largely used, and, in another town, that a better library is hardly used at all. You may go into a large and elegant reading-room of a winter evening, to find perhaps one boy, for whom all this lavish preparation has been made. The other boys and the girls, the men and the women, have not accepted the "silent friends" who are waiting for them. The books stand not read upon the shelves.

The people of Hampton secured themselves from such mortification, because they themselves conducted, as they had organized, their library. They knew what they wanted, and they bought it.

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It was well for them, perhaps, that they had not too large a fund for the purchase of books. They counted the dollars which they spent, and they spent them well. But nothing was more clear than that the library did not suffer because it depended upon the public generosity. There was nothing, I was told, for which money was voted so generously in the annual meeting. "After they once tasted blood," Mr. Spinner said to me, "they were always ready to vote the appropriations."

The readjustment of the savings bank, which has been described, was simply the application of the same habit. It came from the magic of "together." If there is mutual insurance, why not mutual banking? If a poor man can place money on deposit, why may he not draw it, if he have good indorsers? There is no greater mistake than that which supposes that, because a man has but little, he will be careless about investment. He is more careful than the man of millions. And the necessity of keeping well what they had earned hardly, made the Hampton weavers very cautious before they granted their indorsements.

It has been intimated already, more than once, that the success of their movement, in one detail or another, sprang from their willingness to submit to Christian requisitions, while they claimed and expected the advantages promised to the living children of the living God. They were willing to

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do their share in working out their own salvation, and they knew that while they worked, God worked with them. They were not expecting the coming of any kingdom for which they had not made some sacrifice themselves. And it was because they trusted the God to whom they prayed, that they believed that the Christian law of love would be sufficient for their enterprise.

These sketches of the prosperity which follows on an attempt to carry out Christian law in Christian love are dedicated to any man and woman who seek in the gospel the direction for daily life. It is not pretended that such plans will recommend themselves to individuals who want to live alone, every man for himself, or who seek only the separate indulgences of such lonely life. For such men it may be freely granted that the cold-blooded maxims of the economists are the only maxims. But the success of these maxims in the social history of the world has not been so decided that they should tempt any one to accept them as a rule of life.

Such plans for the good of all, as those attempted at Hampton, could not have been carried out in any heathen civilization. They would have failed in ancient Rome; they would have failed in Athens; they would have failed in ancient Jerusalem. They belong only in the social system founded by the Saviour of mankind, among men and women who hope to live in his Spirit and by his Law.

Perhaps this has been said often enough, as the

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different chapters have described different details. The men and women who embark on such plans must understand in their personal religious experience, that "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," and that if one member is to rejoice, all the members will rejoice with it. They will remember that the Saviour, in his promises for the coming of the Kingdom of God, does not address such promises to any one lonely follower. He takes it for granted, rather, that such lonely follower breathes the common life of the church, and that its life-blood flows in his veins. It is to the "little flock" that he promises the Kingdom. And to the flock, "if *ye* seek the Kingdom of God," he promises the temporal success which belongs with the Kingdom, and is the reward of such endeavor. It is nowhere promised to the Buddhist, satisfied with self-inspection; it is nowhere promised to the hermit, parting himself from men. It is promised to those who are sons and daughters of God, united in one Spirit, who pray with one prayer to the Father.

By a movement perfectly steady and assured, the Christian church has moved forward on the lines thus indicated.

It abolished human slavery, — first in the Roman Empire, and eventually in the Christian world.

It raised the condition of woman, — first to the condition she had enjoyed in the Holy Land, eventually to a grade where she is the recognized equal of man.

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The feudal system, under Christian lead, took the place of the social tyranny of Rome, and, in its turn, gave way to the social order which gives every man and woman equal rights before the law.

As it advances, the Christian Spirit provides for the humblest and weakest child of God the same privileges for health, for education, for development, as are provided for the richest.

In government, as the Spirit of Christ and his Law take more possession of men, the People rules itself, — it is no longer under the direction of any man or any class. The Saviour's word is fulfilled, and "he who is greatest among you is your servant." The word "democracy" means simply the application of Christianity in politics.

It is for the next century and the closing years of this to show how these eternal principles of a divine life are to inspire the great commercial movements of modern time. In manufacture, in all the applications of science for the comfort of mankind, and in that trade in which nation exchanges products against nation and man against man, the divine law is to reign. Such social arrangements also are to come into God's Kingdom. Men will not be content to live every man for himself, nor to die every man for himself. In work, in art, in study, in trade, — in all life, indeed, — the children of God, called by a Saviour's voice, will wish to live in the common cause. They will live for the common wealth, — this is the modern

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phrase. They will bear each other's burdens, — this is the phrase of Paul. They will live in the life of Love. And it will prove true, as it was promised, that all things are added to the community which thus seeks the Kingdom of God and his Righteousness.

THE END

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